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ROUGH NOTES

OF

JOURNEYS MADE IN THE YEARS

1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, & '73

IN SYRIA, DOWN THE TIGRIS,

INDIA, KASHMIR, CEYLON, JAPAN, MONGOLIA,

SIBERIA, THE UNITED STATES,

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, AND AUSTRALASIA.

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Galle—Babel of tongues—Trip in steamer round Ceylon—Trincomalee—Jaffna—Paumber Pass—Information for Darwin—Colombo—Breakwater in prospective—Protestant and Catholic missionaries; the latter more successful—Galle a walled town—Elephants—To Melbourne—Death on board—King George's Sound—Albany—Natives—Convicts—Mixture of passengers—Tasmania—Van Diemen's Land Company's property—Tin mines—Tramway—Hobart Town—New Norfolk—Salmon ponds—Nine Mile Springs—Iron mines—Melbourne—Sandhurst—Gambling in gold claims—Reading of Dickens by Baptist minister—Picture Gallery—Fitzroy Gardens—Warnambool—Rich soil—Farming—Wages—Tower Hill—Lake eels—Geelong—Squatters the lords of the soil—Detrimental to farmers—"Lags"—Miss Turner's Unitarian church—Bishop Perry—Legislative Assembly—University museum—Meteorite—Bound for Galle—Lascar killed—Cabins crammed with cargo—Death on board—Aden—The tanks—Passenger drops down dead—Reflections—Body consigned to the deep at 8 A.M.; a concert at 8 P.M.—Suez Canal—Home . . 562

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TRAVELS IN PALESTINE, &c.

FIRST TOUR.

PALESTINE—INDIA—CHINA—JAPAN—MONGOLIA—SIBERIA—ST PETERSBURG.

CHAPTER I.

London — Port Said — Jerusalem — Warren's researches — Chief Goblan — The Jordan—Igneous rocks—Wady Humara—Bedouins, their slaves—Fine views—Bathe in Dead Sea—Bedouin farmers—Jerusalem—Bishop Gobat—Jewish conversions, their indolence, schools—Religious processions—Jeremiah's grotto — Miraculous stones — Christian burial-ground — Cunning pasha — American colony, a failure—An Englishman awaiting the coming of Christ—Description of Jaffa—Port Said, M. Lesseps—Dredging-machines—Aden, Mr Stanley of *New York Herald* waiting for Livingstone—Subsequent death of Livingstone—Christmas 1868—Bombay.

20*th October* 1868.—Left London, crossed Mont Cenis by Fell's railway to Susa and Turin, the next day on to Brindisi and thence to Alexandria, arriving there on 30th. The following morning the first rain of the season. Temperature 76° Fahrenheit.

4*th November*.—Left in Egyptian steamer for Jaffa. Mr Gaze's party, after having paid their passage, frightened at the weather, went overland by rail and canal to Port Said. We arrived at Port Said in twenty-six hours, the distance only 160 miles.

Saw the manufacturing of artificial stone used in building the breakwater; each block of 30 cubic metres, composed of two-thirds sand and the other third of lime well ground together. It takes two months to harden before it is fit for submersion.

6*th.*—Left Port Said, arriving at Jaffa in twenty-one hours, 135 miles. At 4.30 P.M. started for Ramleh, where we slept, distance 12 miles, and the next morning rode on to Jerusalem, reaching the Holy City at 2.45 P.M., distance about 28 miles.

Had to wait at the Jaffa gate, Jerusalem, for our luggage to come up, and squabbling with the guard about passports. Passed our luggage through the customhouse, and put up at the Mediterranean Hotel. Temperature 66°. Visited Bethlehem and Solomon's pools and gardens. Returned to Jerusalem. Visited the tombs of the Judges, and explored the excavations with Mr W. Went down close to Robinson's arch, 80 feet deep; the piers of the arch uncovered; a large tank disinterred, 25 feet deep; a watercourse running along by the solid rock, forming the foundation of the Temple wall, cleared to a considerable extent.

22*d.*—Left for Wady Humara; arrived in the evening, and pitched our tent at Jericho. It was rather warm as we passed round the base of the Mount of Olives by the road leading to Bethany (believed to have been often trodden by Christ), but soon afterwards the sky became covered with fleecy clouds, through which here and there peeped the very bluest sky—even my dragoman could not but remark upon its beauty.

Goblan (whom Mr Hepworth Dixon calls a ferocious chief) and two of his men are conducting us through this Bedouin territory. Our tent is pitched at the foot of one of the Jericho mounds, where the wild revelry of a marriage feast is distinctly heard. The night bright and quiet, and the mountains of Moab, the hills of Jericho, and the Dead Sea are all seen from the entrance of my tent, each feature of the scene in turn having the benefit of the moon's brightness as the fleecy clouds slowly pass across her disk. Temperature 61°, quite as cool as in Jerusalem, which is 3500 feet higher.

23*d.*—It was eight o'clock this morning before we got clear of Jericho, and ten when we reached the Jordan. No difficulty in crossing, though the water in one part flowed over the backs of three or four of the smaller horses. The donkeys were swam across. The bottom of the river is hard.

At the ford, just above the pilgrims' bathing-place, the river is about 60 yards wide. Stopped to-day at 2 P.M., no water being forthcoming further on within our reach; we are a few hundred feet above the valley, up towards the mountains of Moab. There is a little green about the water that flows scantily from a fissure in the rocks; the spot is called Ain el Hamaide. Hundreds of animals passed the Jordan when we did—camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and some horned cattle. In any civilised country such a stream would be spanned by a bridge. The river is now at its lowest, the end of summer; it is fordable only during a few months in the year.

24*th.*—After a hot ride of six hours we arrived at Wady Humara and pitched our tents. Here no one is seen but the Hamaide Bedouin, with his flocks of sheep and goats, unless occasionally in the spring, when the powerful tribe of the Beni Saki overruns the country far and near in search of feed for their numerous herds of camels and horned cattle. When the sun shines upon Jerusalem, the Holy City is clearly seen from our camp, bearing NNW. in a straight line 20 to 25 miles distant.

26*th.*—My going to Wady Humara was a special and personal matter, and having accomplished what I had to do there, I turned to retrace my steps towards Jerusalem, taking Ain al Mineah in the way.

This is a large well in the solid rock, always full but never overflowing. A son of the sheik of the tribe of the district was standing by the fountain, and two negro girls filling skins with water. Slaves from Egypt are frequently found among the Bedouins. There is an extensive view from this fountain, extending up the valley of the Jordan, which is spread out beneath it like a map. The hills of Judea are seen in the distance, and the Dead Sea almost to its full extent; deep gorges and barren hills in the foreground, where flocks of goats and sheep are picking up a scanty subsistence, and the black tents of the children of Ismael pitched pretty thickly around. We were about 3500 feet above the Dead Sea, and about 1500 above Wady Humara. As we came along, a Bedouin chief met and stopped us to have a letter read he had just received from the governor of Jerusalem. This chief

and his small tribe had left their hereditary lands on the west of the Jordan, and taken up their quarters to the east of the Dead Sea, to escape paying tribute. The governor writes to the chief to return to his home, and to repair to Jerusalem and see him, and that no harm shall come to him, ending his letter by assuring the chief that he is his brother, &c. &c. This letter was read aloud by my dragoman for the edification of all present, but more particularly for the chief himself. Few Bedouins have yet condescended to learn to read and write. The six Bedouins I have with me have just finished a repast of roasted kid; kid they call it, but it was more like an old goat. When killed, it was found to have a young one inside; and besides, I can vouch for the part sent to me to have been very tough. After their repast—for which, of course, I paid—they showed off before me both in dancing and singing.

9 P.M.—75°. Encamped at Ain Suweimeh, about two miles from the Dead Sea, and a little more from the mouth of the Jordan. Caught half-a-dozen very small fish in the fountain.

27*th.*—Took a bath in the Dead Sea; the temperature about 80°; very limpid; the bottom of gravel and small stones until up to the armpits, and then it became slimy and slippery; the water very buoyant. I dived, and got some water into my eyes, which made them smart for a few minutes. The taste is bitter. The only difference I found between Dead Sea water and the water of the Atlantic is, that the former is considerably more buoyant and warmer, and somewhat more bitter. My bath was most pleasant.

From the shore of the Dead Sea we wended our way towards the Jordan ford, the depth being about the same as when lately crossed. We passed easily, though a camel crossing just after us was nearly swept down the stream. It is a long and tedious job crossing with laden animals, and it is a great shame the Turkish Government does not build a bridge at this spot. In the Jordan I washed off the salt of the Dead Sea. Pitched our tents close to Ain Sultan, in the immediate neighbourhood of what is supposed to be the site of old Jericho. Very good water in a copious stream flows from this fountain. From a little pool round about the rock whence the water springs a stream flows some six

or seven feet wide, and a foot deep in the middle. This water is consumed by the Jericho farmers, none of it ever reaching the Jordan. I found the water everywhere on this trip much more palatable than last March; and on inquiring of Goblan, he informed me that the water was always bad during the summer months, and that the Bedouins did not consider it good until the 21st of November, and afterwards during the winter. Might it not be that the heavy rains of winter, by washing into the shallow springs and streams a portion of the salts which so generally abound in this district, render the water impure by early spring to such an extent as to require a whole dry season to purify it and render it fit for drinking? This fountain where we are encamped is always good. It issues from the foot of a high mountain, and probably has its source too deep in the bowels of the earth to be injured by surface filtration. Visited the apse of a church (Christian) near Jericho, disinterred last autumn by Mr Warren; the walls have been partially cleared, and shows the building to have been only 18 yards long by 7 wide.

The farmers have commenced to-day to irrigate their land with water from the fountain preparatory to beginning to plough. The moon is nearly at the full, the sky clear of clouds, and the temperature most pleasant, about 65°. At night the chattering of the Bedouins and muleteers had ceased, and the former seen quietly stretched on the ground around the tent, wrapped in their abbas or large cloaks wove from goat's hair in broad black-and-white stripes. The abba is the Bedouin's garment by night and by day, and beneath it he wears only a long cotton shirt—an awkward dress, one would say, for a horseman, but they do not seem to find it so. The bubbling of the fountain and the occasional cry of the jackal are the only sounds that now fall upon the ear in this valley of the Jordan, which once teemed with life, but whose inhabitants are now few and far between, a race of degraded and down-trodden Bedouins, almost unacknowledged by the sterner and prouder tribes inhabiting the eastern side of the Jordan.

29*th*, *Sunday*.—Jerusalem, went to church, heard a converted Israelite preach. Walked with Mr and Mrs W. to the top of the Mount of Olives, and after having ascended

the tower and satisfied ourselves that it was too misty to see any great distance, and examined the print said to be of the Saviour's foot in stone, paid a visit to a French princess, who has just erected a Swiss cottage, still only half finished, but in which she resides, and alongside she is building a small church; she has been suffering from ague; she cannot be less than fifty years of age; she made herself very agreeable, talked freely, and gave us coffee. It is a queer freak for a fashionable French princess to come and take up her abode on the Mount of Olives, where she undergoes such discomfort whilst attending to the building of her little church.

Visited the excavations at the Virgin's fount with Mr W., who is following up and clearing out a watercourse commencing down the valley of the Kedron, and continuing towards the well of Joab and the city. It has been followed up some 1600 feet already. We passed through the whole of the passage, cut in the solid rock, and an average height of perhaps 6 feet, being 9 feet in places and only 5 feet in other parts, the width being about 4 feet everywhere. Several staircases, also in the solid rock (four or five), have already been discovered and cleared, leading from the surface down to the tunnel at equal distances apart. There is a second watercourse leading almost across the valley from the main one, which has not been cleared of rubbish to more than some 20 feet yet. It would seem that these flights of steps could only have been for the purpose of procuring water from the watercourse for the supply of a population, living in houses perhaps covering the slopes of the hills on both sides of the valley.

2d December.—Continuous rain, temperature 60°. Saw a saddle which had belonged to King Theodore of Magdala, priced at £100.

3d.—Rain continued, weather colder, temperature 59°.

Bishop Gobat when last in England stated the average number of conversions from Judaism to Christianity to be six or seven a year; well, this may be the average, but at any rate within the last two years there have not been more than half-a-dozen conversions. The Jews of to-day are what they were of old, a stiff-necked people; they not only

refuse to become Christians, but they despise Christians, and in all human probability, if they had but the power, they would be as intolerant in the use of it as they were 1800 years ago. There are now about 11,000 of them in Jerusalem, and their number increases about 500 annually, whilst the amount received from the collections made for them all over Europe is yearly decreasing—still not much short of £30,000 was received last year. Of the whole 11,000, three-fourths, I am told, live on charity. Now if this increase in the Jewish population continues, and the amount of funds for their maintenance gets less every year, it is clear starvation must overtake this people sooner or later, if they are not made to work for their living. There is the valley of the Jordan and the plain of Sharon both close at hand, and both requiring only the labour of man to become productive. Why not set the Jews to work upon these lands? Why should they be above the lot of all the people in the world? Why should they not be forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? They do not consist only of old people come here to die. There is the Spanish portion, consisting of 7800, are all natives, and 3200 Polish. It is now 400 years since the original stock came here from Spain; and among the Polish and German Jews a large number are able-bodied men with strength to work. Is it to be tolerated that these 11,000 Jews should be kept here eating the bread of idleness, waiting for the coming of the Messiah? The first duty of every man is to earn his own living; let the Jews do this, and they will be in a better state to receive their Messiah when he does come. Their social state at present is one of great wretchedness; how can it be otherwise when they are living in total idleness?

With regard to the conversion of the Jews, it seems to me that the fact stated by the bishop—namely, that the conversions amount to only some six or seven a year—shows a necessity for a change of tactics. Neither the adult Jew nor the adult Mahometan will accept the invitation held out to them to come into the Christian fold. Indeed, I believe, in this country there is no instance of a Mahometan turning Christian. Experience shows that no good can be done by endeavouring to convert the grown up of either one sect or

the other. With this fact before us, it is clear that it is only by educating the young that it can be hoped to turn Jews and Mahometans into Christians. The bishop's school at present contains sixty-one boys, of whom six are Jews, five Mahometans, and fifty the children of Europeans, principally German tradesmen, proselytes, &c. Of these sixty-one children, forty-one are boarders. Besides this school, the Society for the Promoting of Christianity among the Jews supports a school for girls, at present under the management of Miss Dixon; there are twenty-three girls in this school, principally the children of proselytes. Then there is the school kept by the German deaconesses, in which there are eighty girls. Besides these schools, there are others recently established by the Latin and Greek Churches. If funds were applicable for the purpose, the numbers of children above stated might with ease be quadrupled. Thus it seems to me to be a mistake to spend so much money, to make it the main object, in the vain attempt to convert Jews and Mahometans, grown-up people, instead of increasing the number of schools, and endeavouring to gain the end proposed, by more extensively sowing the seeds of Christianity and civilisation in the minds of the young.*

* The *Daily Telegraph* of February 26, 1874, gives details of the trial of Harris Kevanski, aged sixteen, a Russian Pole, for stealing shirts, &c., from the master of the Wanderers' Home for Converting Jews to Christianity.

Mr Oppenheim addressed the jury for the prisoner, and remarked that the case had been got up by Dr Stern, the president of this institution, who was the gentleman who was captured by King Theodore in Abyssinia, having gone there to convert the Jews of that country, but it seemed that he could not agree with him, for he got into a dispute with the king as to whether he was or was not a descendant of Queen Sheba, which resulted in his being put into prison. A war was then declared, which cost this country nine millions, and added twopence in the pound to the income-tax. It appeared that this society over which he presided had not one Englishman amongst them; but on a certificate being given by Dr Stern, the poor and friendless were rescued, fed, clothed, and lodged, on the plea that they were anxious to make inquiries into Christianity. He had no wish to say one word against the value of an institution for promoting Christianity among the Jews, but not long since he remembered reading a letter in the *Times,* signed "Vigilans," which alleged that every converted Jew cost about £7000. There was not a tittle of evidence produced, except the finding of a collar, of which there might be many thousands of the same size and make. Here was a boy who, as a Polish Russian Jew, had been brought up in that faith, and it was not easy for him to throw off those early impressions he had received from his parents, and when he saw a ceremony by which he was invited to become a Christian and to renounce the religion he had always adopted, it was not to be wondered at that he should become frightened and run away.

The foreman said they did not wish to hear any more, and without waiting for any summing-up of the judge, returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Mahometan or the Jew can rarely, if ever, be made a convert to Christianity.

4th.—There have been three wet days, temperature 59°. Went with Mr M. to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and happened to be there when the evening procession commenced. First the Greeks (a score of priests, monks, and dirty boys) left the Greek chapel, singing and praying at the top of their voices, and going the round of all the stations common to all the sects, returning to their own chapel. The operation occupies half an hour. They are closely followed (at intervals of ten minutes) by the Latins with a similarly-constructed group, and then the Armenians bring up the rear. The three processions are so close together that their singing and praying is all heard at the same time; mixed up with the noise made by the carpenters working at the dome of the church, made a confused, unholy jumble—the road which leads to eternal life in the realms of bliss! No wonder the Mahometans look on such performances with scorn and contempt.

Accompanied Mr M. to the Royal Caverns, which are nothing more nor less than a quarry, into which one crawls through a low entrance just outside the Damascus gate, extending some 200 yards in an easterly direction under the city of Jerusalem. It is of various widths, and may cover half an acre of ground. Once inside, you have from 10 to 15 feet clear over your head; but the rubbish is very considerable, and may extend downwards many yards. The marks of the mason's chisel are everywhere apparent, and in many places there are pieces of stone partly detached from the rock, which is limestone. Stone sufficient to build the present Jerusalem twice over must have been taken from this quarry. On leaving these Royal Caverns we passed over to Jeremiah's grotto; here the entrance is defended by a dervish, a man who has been to Mecca. We had to pay two francs before this dragon would open the door to us, and then we had to wait a few minutes longer whilst the females were being hidden away, for this dervish lives in this grotto with his wife and children. This grotto is a natural cave in the limestone rock partially enlarged by artificial means. You enter it pretty nearly on a level with

the ground outside. It is more than 100 yards in circumference, and above the rubbish there is a height of some 20 feet. Our dervish has ample room in this grotto for his family and for his cattle, and the accommodation for both, for this part of the world, may be considered good and ample.

From Jeremiah's grotto we made the circuit of the city, as far round as the Jaffa gate, visiting David's tomb on Mount Zion, which is now quite built in, and the cœnaculum or room in which Jesus with His disciples is said to have partaken of the Last Supper. We then passed to the Armenian church, where the spot is pointed out upon which John the Baptist lost his head.

The stone upon which Christ was laid after His crucifixion is now here, after having been stolen by the Latins and carried to Rome, and brought back by three angels; I should say it weighs many hundredweights. There is a stone here also from the Red Sea, another from Mount Sinai, and a third from Mount Tabor, for the faithful to kiss, to save them the trouble of going to those far-apart places. The monks are wonderfully quick at gathering together within a small compass all the holy things of this land for the benefit of the numerous pilgrims who visit their shrines; of course all this brings grist to their mill, but that, doubtless, is a secondary consideration with this holy people.

Bishop Gobat seems to have made up his mind to consecrate the burial-ground on 1st January next, placing the property in the hands of trustees—namely, the British consul Mr Moore, the incumbent Dr Barclay, and the Prussian clergyman.*

12*th.*—Left Jerusalem for Jaffa, to catch the French steamer for Port Said and Alexandria. It blew a gale from the south, and rained heavily, so we had a rough time of it to Ramleh.

13*th.*—Arrived at Jaffa at noon. When we got to the convent of Ramleh yesterday, we found a French exploring party that had left Jerusalem the day before us, standing round a fire endeavouring to dry the contents of their trunks.

* *November* 1874.—The consecration has not taken place, in consequence, probably, of the opposition of Germans, and others who do not belong to the forms of the Church of England.

It seems that all the members of the party but one, the doctor, arrived at the convent in the afternoon all right; but the doctor in his youth not having applied himself to equestrian exercises, was a bad horseman, so he was left behind to come on with the luggage. Now the pasha being a cunning man, had gathered into one stream at a low point about half a mile from Ramleh all the water that fell upon a considerable area of his new road, and there he built a bridge to span this stream which he had accumulated there; but not being gifted with the bump of calculation, the bridge he built with the best intention served only in these heavy rains to block back the stream, in place of offering a dry passage over it for all comers. The doctor and his luggage arrived at the pasha's bridge a little after dark, and plunging into the stream to gain the bridge, missed his footing, was thrown from his horse, and immediately found himself holding on like grim death to the rough masonry of the bridge, with the water in this rapid stream up to his chin. Here he remained incapable of doing more than hold on for dear life for half an hour, when by the assistance of a muleteer and another he was rescued from his perilous position. The luggage went heaven knows where, and the next morning it was discovered on the wrong side of the river, and the owners of it had to pay a score of honest people of Ramleh fifty francs for bringing it across the water to the convent.

My aneroid, which I set before leaving Jerusalem, shows that city to be 2600 feet above the Mediterranean Sea. At Jaffa visited what is called the American Colony. It consists now of sixteen persons, young and old, the remains of a much larger number brought to this place, or induced to come to it from Maine, by a Mr Adams, a clergyman and an enthusiast, some three or four years ago. Many have died, and others have returned to the States, after having lost all the money they brought, after a misdirected and ineffectual attempt to cultivate profitably the ground round about their houses, situated half a mile from the town of Jaffa. There are some seven or eight houses, including the mission-house and church, and a house being built by an Englishman, a Mr G. and his son, who have set them-

selves down here to await the second coming of Christ, whilst in Jerusalem there are 11,000 idle Jews looking out for His first coming, and waiting in the hope and belief that Jerusalem will be restored to them.

Jaffa in fine weather has a pretty appearance from the sea, covering apparently one side of a cone-shaped hill, but the illusion is dispelled the moment you land. The houses are tumbling down, the streets mere crooked lanes full of abominations; break-neck places, stinking and full of filth; nevertheless, you stumble over, as you pick your way along, marble columns and Corinthian capitals strewed pretty thickly about, the indications of what Jaffa once was. The Mahometan cemetery, almost in the town, contains many fantastic monuments to the dead, and a shallow well supplying the neighbourhood with water is made in their very midst. Get away from the town, and the scene changes; the environs to a large extent are orange and citron groves, banana grounds, and sugar-cane; the orange groves, luxuriant beyond anything one can imagine, at this moment bending under the weight of the ripening fruit. I bought four fine oranges for a farthing, but six may usually be had for the same money. Perhaps the largest oranges in the world are grown at Jaffa.

14*th.*—Left in French steamer, arriving the following morning at Port Said. Temperature 67°.

16*th.* — Left Port Said early for Ismalia in the little postal steamer, arriving in the afternoon. Stopped to breakfast at Kantara, when M. Lesseps arrived on his way to Port Said, accompanied in his steamer by some thirty ladies and gentlemen. A good deal of work had been done between Ismalia and Port Said since November 1867, but there is still a deal to do before any vessel drawing 22 feet water can pass through it. In many places there is still only 6 feet water, and in a considerable extent of the canal between Ferdani and El Guirsh one-half of the width is still to be dredged from the surface of the water downwards. M. Lesseps cannot be in earnest when he says the canal from end to end will be open for large vessels next October. Called on our consul at Port Said; he is a Greek, I think, a doctor, and has charge of an hospital.

Left Ismalia by rail, arriving at Suez in three hours. The outer harbour of Port Said is well forward, and the passage from outside to the inner harbour seems to be kept clear of sand to the depth of 20 feet without much dredging. There are forty dredging-machines on the canal, but one-half of them seems to be undergoing repair, and consequently idle.

17*th.*—Took passage in the *Magdala*, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steam Navigation Company, for Bombay; charge £45, which is £15 less than by the P. and O. Company.

The *Magdala* is a new iron boat of 2100 tons, 180 horse-power engines, built at Hull by Earle & Co., a screw with four blades, and so easy does it work that the vibration caused is scarcely perceptible in the first officer's cabin, where I am located; and even in the saloon, directly over the screw, the vibration is so trifling as not to be in the slightest degree disagreeable.

4 P.M.—Got under weigh. Temperature 70°.

18*th.*—Since starting to noon to-day ran 170 miles. Temperature 72°.

19*th.*—Made 224 miles. Seems to be a trifling current running to westward. Temperature 76°.

20*th*, *Sunday.*—Made 236 miles. An American missionary, Mr Wyn Coope, destined for Allahabad, read the service this morning, and preached a very good sermon. Temperature 86°.

21*st.*—Made 246 miles. Temperature 84°.

22*d.*—Passed several islands, none of them inhabited, having little or no verdure. Temperature 84°.

23*d*, *noon.*—Cast anchor in the port of Aden. Aden, which our chief engineer calls a "huge clinker," is joined to the mainland by a neck of sand; the said mainland is also to a great extent low and sandy. It is said there is a little garden somewhere or other on this great clinker—I have not seen it. The only fresh water here is got by distilling from sea-water. On the other side of the gulf fresh water is collected, and brought from a distance of 25 miles in iron pipes, and then conveyed across to Aden; but they depend principally for water on distillation. The population is about 30,000, of course mainly Arabs. Our troops — Royal

Artillery, native artillery, sappers, ten companies of a European infantry regiment (the 82d), and a regiment and a half of Indian troops, in all about 2000 men. Sir Edward Russell is the present governor. Half-a-dozen merchant vessels, a French and an English gunboat, and a small craft belonging to the Bombay Marine are all the vessels in port.

Having taken in some elephants' tusks, and packages of gum, in the evening continued our voyage for Bombay; a light NE. monsoon blowing, with smooth water.

Most of our passengers went on shore at Aden. I with Mr Wyn Coope paid a visit to a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, Mr Stanley, who has come to Aden for the purpose of meeting Dr Livingstone, daily expected from Zanzibar either by the way of Mauritius or Bombay, in hopes of being the first to publish in the New York papers some account of Livingstone's researches (which Mr Stanley doubtless calculates on obtaining from him on the passage between Aden and Suez), to be transmitted from Suez to New York by telegraph.

Mr Stanley was the *Herald's* correspondent in Abyssinia, and is about as rough a looking tyke* as one can well conceive. He drew a caricature of a young cornet who received and questioned him as to his business on his landing on the beach at Zoulah; and in the same spirit he drew for our amusement the characters of many other officers.

His history of the expedition, which is shortly to appear, will, I expect, from what he told us, contain similar caricatures to those he drew for us.† I had formerly met Mr Stanley at the

* But this "rough-looking tyke" subsequently performed a most successful journey from the coast to the interior of Africa; and after difficulties such as are only to be met with in savage Africa, he "discovered" Livingstone at Ujiji. He succoured him, made researches with him, took charge of his papers. Leaving Livingstone to continue his work, Stanley gave the world news of the great traveller in his book "How I Found Livingstone," and it was the hope that in a short time Livingstone himself would leave the land of his great explorations for home; alas! in January 1874 we got sad information, namely, of his death, which took place in May 1873, beyond Lake Bemba, in the Bisa country. His faithful follower Jacob Wainwright buried his heart under a tree near the village of Kitumbo, bringing the body to England. On April 18th, 1874, took place the public funeral in Westminster Abbey. On the brazen plate of the coffin are these words:—

David Livingstone.
Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland, 19*th March* 1813.
Died at Ilala, Central Africa, 4*th May* 1873.

† See "Coomassie and Magdala: Two British Campaigns." By Henry M. Stanley, May 1874. The story of the two marches is graphically told.

hotel at Suez before he left for Annesley Bay, and after his return from Abyssinia at the P. and O. Hotel at Alexandria. At the table at Suez he looked so ungainly that none of the many officers who were there congregated ever addressed a word to him whilst I was there. He is talkative and talented, but his appearance is very rough. We spent so much time with Mr Stanley that we did not visit the cantonments.

24*th, noon.*—129 miles from Aden. Distance from Suez to Aden, 1305 miles; Aden to Bombay, 1634 miles.

25*th, Christmas Day.*—Christmas Eve was in a way kept upon the poop; some singing was the extent of it. The land of Arabia Felix in sight since leaving Aden, distant some 15 miles. Since noon yesterday ran 223 miles.

26*th.*—Ran 217 miles. A fresh breeze from NE., we may call it the regular monsoon.

27*th, Sunday.*—Ran 223 miles. Temperature 78°; aneroid steady. We appear to have had a current for the last three days of from one-half to three-fourths of a knot the hour against us.

28*th.*—Ran 228 miles. Now crossing the mouth of the Persian Gulf. In cabin temperature 80°. The deck is covered with passengers, two Hindoos (a man and his wife), eleven Mussulmen, and three Europeans (a woman and two men) keep possession of it from morning to night. They eat, drink, and sleep there, and the Mussulmen are earnest in saying their prayers at least three times a day. The Christians and Hindoos do not seem to do anything in that way. On the after-hatchway there are five Hindoos of a higher caste, but I never see them occupied in their devotions; they too are deck passengers, though they are the owners of a considerable amount of specie and a good many packages of ivory, gum, &c., shipped at Aden.

29*th.*—Ran 223 miles.

30*th.*—Ran 208 miles. An occasional flying-fish seen.

31*st.*—Arrived at Bombay, after having run into a ship at anchor, and done to it and ourselves considerable damage, say £500. The stupid pilot deserves to be hanged. Went to the Byculla Hotel.

CHAPTER II.

Caves of Elephanta—New-Year's Day—Cotton-mill—A "hoping" Sub, has hard times—A jolly old ensign—Railway to Nagpore—Horse-dawk, Bullock-cart—Dawk bungalows—Allahabad—Small and large eggs—Mission-house—Convent of nuns—A young bishop—Palace of Akbar—The Lingam—Festival on the Ganges—Sins remitted—The "Well of Cawnpore"—Horrors committed by Nana Sahib—Happy life of innkeepers—Lucknow, city of palaces, mosques, and temples—The ruined Residency—Return to Cawnpore—Delhi—The Jumna Musjed—Cashmere gate—The beautiful Kootub Minar — Curious pillar of iron — Jumpers into pool at Mehrowlie — Hodson shot two sons of the Emperor of Delhi—Agra—Mounds at Delhi and Jericho—The Taj—Holy Benares—Temple to Doorga and its 500 monkeys—Burning dead on the river—Hindoo theology—Society at the Victoria Hotel—Calcutta—Labour of women—Hindooism—Christianity—"Cool weather"—Birds—Rain—The Orissa famine—Hotels not satisfactory—No love lost between Europeans and natives—The "stinking bazaar"—Bayard Taylor on India.

1*st January* 1869.—Drove to the Bund and hired a boat in company with three American missionaries, for a trip to the Caves of Elephanta, the *one* grand thing to be seen in Bombay. The distance from where we embarked is about five miles. Close to where we landed commences a gradually ascending paved way of a couple of hundred yards, at the end of which the entrance of the cave is reached. It is cut out of the solid hard trap-rock, its height about 16 or 17 feet. The principal cave, off which are several smaller caves or chambers, may be from its entrance to the principal group of figures at the opposite extremity some 20 yards deep, and the width is at a sort of transept which stretches across to the left in a line with the principal group of figures, some 20 to 30 feet more. The cave appears to be supported by some thirty columns cut out of the solid rock, with carved colossal figures on all four sides. Many columns have been broken away, and indeed if they were all gone the roof would still remain; the columns only *appear* to support it, but do not do so in reality. The principal group of figures, in height some 18 feet, is the Triad of the Hindoos. The other figures are subordinate gods and goddesses.

It is said this sect of Hindoos did not exist before the fifth or sixth century of our era, so that it is not likely this cave can boast of greater antiquity than a thousand or twelve hundred years.

When we reached the cave we found tables spread for a picnic for some 150 or more of the P. and O.'s employés and their friends, New-Year's Day being a holiday in Bombay. We had our picnic at the mouth of a smaller cave, which was tenanted by thousands of large bats. The Bombay Botanical Garden is a young but promising establishment.

3*d*, *Sunday*.—Heard a very uninteresting preacher holding forth to a scant congregation in Christ Church. On approaching the church a stranger's attention is attracted by a dozen men, six at each side of the building, pulling ropes which keep in constant motion an equal number of punkas fixed inside the church. Labour abounds in India; there are everywhere employed two men, if not more, to do the work of one. In the United States, on the contrary, you constantly find contrivances in operation by means of which one man is enabled to do the work of two, often more. The mail is in, and our tiffin-table is filled by her passengers. Talked to a young officer who had just arrived; he complained very much of his ship, three in a cabin, and down in the *lower* hold—pandemonium he called it; half starved too; did their best to keep ahead of us, but afraid to push her. This young fellow had just been at home for a year, and he *hoped* to get home again in two years more; *hoped* also to get on the staff, for which, if rings on his fingers would do it, he ought to be well qualified. All the young officers, and some of the older ones too, with whom I have come in contact on this trip, *hope* to get back to England in a year or two, and *hope* to get upon the staff. Really, *how* they can get home, and *how* they can get upon the staff, would seem to be principally what they think about.

4*th*.—Since I have been here, I have seen the thermometer in my room as low as 73°—it has been oftener at 80°, and even as high as 84°; and they say this is generally the coolest week of the year in Bombay.

Paid a visit to one of the oldest cotton-spinning mills, and

a very creditable establishment it seems to be. The manager told me he had great trouble with the natives; they seem, from what he said, to have no head for such work, no memory, and were consequently always going wrong: accidents to them from the machinery were very common.

At dinner I sat beside my young *hoping* friend; he told me he was a *sub;* quite a youngster, but to hear him talk you would think he had at least served through the whole of the Peninsular War, and that he was one of the few left. He became confidential with me, and announced that he was suffering from heart complaint. "Oh," I said, "as a matter of course a man of your age and standing in the army must have a heart disease." He declared *that* was not what he meant, but that he was really suffering from a chronic affection of the heart. He consulted me about his dress, drew my attention to the heavy coat he wore even in this warm weather, and pulled up his sleeve to show me that beside the thick coat he also wore a very thick flannel shirt next his skin, and stated that with all this he did not feel at all too warm. He gave me an account of the manner in which he passed his time. On parade first, after getting up; then on returning to his bungalow, a cold bath, after being stripped by his servants; then came the breakfast; and the rest of the day was spent in tiffin and billiards, and dinner and billiards. Well, I thought, this youngster has got a very hard time of it. Opposite to us sat a very fat man and his wife; his fingers were covered with rings, some of which he took off and gave to his wife, who put them into her pocket, before he commenced to eat; they were doubtless in the way of the free use of his fingers. He talked much and loud to the master and to the waiters, and seemed to be a person of great importance. Neither did his wife uphold him amiss. Well, he talked so much that at last he let out, very unintentionally, that he was—what think you? A jolly ensign! A wag to whom he let out the secret, observed that at least he had set him down for a major. He was so fat that he might have played Falstaff without stuffing.

The samples I have met with do not, I confess, prepossess me in favour of young Indian officers: there are in the hotel a great many of them, who seem to be all day loafing about,

drinking and smoking, and playing billiards; and so they pass their time, and think they are very hard used by being kept some three or four years on a stretch in India. Poor Betsy Wheeler! I could not but think of you when I saw the jolly ensign pull off his rings, after having displayed them to those about him. Betsy Wheeler, in times gone by, was accustomed to strut up the aisle of my parish church and take her seat on one of the front cross-benches, and after having made display of a large brass ring she wore on her forefinger, deliberately took it off, wrapped it in a dirty little handkerchief, and deposited it in her pocket. But Betsy Wheeler was an idiot!

5th.—Took the train at the Byculla station of the G. I. P. R. for Nagpore, first class 50 rupees 7 annas, distant 519 miles, a journey of nearly twenty-eight hours.

The line is well managed. At Bhosawul or thereabouts, after mounting an incline of 1 in 37, we got upon table-land and travelled upon a plain of a couple of hundred miles, a good deal of which lining both sides of the rail, was principally under crops of cotton, hemp, and castor-oil plants. There are forty-six stations between Bombay and Nagpore. The ride over the plain is uninteresting and very thinly populated. Average height above the sea some 3000 feet; the weather very hot, and on the plain very dusty. Trap-rock all the way, and there is some tunnelling through it just before mounting the table-land, but none elsewhere.

The first-class compartment in which I was is about 10 to 12 feet, with cushioned seats on three sides, accommodating three passengers. One of the seats, the back, lifts up and forms a bed. The second class has no cushions, the hard boards, and no glass windows; so uncomfortable are they that no one who can afford to travel first class goes second, though the fare is less by one-half. The line is double for about one-half the way.

7th.—Nagpore. At Residency Hotel. Temperature 75°. Engaged horse-dawk of the Deccan Company for Jubbulpoor, 160 miles, for 145 rupees. Captain and Mrs M. went off each in a bullock-cart, and a bullock-cart for luggage, at the rate of 1½ miles the hour. We are within the cantonments; the native town, which is said to be large, is 4 miles dis-

tant. The troops here are a wing of a native regiment and one company of Europeans. There is a parcel post.

Mr Wyn Coope arrived, when we left for Jubbulpoor in a carriage drawn by two horses—a box, in fact, oblong, 7 feet by 4, and 5 high; the bottom covered with three cushions, destined to form our bed on the journey. At first we found the dawk very rough, and by the time we reached Jubbulpoor, after a thirty-six hours' ride of 161 miles, we had become so accustomed to it that we thought it was just what it ought to be. We crossed one considerable river, so far as width is concerned, but not of depth even to prevent our passing across comfortably in the carriage.

On the road are some ten dawk bungalows at which eggs and milk are procurable, and you may get a shakedown. On the whole, the country is flat and uncultivated; there are, however, some points of pretty scenery, and also some cultivation. Cool at night, 8 A.M. temperature 57°, and not unpleasantly hot during the day.

9*th.*—Started by train for Allahabad at 3.15 P.M., arriving, 10th, Sunday, 12.15 A.M. Nine hours, a distance of 228 miles. The line is through a valley, hills not very high on either side; just before entering Allahabad, crossed the Jumna. Went to a church, but found it empty, the clergyman taking a holiday.

In Egypt is attributed the smallness of hen's eggs to the artificial mode of hatching chickens in that country; here the chickens are hatched in the usual way by putting the eggs under a hen, nevertheless the eggs everywhere that I have seen yet are quite as small, if not smaller than those of Egypt. How is this? From Egypt you have only to move into Syria (next door), where the artificial mode of incubation is not followed, and there the eggs are of a fair size. 2 P.M., temperature 62°; it feels quite cool.

11*th.*—I was up and out in one of the hotel carriages, on my way, as I thought, to join a missionary party at the house of the Rev. Mr Walsh, about to visit the religious festival now going on at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna. The driver of the carriage had been properly instructed, as I thought, as to where he was to drive me; however, he went off in the contrary direction, and after an

hour stopped in front of a group of buildings, which he pronounced to be the mission. On alighting I was making my way towards a door when I encountered a very good-looking nun, an odd occupant, I thought, for the house of an American missionary. She soon solved the riddle; the native driver had taken me to the Catholic convent, so said the smiling young nun, who spoke very good English, though evidently a foreigner, and offered to find the bishop, who would direct me to the whereabouts of Mr Walsh. This gentleman soon made his appearance, and as I had prepared myself to meet with a venerable old man with a long white beard, leaning perhaps, as he advanced, upon a staff, I was not a little surprised at being accosted by a stout broad-shouldered young fellow, certainly under thirty years of age, and, as it struck me, a very unfit person, in one sense, to have charge of a nunnery. The bishop was very courteous, as all bishops are; and when I explained where I wanted to go, he gave directions to my driver, which he believed and hoped would enable him to proceed all right. Vain hope! After a further drive of one hour and a half, the fellow pulled up at a bungalow, not Mr Walsh's, where we found only one person, a native who could not speak a word of English. As it was now past nine o'clock there was nothing for it but to return to the hotel.

After breakfast my missionary friends drove up to the hotel. They had come from the religious festival on the banks of the Ganges. I arranged at once to go with them to Mr Walsh's bungalow, and thence to the fort, one of the few sights of Allahabad. Arrived at the bungalow, I was introduced to Mrs W. and her two daughters, three fine young ladies.

The fort contains the palace of Akbar. We first visited the model-room and armoury, where everything seemed in good order. The palace now turned into a depot for stores for the troops. Passed through a building containing a siege train, and then to a subterranean holy place containing many Hindoo idols, and to which on the present festive occasion thousands of Hindoos were flocking to pay their devotions. This place is about seven feet in height, and either cut out of the solid rock or perhaps built of that

material; the light was so defective that it was difficult to determine which. One of the prominent objects of adoration we saw was the celebrated Lingam. The other idols were all roughly-cut stone images of gods. From hence we proceeded to the religious festival going on in the dry part of the river Ganges, close to the flowing stream. Here many thousands of Hindoos were collected, and traders in their booths lined a wide space leading to the river. Of monstrosities there was also a sprinkling; one calf with six legs was a hermaphrodite; this calf formed an object of special worship. There was a cow also with five legs. Fakirs were not wanting, and a missionary tent was there, in which native Christians were holding forth to their devoted brethren. But the great end and object of the gathering was to get rid of their sins by bathing in the sacred river Ganges. A few yards from the shore several altars (a dozen perhaps), having the appearance of small straw huts, were erected in the water, each with an idol upon it. Batches of pilgrims, consisting of from ten to twenty, men and women indiscriminately, were conducted by Brahmins to the front of these altars, where after depositing their money-offering they bathed, performing in the water some of their superstitious rites, and thus getting rid of all sin.

There were many wretched-looking old men and women among them, who were barely equal to the effort necessary to take them into the water and bring them out again safely. The whole scene, the bathing part of it, was more or less similar to that which might be witnessed any Easter on the banks of the Jordan. There the Christian pilgrim bathes, and fills his tin bottle with water from the Jordan, to be taken to his distant home; here the Hindoo also bathes, and carries off some of the water of his sacred river in his copper vessel. The thermometer for the last three days, in a room, varied from 58° to 62°.

12*th*.—Left for Cawnpore by train, arriving at 6 P.M. The line in its whole extent runs through the valley of the Ganges, a perfect flat, no hills to be seen on either side, and for the most part well cultivated. In many places through which we passed there was evidently a great want of rain, from which the crops were suffering. 9 A.M., temperature

62°. Put up at Inglis' Hotel, two miles from the station. Visited the pontoon bridge across the Ganges. It must be half a mile long, and formed by two lines of iron girders placed on iron pontoons, which are some 25 feet apart, 6 to 8 feet in diameter, and 40 feet long, the width of the bridge more or less.

Took a buggy for the famous (or infamous) Well of Cawnpore, the site of Wheeler's intrenchment, and the Ghat leading to the place of embarkation where so many men, women, and children about to embark were shot down by the orders of Nana Sahib. The ground about the well has been raised, and now forms a circular mound of considerable extent, and about 20 feet high at the top, is now enclosed by ornamental octagonal walks 60 yards in circumference, in a depression of which in the centre is the famous well, now covered up by a handsome pedestal some 6 feet high; upon this stands a colossal marble figure representing a guardian angel clasping two palms, by Baron Marrochetti. Six steps led down to the base of the pillar, from which to the top of the colossal figure is about 18 feet. The figure itself may be 6 feet in height. This mound, 250 yards in circumference at the base, is at the opposite extremity to where you enter, of a handsomely laid-out walk and well-kept garden of 26 acres of ground enclosed by a fine iron railing, and entered through a very imposing double iron gateway some 7 feet in height. An inscription on the upper part of the circular pedestal is to the following effect:—

"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondoo Punt of Bithoor, and cast, the dying and the dead, into the well below, on the 15th July 1857."

The garden is a mile in circumference. The man Murphy, I was informed, who was one of the three persons who escaped the massacre at the place of embarkation on the Ganges, looked after this garden for some months, but lost his place in consequence of habitual drunkenness, which I suppose he could no more help (the habit once contracted) than the woman who unlocked the gate for me, the wife of the man now in charge, could help her very twisted face.

A church, now in course of erection, stands in the centre of the ground which was Wheeler's intrenchment, and a cross erected at some distance from it marks the spot where many of the victims were buried; and in a small garden close by, which must have been within the intrenchment, an inscription on a gravestone tells of many of those who died within the intrenchment lying beneath it.

14*th.*—The Inglis Hotel is left pretty much to take care of itself. Mr Inglis is certainly a jolly old gentleman, and very courteous, but he has much too little to do. It was with difficulty, and no doubt to his great disgust, that I got him out of bed yesterday morning by 10 A.M.; and when I wanted my bill in the afternoon, he was not forthcoming, so, as none of the native servants knew anything of English, a chance visitor, a resident who happened to drop in, was asked to make out my bill. Happy life these innkeepers lead in the Central Provinces of India! How they manage to live at all by their *inns* seems a mystery to me, for they have always a host of servants about them, and very few guests—three or four, all counted, sitting down to meals in a room large enough to dine a couple of hundred persons. The bedrooms down at the Inglis, and at this hotel at Lucknow, have neither locks nor bolts to them, and still, they tell me, nothing is ever lost.

I took the train at Cawnpore at 8.30 P.M., reaching the Lucknow station at 11 P.M. Drove to Hill's Hotel, two good miles distant.

After a two hours' drive I have seen the greater part of this place. It gives one the impression of being a city of palaces, mosques, and Hindoo temples. I went through the building of the Martinière School, where 200 boys are being educated, but the present is vacation. It is a large palace on the banks of the Ganges, from the mirador of which one gets very extensive views over the city and neighbouring country. In a vault below the schoolroom is the marble tomb of Major-General Claude Martin; an inscription on it states that he came to India a common soldier, born at Lyons 5th January 1735, and died at Lucknow in 1800. He is the founder of the school. Just before reaching the school, I stopped the gharry to read the inscription on a tomb

by the wayside, which with a large tree is enclosed within an iron railing: "Lieutenant Adolphus Otway Mayne of the Bengal Artillery, killed on the 15th Nov. 1857, in action at the relief at Lucknow, aged twenty-eight years."

Walked to the ruined Residency, in which by a handful of troops the heroic defence was made against the rebels in 1857. It is thoroughly in ruins; there is hardly a square foot on any of the walls without a bullet-mark, and generally the marks are clustered very much nearer together. The "Tycanú" or sunk story, the quarters of the women and children of the 32d Regiment, and the walls of the swimming bath, or perhaps tank, are the only places I saw where shots had not reached. Close to the main entrance, let into the wall, is a small slab of metal, with "Aikin's Post" and "Bailey's Guard" written upon it. The ground about the Residency is turned into a garden, and nicely kept up. On a mound some 20 feet high is a monument to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, and the brave men who fell in defence of the Residency; in the cemetery adjoining are an infinity of tombs, with engravings stating in memory of whom, and by whom they have been erected.

Evening of the 15th, took a gharry to the railway station for Cawnpore. The Indian innkeepers in the Central Provinces lead an easy life of it. You arrive at the hotel and leave it again without ever having met with any one but native servants, unless, indeed, as was the case at Hill's Hotel, that Mr Hill sat at the head of the *table d'hôte*, with Mrs Hill on his right. He, however, paid very little attention to his guests, and looked as if he considered they were under an obligation to him for "bed and board," and so it is in those parts; but, as I have said elsewhere, how these men manage to make their hotels pay is a mystery to me, seeing that in this, their busiest season, neither at Cawnpore or Lucknow were there more than three or four persons at the hotel.

The train had hardly started from Lucknow when it was discovered that the axle of a goods waggon was broken, so we had to return, which caused a loss of half an hour, and the loss also of the train from Cawnpore to Delhi. Had to sleep at the Cawnpore station and wait for the morning

train, which arrived at 8.30 A.M., three hours behind time. In the train were Mr Muir, the lieutenant-governor of the province, Bishop Milner, and also a young man, inspector of police at Lucknow, who told a thousand and one stories connected with his occupation.

18*th.*—Arrived at Delhi four hours behind time. Put up at the Hamilton Hotel, where we found an old soldier in charge of the native servants, an Irishman, as he said himself, though he had been born at sea. He scraped acquaintance with my companion Dr Smith, having known him in the Crimea. This old soldier contributed to make things comfortable for us. As for the landlord, we never saw him. Walked to the fort or palace, saw the king's baths, the Pearl Mosque, and the Dewan Khars, or hall of audience, now undergoing restoration. Thence proceeded through the Delhi gate to the Jumna Musjed, said to be the finest mosque in the East. Visited the museum, and after tiffin took a drive to the fort, and then to the ridge upon which the force that advanced against Delhi at the time of the mutiny took up a position and cannonaded Delhi, 1200 yards from the walls, gradually drawing nearer until they had one battery 160 yards distant only. The ruined wall and battered state of the Cashmere gate, which was blown open by Salkeld and Home, shows how effectual our siege guns were. Temperature 62° to 68°. An American gentleman staying at the hotel thinks the evenings cool enough for a fire, and which our Irishman takes care to light for him in the dining-room. It looks cheerful, though we should be just as comfortable without it.

Yesterday took a long drive with Dr S. We left the Lucknow gate, proceeding on the road towards the Kootub Minar. Stopped half way (five and a half miles), to visit Suftur Jung's tomb. This worthy was vizier of Ahmed Shah, Emperor of Delhi, who reigned from 1748 to 1754. It is in a thorough good state of preservation, and well it might be, for it is but of yesterday; it stands in a large handsomely laid-out garden of three or four acres, and would make a fine and commodious Indian residence. It contains in the centre of the first floor a beautifully carved marble sarcophagus highly polished. In a vault is a grave of plain

earth, where the vizier's dust may no doubt be found. The dome of this noble mausoleum is on the outside cased in marble. After spending some time in admiring the taste of the vizier's son, who so dutifully erected this monument to prevent his father's name from being lost to posterity, drove in the buggy towards the Kootub Minar, being satisfied with an outside survey of the dozens of tombs that cover this line of road.

As we neared the Kootub we were greatly struck by its appearance. It is 238 feet high, 47 feet diameter at the base, with an upper diameter nearly of 9 feet. It is divided into five galleries; in the lowest story the flutes are alternately angular and circular, in the second circular, and in the third angular only. The sections above this are faced with marble, having a belt of dark stone at the bottom, and the upper section of all is of red sandstone, of which the whole of the outside of the pillar is built, having two belts of marble, and some ornamental marble-work close to the summit. It is really a beautiful object. I have never seen anything like it, unless occasionally in a *confectioner's shop*. The Kootub Minar might have been commenced by the Hindoos, but at any rate it was completed by the Mahometans in 1236 or thereabouts. 379 steps lead to the summit, from which there is a magnificent view. The history of the pillar is involved in great obscurity, it being a popular legend that the Hindoo Rajah Pithora commenced a pillar on the site of the present Minar at the request of his daughter, who was desirous of seeing the river Jumna daily, and also of beholding from its summit the rising sun.

Standing near to the Kootub is an iron pillar, one of the most curious things in India. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal 16 inches in diameter and about 50 feet in length, though its height above ground is only 22 feet, some 30 feet being buried in the ground. It seems to have been erected in 1319; a legend says the Rajah Pithora, dreading the fall of his dynasty, consulted the Brahmins as to what step should be taken to ensure its continuance. He was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the ground and pierced the head of the snake-god Lishay, who supported the world, his kingdom would endure for ever. The pillar was accord-

ingly constructed and the directions of the Brahmins implicitly obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed is not stated, but the rajah, either distrusting his priestly advisers or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched, contrary to the entreaties of the Brahmins, had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found to be covered with blood, and the rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly cease. He ordered the pillar to be again inserted in the ground, but the serpent below appears to have had enough of cold iron, and the Brahmins declared that the sceptre would soon pass away from the hands of the Hindoo sovereign; anyhow, the charm was broken, for Shahab-oodeen shortly afterwards wrested from Pithora his life and kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindoo king has ever ruled in Delhi.

After eating our luncheon in a very comfortable dawk bungalow, we proceeded to the village of Mehrowlie, where there is a deep pool of water, the height from the parapet to the surface of the water being some 40 feet, the water itself being, they told us, 30 feet deep. No sooner did we appear at the pool than eight men and boys prepared themselves to jump from the parapet (40 feet high) into the water beneath; one after the other they rapidly jumped, their legs and arms spread out at starting, but sharply closed just before immersion. They did not sink very deep in the water, for almost instantly they came again to the surface. It indeed *seemed* a wonderful feat, though trained to its performance from childhood; it was easily and fearlessly executed, and without any danger. Each performer received sixpence for the exhibition.

After this we pushed on towards Delhi, visiting on the way the mausoleum of the Emperor Humayon, where the two sons of the Emperor of Delhi took refuge after the fall of Delhi, and were there captured by Hodson, and at the fort of Puruna Keela, when Hodson, fearing a rescue, shot them with his own hand.

The ruins of old Delhi are spread over some 45 miles of ground; they are little more or less at the present moment than mausoleums and forts, the houses in which dwelt the masses

having almost entirely disappeared. These mausoleums, of which there must be a hundred at least, are large buildings, the centre dome being hardly, according to my eye, ever less than 40 feet in height, and in many cases very much higher. They form an imposing spectacle, and altogether the 45 miles square of domes do not look much unlike a giant cemetery.

As we neared the city my attention was drawn by Dr Smith to the large mounds of earth in the vicinity of the present and of the past Delhi; they are, he said, the remains of old brick-kilns, known to be so. The mounds in the neighbourhood of the supposed site of old Jericho have exactly the same appearance, and in all probability are also remains of old brick-kilns. The result has been produced in this way: a stack of bricks mixed with fuel was prepared for burning, and after the bricks were burnt, the sound ones were picked out and carried away, the broken ones and rubbish left, levelled down, and a fresh stack of bricks raised upon it. A constant repetition of this operation has resulted in these huge mounds of earth. Sometimes they were built upon, which accounts for the ruins of buildings being mixed up with the other débris.

21*st.*—Agra. Walked to the Taj, which is a mausoleum standing in a very handsomely laid-out garden of some ten acres. The building stands upon a platform of about 150 yards square, and is itself about 72 yards square. In the centre is a dome of 100 feet in height, the interior of which is about 25 yards in diameter, and of an octagonal shape. The height inside may be about 60 feet; the walls some 15 feet thick. An elaborately lattice-worked marble screen, also octagonal, 12 yards in diameter and 6½ feet high, standing in the centre of the floor of the dome, encloses two marble sarcophagi inlaid with flowers in red, green, and black stones, the work beautifully executed. The floor and the sides of the dome are wholly of marble, the first inlaid, the second with exquisitely carved flowers. Below them are eight niches corresponding to the eight sides of the octagon, and eight smaller ones immediately above the large ones. The eye meets with nothing in this room but white marble beautifully carved or exquisitely inlaid with various-coloured stones. By a descent of twenty-five steps you reach a subterraneous apartment directly

underneath that just described, in which there are two marble tombs, of Noor Jehan and Shah Jehan, with long inscriptions on them. Here I was told the bodies were buried. On the outside of the building, at each corner of this square of 72 yards, stands a handsome column of some 50 feet in height. The whole building inside and out is cased with white marble, as are also the four columns at the corners. The platform on which the building stands is raised above the garden some 20 feet. The façade is of very beautiful marble carved and inlaid. Besides the centre room under the dome, the building contains several other rooms. The broad garden walks are paved with large flat stones or slabs. This monument is placed at one end of the garden, and borders on the Jumna.

On returning from the Taj I walked all over a mound of earth similar to those I have already spoken of at Delhi. It varies in height from nothing to 60 or 70 feet, and is very irregular both in shape and height; outside, in every respect it exactly resembles the Jericho mounds.

22*d.*—Left Agra for Benares. Put up at the Victoria Hotel.

23*d.*—Visited the public gardens; they are prettily laid out; but though the plants are copiously irrigated, they look as if a shower or two of rain would wonderfully freshen them up. Took Shiva Dutta Mier as my guide, and started off in a gharry to explore somewhat the wonders of the city. This guide speaks English singularly well; he had been educated by the Rev. M. A. Sherring, an English missionary.

We first went to a Mahometan burial-ground, where the carving in and around some of the tombs I should have thought very well executed, had I not just come from a visit to the tombs of old Delhi and the Taj at Agra, than which I can conceive nothing more beautiful.

We next visited a Hindoo temple, Doorga Khand, where the great object of the worship is the goddess Doorga, and where 500 monkeys are kept all loose outside the temple; spent four annas in gramme to give them a feed, and a comical scene it was to see these caricatures of men fighting among themselves for the lion's share.

The temple, with some elaborate carving on the outside, was a dirty little place inside, but it was strewed with offerings of flowers, a string of which one of the priests put over

my head cost me four annas more. After this we proceeded to the banks of the Ganges, and there in a small boat coasted along about half a mile of the holiest part of the river. Of the scene on its banks I am incapable of giving an idea. I may say, however, that the background, of considerable height, consists principally of Hindoo temples and houses belonging to different rajahs from all parts of India, for it is a popular belief among the Hindoos that to own a house and a temple in the holy city is one way of getting to heaven.

Nana Sahib owned a house and temple here; whether his devotion in this particular will aid him in his upward flight may be doubted.

In the foreground are many ruined buildings which have tumbled down to the water's edge, and flights of stone steps reaching upwards from the river to the temples, and extending all along the most holy part of the river. Thousands of Hindoos, men and women, old and young, were employed in washing clothes and bathing in the river; and in one spot on the shore set apart for the purpose were three small piles of burning wood, each with a body in the centre being reduced to ashes. We drew our boat close in to see the operation more clearly, which, with two of the bodies, came to a close while we remained there. The ashes of these two bodies, with the parts (the guide said it was the breast-bone) which resisted a four hours' fire, were cast very unceremoniously into the river. The third body, the feet of which protruded from the end of the pile towards the river, we left burning brightly. Of course this burning the dead at Benares must be constantly going on, since the city contains 30,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are Hindoos, who invariably burn their dead. As practised here the custom seems a barbarous one, shovelled or pitchforked into the river as are the ashes and unconsumed bones. The old Romans performed the operation in a much more civilised manner; they burned their dead in heated ovens or furnaces, collected the ashes carefully and deposited them in urns, which may be seen at this day, thousands of them, arranged in their columbaria—this was civilisation, the Hindoo method is a barbarity.

We now landed and walked through some of the streets of the old city; there is one so narrow that by stretching

out your arms you may touch the houses on either side. It is three miles long, and filled with temples and places dedicated to idol-worship, and with crowds of tall, lanky, half-clad natives. I asked the guide, a very astute fellow, if he worshipped those idols; he said he did. "But," I rejoined, "you believe in only one God?" "Yes," he replied, "quite true; like you, we believe in one God; but these idols represent the beings, the judges and others, who compose God's court! Like you too," he said, "we have our holy Trinity—the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer." "Is there one day in the week," said I, "that you keep holy?" "Yes," he said, "Sunday, but not because it was the day on which God rested after the creation. Our belief of the creation is this: God slept in the sea upon a snake with a thousand heads, and as he slept a lotus plant grew up out of his belly, and as it grew it changed into Bramah, who created the world. We believe," he added, "that the world is supported upon the heads of the snake." The Lingam is seen everywhere here.

The dinner at the Victoria. We were six. At the head of the table sat a man who had been born in Chancery Lane; he had been in India since 1854. Opposite to me a very stout sergeant of artillery, and on his right a half-caste lady, the wife of the man who first saw light in Chancery Lane; and on my left sat a white woman, no doubt the sergeant-major's wife. At first all were mum. I felt that I was a wet blanket for them, so I made an effort to set them all at their ease. The whole five were evidently one party, but what their particular business here in Benares was I could not discover. The Cockney was soon at his ease, and then the man in his shirt-sleeves began to whistle. The sergeant put in his spoke occasionally, and so did the half-caste. In fact, the half-caste impressed me with the idea that she was really her husband's better half. The sergeant's wife hardly opened her mouth. The Londoner criticised the dinner, and aimed at being witty; he evidently, I thought, had married the half-caste for money. He began to talk loud about London, and if there was any divergence of opinion, which there was occasionally on the part of the man in the shirt-sleeves, he offered at once to make a bet. I got up the moment the repast was ended and went to my room, when they all

became very jolly. This hotel seems as if it had no head; this is common in the Central Provinces.

24th.—Left Benares by train, reaching Beehea same day. Found Mr S. and his daughter at the station starting for their home, 3 miles down the line, on a "trolly;" they kindly offered to drop me at Beehea House, as they went along. A trolly is a small railway truck with chairs or seats fitted upon it, which people living in connection with the line make use of for moving about. It is pushed along by two coolies, whilst two others sit on the tail of the trolly in reserve. The coolies drive along the trolly at the rate of about 7 miles an hour, pushing from behind, running along themselves on the rail, and will easily do in this way 50 or 60 miles a day. A bright lookout, of course, is kept for trains, and in the daytime any train coming can always be seen so as to give time to remove the trolly from the rails. It is in three pieces, the platform lifting off first, and then the four wheels, each pair attached to the axle.

Beehea House is five minutes' walk from the line; it contains very comfortable quarters and a good billiard-room. It was built by Mr Burrows just after the mutiny, hence its castellated character. The firm is Thomson, Fox, & Co.; they hold some 30,000 acres of land, which give a rental of 100,000 rupees or £10,000 a year. They have also three indigo-factories, and have made some 200 miles of the E. I. Railway, which runs near their house, and have a contract for keeping some 60 miles of it in repair. At this moment they are employed in laying down another, a second, line of rail over the Saone, a mile in length.

Leaving Beehea House at 9 A.M. on the 26th, reached Calcutta, 409 miles, at 6 A.M. on the next day.

The railway terminus is on the opposite side of the river from the city, so we had to be ferried across. I located myself at the Great Eastern, or Wilson's Hotel.

I was much amused with many things I saw at Beehea House. The old linseed-mill is quite a curiosity; girls employed breaking up brickbats, to serve instead of sand for making mortar. There were two big girls employed in this work, earning one anna (three halfpence) each per day. There were several women employed in grinding paint, earn-

ing one and a half annas per day, and in making putty. A day-labourer earned four annas a day. They can live, that is, get their fill of rice, for one anna a day, and be satisfied. Meat (beef and mutton) costs threepence per lb. Sheep were bought for about four shillings, and fattened up to 30 lbs., young oxen, two years old, for about seven shillings. If you make the Hindoos and Mussulmen Christians, that is, flesh-eating people, I suspect there would soon be a rise in the price of butcher's meat. They would doubtless become drinkers of spirituous liquors, and following the example set them by Christians — Europeans — no doubt drunkenness would obtain among them. Query, then, is it not better they should remain Hindoos, and so continue to be sober, and satisfied with rice, which costs them one anna a day, instead of going in for meat, which would cost them four times as much? and get accustomed to strong drink?

Hindooism, sobriety, and rice, against Christianity, drunkenness, and flesh-meat. Verily this last state of these men would be worse. Drunken Europeans is a sight constantly before the Hindoos and Mussulmen.

In a first-class carriage, coming from Benares, was an Englishman, as well dressed and better a great deal than I was, who got so drunk that when he arrived at his station four men were required to lift him out of the carriage. Drunken soldiers are every day seen on the line; of course the Hindoo consequently looks upon the free use of spirits as really a part and portion of Christianity, since the *élite* of the Christians, the English, who are moving heaven and earth through the missionaries to turn them all into Christians, are those who are most given to the use of intoxicating liquors. The four men who work Mr Thomson's trolly receive each four rupees a month, eight shillings; four pounds sixteen shillings a year. When required they can drive a trolly fifty or sixty miles a day; with four rupees a month they procure all they want in the world—bed, board, and clothing. Why disturb such a happy state of things? for it is quite certain if you make Christians of them they will no longer be content with Hindoo fare. Our agricultural labourer with twenty rupees a month, in reality is not half so well off as the trollyman with his four rupees a month,

simply because he has wants to satisfy which the Hindoo knows nothing of; and the difference in the wages of the two men, in favour of our labourer, is nevertheless not an equivalent for or equal to the excess of his wants over those of the Hindoo.

Weather cloudy, temperature in room 74° to 80° during the twenty-four hours. This is cool Calcutta weather! Called on the C.'s; one of them had gone away tiger-hunting, the other just going to the Viceroy's levee, and afterwards he was going up country some 300 miles to a ball!

29*th.*—My room, which is up three flights of stairs in this big hotel, has an extensive lookout over the flat-roofed city of Calcutta, and, Asmodeus-like, I can amuse myself, when so disposed, by looking into many of the apartments which are opened out before me, and see what the occupants are doing; but it would be hardly fair to tell their secrets here.

Birds.—Wherever I have hitherto been in India the feathered race seem quite unmolested. The Minar bird is everywhere, on all roads, on all telegraph wires; and as if there was not room enough for him on the land, you see him sitting on the hawsers and cables of small vessels in the rivers, in a row, from the water's edge up to the hawse-hole. There is a black bird, something like the starling in its habits, seen everywhere in flocks perching on the backs of sheep. The everlasting crow meets you at every turn. This morning, whilst at breakfast with fifty other people in the room, a crow entered and walked off with a good large piece of meat out of one of the dishes placed on the table. Here in Calcutta the adjutant bird is everywhere. Pigeons and doves swarm over the roads and fields in the country, and no one disturbs them. Smaller birds like our sparrows are innumerable. Parrots abound in some localities; at Agra in the Taj garden there were hundreds, and at Benares were a great many also. The jay is very common. The great number of trees which are met with in India everywhere that I have been, greatly favours the breeding of birds. At the stations, where every bungalow stands in its own compound of from one to twenty acres, large trees, as the peepul, tamarind, mango, and many others, invariably cover the ground pretty thickly, so that the birds, being unmolested by man, have a very good time

of it, and have only the natural enemies of their own species to fight against.

On the night of the 27th there was a heavy fall of rain, with sharp claps of thunder, which continued for some hours; the only rain that had fallen here for some months.

31*st*, *Sunday.*—Went to church; the gist of the sermon was meant to show what little chance we have of escaping punishment, when the Creator thought it right and proper and just that the "man of God" should be torn to pieces by a lion, merely because one more astute than himself, the old prophet of Bethel, succeeded in persuading him, contrary to God's commands, to go back to his house and there eat and drink with him. The preacher said that whatever were the commands of God, we were bound to obey them, we were not justified in looking at consequences: quite right, I agree with him; but the difficulty lies in distinguishing between what are really the commands of God and what are not. How are we to get at this? Are we to trust our preachers, erring mortals like ourselves, to point out *what is what* in this matter? or are we allowed to make use of that quality, *Reason*, with which God has endowed us alone of all His creatures, and thus to solve the difficulty for ourselves? This seems the rational way of doing it.

Lord Mayo and his wife were at church. There was heavy rain the night before last, which the papers say extended well into the Central Provinces, and though it has come late, will help to avert the threatened famine, to meet which, I believe, the Government has been for some weeks taking active measures of precaution. The Orissa affair, during the administration of Sir John Lawrence, which involved the death of half a million of people, *ought* to serve to keep the Government up to the mark on the occasion of the present threatened scarcity.

Hotels in India.—This, perhaps, the Great Eastern, stands at the top of the list. My room is up three flights of steps. It is 25 feet by 22, and at least 18 in height; the walls whitewashed, the surface unbroken all over except by one small mirror. The floor is covered by very old and patched matting, which has never been swept since I came into it (a week ago), nor to all appearance for many months before.

A rickety iron bedstead with the thinnest of mattresses upon it, quite unequal to prevent your being seriously incommoded by the iron sacking underneath, and covered with a tattered mosquito-curtain quite useless for keeping that troublesome little animal from sucking your blood at night; a single chair and a table to match; a washing-stand and towel-horse, and a chest of drawers without keys. The door opens on a long passage (with similar rooms on each side of it), which is generally crowded by servants lying about the floor: darkie never stands when he can avoid it.

Every man who comes to a hotel in India brings a servant with him, or hires one so soon as he reaches the hotel; and woe be unto you if you do not keep your bedroom door locked; with all these fellows hanging about the passage, your small matters would disappear very quickly. At 7 A.M. your servant knocks and brings you a cup of what he calls tea and some buttered toast: do not suppose that this tea and toast bear any resemblance to the articles called by same names in England; the tea, tasting anything but like tea, comes mixed with sugar and milk; no teaspoon with it, and if you ask for one you are told there are very few in the house. Heaven only knows what the fellow who made the tea may have stirred it up with, the flavour would lead you to believe it might have been stirred with anything but a spoon. The toast is always cold spongy stuff soaked with ghee. At 9 A.M. a bell warns you that breakfast is on the table. You descend (or at least I did) three long flights of stairs, and after traversing a long hall with a marble floor you enter the breakfast-room, which serves for tiffin and dining room as well. Here you are in a crowd, fifty men and women sitting down to breakfast, and fifty natives waiting upon them. Every man has his own servant; if he had not he would not get much to eat, though there may be ten or a dozen hotel servants in the room as well. These servants are all clad in white calico from their throats to their ankles, and on their heads they wear white turbans; their feet are bare, so they make but little or no noise as they patter about on the marble floor; they are so thin that if you look at them edgeways you can hardly see them.

The thermometer only stands at 80°, so the punkas are not kept going; you see them hung the length of the room in a double row just clear of your heads, awaiting to be made use of when warm weather arrives.

The dinner—the soup and meats are very fair, but I have tasted no good fish in Calcutta; indeed I am told that many people eschew fish here as a rule, there are so many dead bodies floating about the river. They are afraid that in eating fish they may be eating part of a native; as a rule, Europeans have no love for the natives, so they would not like to eat of them; however, there is no love lost on either side.

Now this hotel, the Great Eastern, is called the best hotel in India, and so it may be. I have seen none better, nor on the whole so good; they are more like caravansaries the whole of them—no comforts of any kind.

"Nobody walks in Calcutta," a gentleman replied, to whom I had remarked that the streets badly wanted paving; and so the palkee-bearers seem to think too, for they bother you to ride as much as the cabmen in Naples.

3*d February.*—Drove in a buggy about Calcutta and the vicinity. It is a fine city certainly; the Maidan is studded with what in England would be called country-houses, the residences of the merchants and others of the upper classes. The grounds about many of these houses are well kept, the grass green (now after the rain we have had), and great pains seem to be taken generally to keep it in order. No lawn in England has a nicer appearance than have many of these plots of grass. The trees and shrubs too of this tropical climate are no doubt very ornamental; do they beat what we have, in beauty and in luxuriance, in richness and variety? I am afraid they do.

The houses have all flat roofs, for the most part built of brick and plastered over; and the plaster from some cause or other soon gets very dingy, black indeed, more or less in patches. There is no brightness about these country-houses, neither have they the appearance of solidity of a well-built stone house in England.

The Governor-General's palace is a large building, painted

light grey and well kept in the exterior. It is in Calcutta proper, within a stone's throw of this hotel. I can hear from my room the dinner music there every day. The building stands on some twelve acres of ground, and is entered on two sides through handsome arches crowned each by a lion.

There are many public buildings in course of erection in Calcutta, and many other improvements in progress, and many more contemplated; among others, a railway bridge across the Hoogly. The wonder to me is that they do not line the city bank of the river with stone; at present cargoes from ships are landed in boats, and unless at high water, the goods are brought from the boats through a foot or two of mud. The vessels usually lie along some one or two hundred yards off the bank. Spring tides run at the rate of six or seven knots an hour.

Of course everywhere about Calcutta the ground is as flat as the palm of your hand. Rents are high; the C.'s pay for their house and offices £1200 a year.

Hired a gharry and drove through the Calcutta Bazaar. It is a stinking place, a compound of vile smells assailing your nose from the time you enter it until you again get clear of it. An open drain on each side was full of stagnant water. There may be difficulty in draining the city effectually, nevertheless it ought to be done, be the cost what it may. The fall (average, I suppose) from this cholera-breeding district they say is about six inches in the mile into the river at low water, which is very little.

Bayard Taylor on leaving Calcutta remarks: "There is one feature of English society in India, however, which I cannot notice without feeling disgusted and indignant; I allude to the contemptuous manner in which the natives, even those of the best and most intelligent classes, are almost invariably spoken of and treated. Social equality, unless in some rare instances, is utterly out of the question. The tone adopted towards the lower classes is one of lordly arrogance; towards the rich and enlightened, one of condescension and patronage. I have heard the term 'niggers' applied to the whole race by those high in office—with the lower order of English it is the designation in general use, and this too

toward those of our own Caucasian blood, where there is no instinct of race to excuse their unjust prejudice. Why is it that the virtue of Exeter Hall and Stafford House can tolerate this fact without a blush, yet condemn with pharisaic zeal the social inequality of the negro and the white races in America?"

CHAPTER III.

Rangoon, rice-mills, large Buddhist pagoda, its begging-box—Women the bread-winners—Maulmain, not progressing—"*Novara* Expedition"—B. P. S. N. Company's lines of steamers—Penang—Tropical vegetation—Never be too positive—Malacca, tin principal export—Singapore, strike of Chinese, extensive trade, many Germans—Saigon, the Chinese town—Large export of rice—French military station, unhealthy—Large revenue on sale of opium—Annamite indolence—Hong-Kong—Flirtations—The Happy Valley—Chinese criminals—Canton—Archdeacon Grey—Temples of the Genii—Buddhist monastery and nunnery—Gambling—Opium-smoking—Restaurant—Tea-divan—Flour-mills—Jade-shops—Ivory turning—Lacker—Horn lanterns—Schools—Weddings — Pawnbrokers—Watch-towers — Shops — Police—The "willow-pattern" plate—Punishments—Provisions—Shoes for the dead—Trades.

5*th February.*—Left Calcutta for Singapore, creeping down the Hoogly in the *Cheduba*, screw steamer, 650 tons and 120 horse-power. During the night nearly devoured by mosquitoes. The whole country all the way down on both sides quite lowland and pretty thickly populated. The cultivation is paddy (rice in the husk) principally. The river is tortuous, and in places sandbanks run across it, upon which some of them at low water there is hardly eight feet of water; unless over these banks the channel is everywhere deep enough for any size of vessel. Temperature in cabin 70°, aneroid 30·3.

6*th.*—Reached the sandheads 7.30 P.M.

7*th, Sunday.*—Ran 196 miles. Temperature 82°, aneroid steady.

9*th.*—Anchored alongside the wharf at Rangoon; some fifty ships in harbour. The season for shipping rice just commenced. Land low all around. The town laid out in streets at right angles, and named as in New York, but not much progress made in building houses. Paid a visit to the rice-mills of the Oriental Company. They do the work with a forty-horse engine, and turn out 270 tons of rice mixed with about one-fifth paddy every day. This mill is on the bank of a creek, at the mouth of which the vessels lay for taking in cargo. There must at least be a thousand men and

women employed here, some discharging paddy, others in all operations of the milling process, and others again loading it in lighters to be conveyed on board the ships waiting for it about half a mile off at the mouth of the creek. There is not the same superabundance of labour at Rangoon that is found in some other parts of India. At these paddy-mills the women who were employed sewing up the mouths of the sacks filled with rice for shipment were earning two rupees a day. Here in Rangoon they are obliged to look outside for labour; a large amount of it is drawn from Madras and China, and some from the Straits of Malacca, Penang, and elsewhere.

Visited another large milling establishment where all the work was done by hand. There were one hundred pairs of stones going, worked by two hundred men. A stick about two feet long projects from a hole in the centre of the upper mill-stone, and attached to it at right angles is another stick about the same length, to the end of which is attached a pole some ten or twelve feet long, with a cross piece at the extremity; by alternately pushing and drawing back this pole two men keep the stones going round pretty fast, so fast indeed that they manage to turn out about 2000 sacks of rice daily.

The millers buy the paddy and sell the rice to be exported. The present price, free on board, is five shillings and eight-pence the cwt.; and I am told, even at that low figure in Rangoon, the present price in England must leave a loss. It is dirty work passing through a paddy-mill at work; the amount of dirty dust that sticks to you is ten times as great as what you would pick up from any barn working in England.

Drove to the large pagoda, and on the way looked at a pretty little lake, on the borders of which are two or three comfortable-looking bungalows. This pagoda, or Buddhist temple, stands upon a mound to the top of which the ascent is long enough to be gentle. In advancing towards it you pass over a bricked road a couple of hundred yards long, covered in and lined with gigantic Buddhist figures made of brick, and covered over with a sort of chunam, giving them the appearance of stone or sometimes even of marble. There is a wonderful resemblance among all these figures, which

represent Guadama. The base of the temple must be in circumference at least 800 feet, and rises, they say, to the height of 372 feet, to a point in the shape of an umbrella; the exterior being a succession of steps by which the top, I believe, might be reached; the lower parts upwards from the base being hollowed out into something the appearance of a bell standing upon its lip, or better, perhaps, like a huge speaking-trumpet.

The pagoda is circular, and has been entirely covered with gilt; it still retains a considerable amount in patches. I was informed that the Government is about to regild it at a cost of some £20,000. There is placed on a platform near its base a huge wooden box, very strongly made; in the lid are innumerable slits just large enough to receive a rupee; this is a begging-box. The faithful make pilgrimages to this pagoda in great numbers on certain festivals during the year, and the Government no doubt count on raising from them for this holy purpose perhaps sufficient in time to entirely regild this huge temple. It was fresh gilded some fifteen years ago.

The platform upon which the temple stands is of considerable area, and upon it, around the large building, though at a respectful distance, are numerous small pagodas, some of them, however, 50 feet high, and chapels filled with gigantic figures of Guadama. There are also two large bells covered with inscriptions: one of them is 22½ feet in circumference, and pretty nearly 2 feet thick at the lip; it must be 10 feet in height. They are both hung about 2 feet clear of the platform, and are sounded by being struck on the lip with a stout piece of wood which lies near the bells. One of these bells was carried away by the English after the capture of the pagoda in 1825, but in embarking it it was dropped overboard and there left. Sometime afterwards the Burmese raised and replaced it in its old position near the pagoda.

Rained more or less all day of the 10th, and during the night of the 11th heavily for many hours; an occurrence unprecedented, they say, in Rangoon in any former month of February.

Strolled about the town and bazaars. The women seem

to be the bread-winners in Rangoon; a very large portion of the work falls to their lot.

The race, both men and women, are much stronger and stouter than the Lower Bengalee. The women have their ears bored, the holes admitting a glass or other ornament more than half an inch in diameter.

At 5.30 A.M. under weigh, and have now all sail set, with a tolerable breeze of northerly wind, which helps us along considerably. Temperature ranging from 78° to 82°.

The "Shway Dagon," or great pagoda of Birmah at Rangoon, dates back to some centuries before the Christian era, but must have tumbled down and been built up again many times since then.

The Rangoon district contains 351,000 inhabitants, and produces a revenue of 2,700,000 rupees. The annual produce of paddy is about 300,000 tons, and of sea-salt 62,000 tons. Of the population 2300 are Europeans, and 217,000 are Buddhists; of aborigines, called Talains, 116,000; native Christians, 800; the remainder, composed of Mahometans, 3300; Chinese, 2200; Hindoos, 10,000. There are 1510 villages in the district. The Government officials number 190. Temperature 80° to 86°.

12*th*.—6 P.M., anchored off Amherst, at the mouth of the river that leads up to Maulmain, remaining until 11 A.M., taking the first of the flood, arriving at Maulmain at 2.15 P.M. The passage from Amherst of 32 miles is very tortuous, and of course buoyed all the way. In one part we had less than two fathoms water. At high tide there is water enough for the largest vessels; the rise and fall of spring tides is 22 feet. Maulmain has been in possession of the British since 1825. For some time afterwards there was a large trade here, the interior of Burmah receiving its supply of manufactured goods through this port. Shipbuilding was also carried on extensively, and a considerable quantity of produce, in the shape of timber, rice, cutch, and other articles, was exported; but since the acquisition of Rangoon by the British the trade of Maulmain has very much decreased, the former being found much more advantageously situated for intercourse with the interior, and at the same time producing a much larger amount of rice and other pro-

duce for exportation. Maulmain, therefore, now has all the appearance of a place that has been commercially of much more consequence than it is at present.

13*th.*—The land about Maulmain is high and not adapted for the cultivation of rice, which is grown only to the extent of some 20,000 tons, whilst Rangoon produces 300,000 tons.

Of the two places Maulmain is much the prettiest locality, the hills around being picturesque, and a hundred interesting views might be made from it, whilst Rangoon is perfectly flat—a mere mud-bank like Calcutta.

Visited a handsome pagoda 200 feet in height, situated at the top of a hill within the town. The views from the platform are particularly pretty, the river meandering over a vast extent of country, dotted with islands covered with palm-trees and other verdure; a broken range of higher limestone hills surrounding the whole, distant from 5 to 20 miles. There are many other pagodas in and about Maulmain, the greater part of them situated on high ground.

The native city is principally on the plain, and thoroughly mixed up with palm and other trees, covering a large extent of ground. The streets are all at right angles and of a good width, but very badly kept; consequently unpleasant, if not uncomfortable, to drive through. The houses are of wood, and have the appearance generally of the Swiss châlet. There are many small steam saw-mills, and one steam rice-mill.

We got rid of a little cargo here and three of our passengers, and in return received on board one passenger and no cargo. Weighed anchor, and going down the river against a strong flood tide. Temperature last night in cabin 73° to 80°.

These Maulmain people have a Chinese cast of countenance, but, unlike the Chinese, are very indolent; all the hard work is done by coolies from Madras. The women, among the natives, are clearly the most industrious part of the population, which amounts to some 80,000 souls.

14*th, Sunday.*—Temperature, noon, 84°; latitude 13° 15′ N., longitude 97° E. Our new passenger, Baron Ransonnet, is a

naturalist going to Singapore to meet the Austrian expedition, consisting of two screw men-of-war, one the *Novara*, now on a scientific expedition round the world. Passed Cabosa, Tennasirim, and Canaster Island.

15*th*.—Temperature 82° to 86°; almost calm; course south. Islands in sight all day—Chunu, Perforated, and other islands. Ran 212 miles.

16*th*.—Our steamer, the *Cheduba* (name of a port on the coast of Aracan), is one of twenty-five steamers belonging to the B. P. S. N. Company. One line runs along the coast from Calcutta to Maulmain, touching at five ports—this is a weekly line. A monthly line goes to Singapore from Calcutta, leaving out the smaller ports, and calling only at Rangoon, Maulmain, Penang, and Malacca—this is the line I am travelling by. Another line runs between Calcutta and Bombay, calling at seventeen ports on the coast. There is a fourth line, from Bombay to Bassorah in the Persian Gulf. They are all, I think (at any rate this *Cheduba* is), built in the Clyde, and are very good boats, ranging from 323 to 1670 tons burthen, all screws.*

The captain of the *Cheduba* gets £40 per month, his table, and a commission upon the gross freight, which may add £10 a month more to his pay; the chief officer £16; the chief engineer £22. We burn about seventeen tons coal a day, principally from England, which is supplied to the company, placed at the several ports where it is required, at £3 the ton.

17*th*.—Anchored at Penang. No sooner was the anchor let go than we had a number of boats alongside, manned principally by Malays. I had previously arranged with Baron Ransonnet to visit the waterfall, and ascend the Flagstaff Hill, 2500 feet high, for the views which are to be had over the islands and mainland of the straits. We took the first boat, hired a gharry to take us to the foot of the hill, four miles off, and a couple of ponies to help us in ascending the hill, another four miles. The road leading from the town to the foot of the hill is a very good one, over flat ground all the way, planted very thickly with cocoa-nut palm and a variety of other tropical trees. Temperature in the shade 88°.

* The *Cheduba* on her next voyage was lost in a hurricane, with all hands.

On arriving at the foot of the hill we took a road leading to the waterfall, which we were told we might reach in a quarter of an hour, and then we had it full in view. Its height may be some 50 or 60 feet; the width at the top 2 or 3 yards, and near the foot of the fall, where the water fell in a perpendicular stream, and consequently more rapidly, dwindles down to 2 or 3 feet. In the rainy season there will be somewhat more water, but never enough to warrant the correspondent of one of the London illustrated papers placing this fall side by side with the pyramids of Egypt, and describing it as one of the natural wonders of the world. From the foot of it some iron pipes (10 or 12 inch) have been laid down, which conduct a supply of water to the town, the charge being two dollars a month for each house indiscriminately, which I am told is much complained of by the poor, who think they ought not to be taxed for water at the same rate as their richer neighbours. When I was here twenty-five years ago, the big tree was the principal attraction for visitors. With other passengers by the *Fire Queen* (the first steamer that traversed these seas), I remember riding twenty-six miles to see that tree, and that was under a July sun. The tree—a gum-tree—was said to be upwards of 300 feet high! Alas! the fate that awaits all things born into this world has befallen it, and it no longer exists, so now passengers arriving here must fall back upon the waterfall as a thing to be visited. The owners of ponies and gharries must live at somebody's expense.

We now retraced our steps, and took the road on our ponies leading to the flagstaff. Both sides of the road for four miles is thickly studded with trees—a primeval forest—many of them coming up from a depth so great that they must equal in height the big tree of which I have spoken; but the big tree stood alone, hence the reason of its great celebrity; you made it a place for taking luncheon, and I daresay many a thousand bottles have been emptied under it.

On the road to the flagstaff you cannot turn aside an inch; whether you are on the steep hillside, or on a precipice of hundreds of feet deep gaping beneath you, it is equally impos-

sible to budge from the road, the huge trees in this tropical jungle making the attempt impossible; and so the baron felt in scrambling after butterflies, they were safe from his net the moment they were off the road; nevertheless he succeeded in catching a goodly number, some being very beautiful.

We were particularly struck by the musical sounds which were somehow or other produced, we supposed, by some large insect; the baron opined it to be a sort of beetle, which must abound in millions in this jungly forest. The sounds were like those produced by the Eolian harp; they could be compared to nothing else that I know of. There was some little animal too that made a noise like the sharpening of a saw, curious, but not musical. The whole air in fact teemed with sound from without the depths of this dense forest.

The views we had from the flagstaff of the straits well repaid us for any exertion we had made to attain it, and the beauty of what we saw was not a little increased by a fair sprinkling of clouds that were floating overhead. The governor has a bungalow here, and there are also a few others to which people come from below in the season. We went into one of these bungalows with some faint notion that it might be a house of entertainment, and were met by a lady who undeceived us, and rather curtly we thought; however, as we were retiring after having apologised for the intrusion, she relaxed a little, and said if we liked she could give us a cup of tea. Of all things, we exclaimed, a cup of tea was what we should like to have; so the good lady immediately began to busy herself in preparing it, while we went out for half an hour's stroll around the crown of the hill to enjoy the views. When we returned the tea was ready, so we sat down and drank tea for an hour. The lady told us she had only come up two days ago to this bungalow, which she had hired from the Government for a month; it was, in fact, the governor's sanatorium. Her husband had just gone down the hill. She had with her five little girls, the youngest a few months old, and the eldest ten years. They were just sufficiently clothed, and that was all, and in that state they romped and tumbled about in this home on the top of the hill to their heart's content. The temperature was 10° below what we had left

on the plain below. Before we went, Mrs C. apologised for having treated us so curtly when we first presented ourselves, by saying that two officers from the garrison had been on the hill some days before, and had entered a house and behaved themselves in a very improper way, and she thought at the moment we were of the same ilk. We bid good-bye to our kind hostess and commenced the descent of the hill. Close alongside of the sanatorium was the governor's bungalow, from which, perhaps, more extensive views than we had so much enjoyed might have been had, but "private" painted in large letters on the open gate deterred us from entering the grounds. Merrily we proceeded down the hill, occasionally halting to entrap a butterfly or any other insect that came in our way.

When about half-way I proceeded on alone to the town, the baron remaining behind, to make use of a couple of hours of daylight that still remained to him to do some sketching. I walked to the bottom of the hill, the boy leading my pony, and just as I was about to mount, the vicious little brute—in return, I suppose, for the forbearance I had hitherto used towards him—let fly at me, catching the calf of one leg and the inside of the knee of the other such a blow that I was a good five minutes before I could determine whether or not the animal had not, for the time at least, disabled me. Fortunately, however, the intense pain I felt at first soon subsided, and I have felt no ill-effects from the blow since. I rode the pony to the town, and left the gharry at the bottom of the hill for the baron when he had done. On arrival at the town, I took lunch at the Chinaman's Tye Sing, and bought there a couple of "Penang lawyers," going on board to sleep.

18*th.*—The baron had the disagreeable duty to perform of settling with the gharryman and the owner of the ponies, which often results when no previous bargain has been made. He thought he had managed it last evening, but he and I had no sooner landed in the morning than we were pounced upon by the owner of the ponies, who asserted that he had not been paid. The baron was positive that he had given him five rupees; the owner of the ponies said he had not received a stiver. A friend's aid was called in, and

a great amount of breath and some precious time was wasted on the matter. The baron was *positive*, and so was the owner of the ponies; so at last we came to the conclusion that the five rupees must have been paid to the wrong man, and we agreed to pay them over again. The owner of the ponies forthwith proceeded on board with us to receive his money, for the vessel was about starting. On going to his cabin for his purse, lo and behold! in his pocket the baron discovered the identical five rupees, which without any doubt or scruple he would have sworn he had paid to the owner of the ponies; so the *amende honorable* was made, and something more was given to the honest horsedealer. At 8.30 A.M. we were on our way towards Malacca and Singapore. Temperature 84° to 88°.

19*th*.—3 P.M., cast anchor off Malacca, which is a very quiet place. We landed on a jetty, and walked over split canes for 300 yards, when we reached a greensward of some extent, over which we passed on to the agent's house, who made his appearance in the doorway as we approached: a dapper, short, thick, little man, a descendant of the Portuguese who reigned paramount in this part of India some two or three hundred years ago, as is evidenced by the tombstones that cover the ashes of a dozen or more of the celebrities of those days, still to be seen on what was once the pavement of a ruined old church, situated on a little green hill at the back of the agent's house, upon which, adjoining the church, is a small lighthouse and also a flagstaff. This little hill was found covered with rich velvety fresh-looking turf, not very common in India. The dates on the tombstones, which are of granite, ranged between 1560 and 1670. The walls of the church are standing, but that is all that is left of it; the roof and pavements have disappeared. All was quiet at the landing-place. As we descended the hill to look for a gharry, at the bottom of it, standing watch with a gun in his hand over the mouth of a drain, out of which smoke was issuing, stood a gentleman, a European; and at a respectful distance from him had formed a group of Chinamen and Malays, young and old, who anxiously watched the smoke coming from the drain, and who apparently were waiting for something of consequence to happen. Alas! they were doomed to

disappointment; the *rat*, for it was a rat that had created this excitement in the quiet town of Malacca, would not be smoked out, and absolutely refused to come out and be shot, notwithstanding the consequent disappointment to so many of her Majesty's dark lieges; so we got into our gharry and drove about and round the town. We were a couple of hours driving about, and returned to our boat on the jetty well pleased. All the streets in Malacca are in good order; the principal one, composed of Chinamen's shops and joss-houses, is really a very nice street. To be sure, the houses are small, but they are well kept, and everything about them bears an air of tidiness and cleanliness; but the same quiet reigns everywhere.

On the outskirts of the town are seen many comfortable bungalows. The cocoa-nut and other palms grow here very luxuriantly. The principal article of export is tin.

As we went on board, half-a-dozen of half-caste ladies were amusing themselves on the piece of greensward of which I spoke, playing croquet.

Half an hour's pull took us on board, and in half an hour more we were under weigh. The night was a most pleasant one, the thermometer down to 82° in the cabin, and a fresh breeze blowing.

20*th.*—At 10.30 arrived at Singapore, 135 miles from Malacca, and am located at the Hotel d'Europe, with my travelling companion the baron.

21*st*, *Sunday.*—Singapore contains about 80,000 inhabitants, and the Straits Settlement a population of 30 millions. 10,000 Chinamen come annually to Singapore, of whom some 8000 return to China, *all* with more or less money. The Chinese may be said to regulate the holidays in Singapore; from three to fifteen days at the commencement of the new year are the only holidays they keep, and every one, European as well as Malay, is obliged to keep them also. When the Chinamen strike work, all business is suspended. They are the head and front of business here. An event took place in Hong-Kong some twenty years ago which illustrates the power of the Chinese for combination. The then governor, Davis, wanted to enforce some police regulation which was distasteful

to the Chinamen. The heads of the Chinese community waited on the governor, and explained to him the objections raised by the Chinese to the contemplated police regulation. The governor was firm, and determined to carry it out.

On the morning of the day on which it was to come into operation it was found that all the Chinamen of Hong-Kong, some 20,000, had passed during the night over to the continent. What was the consequence? Why, the 1000 Europeans who were on the island could get nothing to eat; the Chinese were everything—they were the bakers, the butchers, and the greengrocers. The smallest want of the Europeans could not be supplied. Their men of business, the tradesmen and the labourers, had all gone. This state of things lasted three days, at the expiration of which the governor had to send to say that if they would come back the obnoxious regulation should be rescinded. The Europeans could not live without John Chinaman.

Singapore is a free port, and its situation makes it the emporium for nearly all the produce of the straits. Pepper, sugar, and tapioca are the principal articles produced to any extent for exportation; these articles, however, form but a very small part of its trade, which amounted in 1868 to upwards of fifteen millions sterling.

23*d*.—The French steamer arrived, and leaves to-morrow for Saigon and Hong-Kong; I go in her.

The thermometer has ranged every day since I arrived between 80° and 88°, and a little rain has fallen every other day. When it rains the weather is very muggy and disagreeable, at other times there is usually a breeze blowing, which tempers the excessive heat of the sun's rays. The Chinamen, who almost crowd the streets, rarely ever wear anything on their heads, and, as if they found their hair an encumbrance, their heads are closely shaved, with the exception of a few inches of the crown, from which starts the long tail which they all wear; and if their natural hair is not sufficient for the purpose, they splice a piece on, so that the tail generally reaches, either naturally or artificially, within a few inches of the ground.

Malays and Madrassies are also numerous, but are greatly outnumbered by the Chinese. Paid a visit to Messrs Patter-

son & Simon's Docks at the New Port. Masons' wages fifteen dollars a month, and coolies' four—all Chinamen. There was a new dock in course of construction, and some handsome godowns also.

Among mercantile men, the Germans seem to me to outnumber the English very considerably; they and the Chinese threaten to have Singapore to themselves in the course of the next ten years. The Germans out of their own country stick together more than any other nation; wherever there are half-a-dozen Germans, there is sure to be a German club and a philharmonic society: they are very musical; even in the bathroom their presence is known by the tuning of their pipes. All young Germans met with abroad are much more in their attainments like what men should be than the generality of young Englishmen. It would seem that the education they receive fits them better for the battle of life than that which is common with us; certainly it does in one particular, that of a knowledge of languages. With us it is a rare thing to find a youngster going abroad who can speak any other than his mother tongue; I have hardly ever met with a young German who, besides his own language, could not also speak French and English.

24*th.*—Noon, embarked in the *Donnaï*, French Messagerie boat, for Saigon and Hong-Kong.

25*th.*—Noon, had made a run of 155 miles. Strongish N.E. winds against us. We have some sixty first-class passengers: Frenchmen for Saigon, Germans for China, Spaniards for Manilla, Dutch and Belgian priests for beyond Pekin, and Englishmen for Hong-Kong. Two ladies with their husbands, and one going to look after hers.

The captain and officers are all hail-fellows well met among themselves, and mix also very freely with the passengers, to an extent I have never witnessed on board a P. and O. boat. The *Donnaï* is 500 horse-power, and upwards of 2000 tons burthen. Temperature 84° Fahr. in the cabin. A shower of rain this morning.

26*th.*—Ran 213 miles against a strong east wind.

27*th.*—4.30 P.M., close under Cape St Jaques, where we took a pilot. The monsoon has been strong the last two

days. With the exception of an occasional shower, the weather has been fine and bright. 8 P.M., ran aground twenty miles below Saigon with an ebb tide; so here we are until four or five in the morning.

I have been wondering ever since we entered the river, that the pilot would undertake to carry us up at night, even with the moon, drawing as we do nineteen feet water; for the river is narrow, and in places very tortuous and not buoyed. From the cape to the town of Saigon the distance is fifty miles. From Singapore to Saigon there are 644 miles. Cape St Jaques is high land, with a light on it that may be seen in clear weather some thirty miles off; but after passing the cape and entering the river, the land on both sides is quite low and uncultivated so far as we have come, the mangroves growing down everywhere to the water's edge.

28*th.*—Got afloat sooner than anticipated, reaching our anchorage at Saigon at 2 P.M.

1*st March.*—This port is completely land-locked, and there is room enough for any number of vessels, though opposite the town I do not think the river is half a mile wide. There were some thirty merchantmen loading rice; three English flags are all I saw among them—Dutch and French principally. There are four or five old line-of-battle ships which did good service here before the French built at all, and they are still turned to some good use, I daresay.

Of small craft in the port and creek leading up to Cholon, a Chinese town containing some 40,000 inhabitants, the creek pretty well crowded. Cholon is four miles from Saigon. A great extent of rough ground bordering one of the roads leading to it, was covered as far as I could see with massive stone graves, of some antiquity many of them, intermixed with recent unburnt brick graves. The town of Cholon is almost entirely Chinese, with a very slight admixture of Annamite. The shops, many of them, were well filled with the produce of the East principally, and a sprinkling of European goods. The creek I spoke of runs right through the town, and possibly extends far beyond it, at least I saw no termination to it. It is about twenty-five yards wide where it passes through the town, and with the exception of a narrow passage in the centre, was completely covered with

boats, many of them forming permanent residences for the occupiers. On the banks of the creek Chinamen were busily employed in the manipulation of rice and paddy, the former the great article of export from Saigon, of which large heaps were lying about.

Of course there are many Chinese temples in Saigon. I walked into one of the most considerable, where one or two persons were performing their devotions. The Chinese are not at all jealous of foreigners visiting their joss-houses. You may go in and minutely examine the whole contents of the place without hindrance or interruption.

The French have a considerable military station at Cholon; altogether, I am told, they have some 10,000 men in the colony, among whom there is rather an excessive mortality.

The sale of opium is farmed out by the Government, and a largish revenue derived from the operation.

The Annamites, I am told, are very indolent; they are entirely occupied in agricultural pursuits—the growing of rice principally, in which branch of industry the Chinese are also largely occupied.

Only ten years have elapsed since the French took possession of Saigon, and certainly much has been done by them. Many handsome public buildings have been erected, and considerable progress made otherwise in the building of a town. Farms and kitchen-gardens line the main road between Saigon and Cholon, and some pretty-looking bungalows have been erected. In fact there can be no doubt that the place is destined to become of commercial importance. The present governor is a rear-admiral.

Saigon at present is not a healthy place, but by drainage and otherwise the Government will no doubt soon produce an improvement in this respect. We have a priest and two sisters of mercy from Saigon, invalided passengers, with us.

At 2 A.M. this morning weighed anchor and came down the river, and are now, at 3 P.M., again contending with a strong N.E. monsoon, which threatens to lengthen our passage by a day or two to Hong-Kong. At noon we were eighty-seven miles from Saigon. The whole distance to Hong-Kong is 915 miles.

2*d.*—Ran 193 miles. We keep in sight of land as we

progress, sometimes passing within five or six miles of the projecting headlands. It seems to be high land all along the coast. The weather gets cooler, the temperature in cabin 78°.

3*d*.—Fine calm weather since noon yesterday. Ran 249 miles. Latitude 16° 35′ N., longitude 108° 48′ of Paris. We have not seen the land to-day; there is a curve in the coast here, which of course we do not follow. Temperature 82° Fahr., aneroid 30·2.

4*th*.—At noon we were 155 miles from Hong-Kong; calm weather and sea smooth. Ran 231 miles. Temperature 78° Fahr. The island of Hainan too distant to be seen; no land in sight. I have been fortunate in this vessel in having a cabin with four berths in it to myself. A fair table is kept; some forty sit down to dinner daily: everything clean and well appointed, a great improvement in this respect on any of the P. and O. boats that I have travelled in.

5*th*.—Anchored in Hong-Kong, having laid by for some hours during the night in consequence of thick fog.

The harbour was well filled with shipping; dozens of boats with Chinese families in them, in many cases with mother, father, and children of all ages, alongside the moment we anchored.

Weather cool, temperature in my room at the Hong-Kong Hotel 70°. We had not many passengers for this port; they are most of them going on either to Manilla or China. The two Belgian priests go on to Mongolia, some fifty leagues beyond Pekin; poor fellows, they are about to retire from the civilised world, and therefore might well be pardoned for having done a little flirting on board the *Donnaï*, with a pair of sisters of mercy who came passengers from Saigon. But the priests and the nuns were not the only people who flirted; we had other ladies on board—one married to a gentleman going to Shanghae, another also with her husband, an employé in the Ms. Imperial, and the third a lady going to meet her husband. This last was a very thin dark-complexioned little woman of, say, twenty-seven. She herself might have been put into a quart pot, or at any rate into a half-gallon measure, but she was so furbelowed from the crown of her head to the sole of her

foot, that in her feathers she really looked something; but she was in truth hardly *anything*. She had several admirers on board: one was a stout, clumsy-looking, shortsighted, red-and-white young German, who was very devoted to her; the doctor was another; but neither of these gentlemen seemed to take her fancy. A young Frenchman about her own complexion, small, and of the cock-sparrow cut, but of very nice manners, without any apparent effort became her favourite. The other two ladies having their husbands with them, of course were not in a position to flirt, so they became jealous of the little lady, and never spoke a word to her, but cruelly criticised her. I often looked at the favoured one, and thought to myself, what is there about the favourite that has secured so decided a preference over the other admirers of this little woman? He is very small, and very cock-sparrowish; but his manners were good—I suppose the charm lay there.

We had on board also a dozen Spaniards going to Manilla, employés under the new *régime* (Republican), all going out to fill offices of one sort or another, and what a noisy set they were! One of them was a young fellow upwards of six feet high, whom they called emphatically the Niño (baby), and a very noisy Niño he was. A Prussian count, and a young fellow, his brother-in-law, born in Paris and educated in England, completed our party.

7*th*.—Lieutenant Buckle,* of the Surveyor-General's Office, kindly put down my name at the club reading-room, which was a great convenience to me. Took a walk with him to the Happy Valley. Weather showery; temperature 72° in room, aneroid 30·5.

8*th*.—Walked to top of Flagstaff Hill, height 1760 feet. It was foggy, so we saw nothing from the very top, but lower down, at the gap, the panoramic view of Hong-Kong, town, harbour and shipping, the small islands and the opposite coasts of Kow-Loon, is very pretty. The governor has a bungalow at the top of the hill to which he goes in the hot season. There are no trees anywhere near it; some young things, banyan-trees principally, have just been planted

* This gallant young officer was killed heading his followers at Coomassie.

round about it. If they grow, in time that which must be so desirable, shade, will be obtained.

Whilst waiting at the Surveyor-General's Office for Lieutenant Buckle, a turnkey came up in charge of six prisoners with "Victoria Gaol" in large letters on the back of their greatcoats. I got into conversation with him; he told me that there were 107 Europeans in the gaol, and 420 Chinese. It seems that lately flogging has been adopted as a punishment for Chinese criminals, and the result has been that crime among them has very sensibly diminished. At one time the Victoria Gaol was inadequate to the *requirements*, and a large gaol was consequently erected on the Kow-Loon side; but since flogging has been introduced the gaol has not been wanted at all, and is now quite empty—so much for flogging.

12*th.*—Went on board a steamer, and at 8 A.M. started for Canton—latitude 27° 7′ N., longitude 113° 14′ E.—on the Chukiang or Pearl river, arriving at 4 P.M. Showery weather. Passed, coming down, the American frigate *Susquehanna*, Admiral Rowan.

13*th.*—Under the guidance of Archdeacon Grey commenced sight-seeing.

Shumien is the name of the foreign settlement in Canton; it is 2850 feet by 950 feet in its greatest breadth.

The five Genii.—Five genii rode through the city mounted on rams, and promised great prosperity to it; they disappeared, and the rams were turned to stone; the five stones were placed in a temple, and became the object of worship. This temple was destroyed by fire some few years ago, and the stones were removed to the temple in which I saw them. Two priests who had charge of the temple, of whose carelessness the fire was supposed to be the consequence, were made to stand in the street with their heads through a large board, exposed to the public gaze for a fortnight, as a punishment for their carelessness. A theatre stood opposite the temple. It was said by wise men that the theatre had something to do with the destruction of the temple, and it was consequently pulled down. The five stones were said to be like unto rams; I could see no resemblance.

There is the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii, of the God of Wisdom, and others.

The Buddhist Monastery.—Our luncheon, which we had with us, was produced and eaten here, the monks kindly supplementing it with some tea. From all I hear these Buddhist monks lead just about the same sort of *active* and *moral* lives that the monks do in the common run of Roman Catholic monasteries. There were 180 monks.

The Buddhist Nunnery.—The nuns, thirty in number, I saw, were all old and ugly: one of them was employed in teaching two little girls, who gave us a specimen of what they could do; they were about six or seven years of age, and could read very fluently. Among these nuns was a divorced wife who had found a refuge here, she looked very cheerful.

The Beggars' Refuge, where they gather to pass the night. I am told the beggars come here generally to die. We saw a corpse stretched on the ground, covered with a mat, waiting interment.

The Gambling-Shop.—As we entered an alarm was created, and a thief taking advantage of it clutched some money which was lying upon the table. He was, however, laid hold of, but as there was evidently about to be a row, we thought it as well to clear out from among such gentry. Gambling-houses in China are unlawful establishments, but a bribe to a mandarin secures impunity.

The Opium-smoking Saloon.—There were some ten men in the saloon when we entered. When an opium-smoker comes in he lies down on the divan, placing his head upon a little wooden pillow. There is a light close to his hand at which he melts the opium: it is in the shape of gum; bit by bit, and with a long needle, he pokes it into a pipe, and when sufficiently charged he lights and smokes. This operation is repeated until the smoker is knocked down and becomes quite unconscious, and in this state he remains a considerable time. One of these smokers *came to* whilst we were there, a more wretched-looking being I do not think I ever beheld. From this general saloon we moved into another, more private. There was one individual who had begun his first pipe. He told us he had been a smoker of opium for thirty years, and a very cadaverous fellow he was. The expression

on the faces of all these men was what you might conceive would be that of a person awakening from a horrible dream, and certainly the opposite of what you would expect to find in the face of one awakening from Elysium.

The Restaurant is very clean. The tit-bits of cats and dogs are very nicely dished up, and the prices of all these delicacies clearly stated in several lists hanging up about the room. There are many things the Chinese turn to account as articles of food, which probably no other people make use of for such a purpose, as the root of the lotus, the young bamboo, and pig's skin are among the number; indeed there is *no part* of bird or beast they kill for food which is not eaten. I may mention the mode of killing animals. To one end of a piece of stout bamboo is affixed a noose, the line to which is passed *through* the hollow bamboo (about four feet long); the head of the cat or dog is passed quietly into the noose, which is tightened by pulling the string at the other end of the bamboo, so that in this way the executioner saves himself from being either bitten or scratched.

The Tea-Saloon.—Small tables, neatly arranged, covered the floor of this large room, and upon each was a tray containing a dozen kinds of cakes and sweets. The barkeeper was posted close to the door; as a visitor rose from the table, a waiter, who had been either watching or waiting upon him, instantly cries out at the top of his voice what he has to pay, and the barkeeper *bars* the way until the amount is paid. The place was very clean, and a deluge of little, very little, brown earthen teapots were there ready for use.

The Flour-Mills.—A dozen pairs of stones were being driven by as many small oxen; each ox had a jar fastened under his belly to catch the urine, for cleanliness' sake, and to be turned to account also. Some writers have stated that the Chinese are not consumers of wheaten flour; it is true they do not seem to make it into loaves, but in the shape of cakes there must be a large consumption. The process of sifting or bolting the flour is curious, and must be as old as it is simple.

Jade-stone Workshops.—There is a whole street of these. The jade-stone is turned into all sorts of ornaments for the person; large rings for the arms and legs, rings for the fingers,

earrings, brooches, and a great variety of other articles. The wire saws in use for cutting up the small blocks of jade —a single wire strung on a bow, and worked by two men. A number of circular saws were in operation also, from one to two inches in diameter, for cutting up jade, worked like a lathe. There is another street of shops in which the manufactured articles are offered for sale; these shops are very handsomely fitted up.

Ivory-turning Shops.—In one of these I witnessed the process of making ivory balls one within another, and had it explained to me.

Lacker-ware Shops.—Lacker is a substance which exudes from a tree. At first it is white, and, like indiarubber, becomes black immediately after exposure to the atmosphere. The article to be operated on gets several coats of this lacker, and when dry, the figures or patterns which are meant to be gilded are then drawn, and covered with a substance the component parts of which I forget. A liquid preparation of gold is then applied, which adheres to the pattern, but makes no impression on the remaining surface.

Shops where large horn lanterns are made.—These lanterns are made by soldering together innumerable small pieces of horn with a heated pair of nippers. The joinings are afterwards scraped down to the same thickness as the rest of the lantern, and become imperceptible.

Schools.—Visited several; the pupils were seated at desks pretty much as in some of our own schools. There was one school, from its situation close to the temple of the God of Wisdom, I was told, was always well attended.

Wedding Processions.—We were fortunate in seeing two of these, in which the bride was being conducted in a sedan chair to the home of the bridegroom, preceded by bands of music, and accompanied, one of them, by several of her brothers. The presents of the bridegroom were also carried in the procession, with dwarfed fruit-bearing trees and flowers, symbolical of the wishes of the happy pair that they might be blessed with numerous offspring.

Pawnbroker's Shop.—We visited a large establishment, and were allowed to go through it. It consisted of four stories—a large tower of four stories—where the pawned goods

were stowed away on open shelves, and labelled very methodically. On the walls round the flat roof were piles of stones for throwing down on the heads of assailants in case of attack. There were also some jars of vitriol kept ready, and some large syringes, three feet long, for squirting it down upon the heads of assailants. The tower, apart from the shop where the pawned goods were kept, was provided with iron doors and windows, and was considered fireproof. Goods unredeemed at the end of three years are sold.

We had a capital view of the city from the top of this tower, and so closely packed together are the houses that we could not see one single street; to be sure, the streets are very narrow, varying, say, from five to seven feet wide, and nearly all of them running at right angles to each other. At a distance apart of a few hundred yards are high skeleton watch-towers all over the city, where watchmen are posted night and day to give alarm in case of fire. Great numbers of the houses are two stories, and occupy a great deal of ground. We visited two large handsome houses, belonging to landed proprietors; the hall in both of them was hung with tablets detailing the genealogical history of the occupants; they were handsomely furnished according to Chinese notions; in both of them there were resident tutors instructing the boys of the family.

The streets are very clean, with the exception of a few out-of-the-way corners we visited, and paved generally with blocks of granite placed across them. During our whole walk we met with nothing to offend in the least degree either our eyes or our olfactories. The most fastidious lady might have been with us the whole time, and she would have encountered nothing in the slightest degree offensive.

The Chinese shops have no windows, and the whole front is open. In the larger establishments light is also admitted from the roof, and sometimes from the back.

We met during the whole day but one solitary policeman, and not a single soldier anywhere. Archdeacon Grey, who was welcomed with smiles everywhere we went, for he is evidently a great favourite with the Chinese, says that Canton is the quietest and best-regulated city in the world.

The foreign settlement, which is really an island, two sides of it skirting the river, and the rest of it bounded by a creek, has some very good houses and a good church. The French part has not a single building upon it. Altogether the settlement must be a hundred acres in extent. A very large and handsome French cathedral is being erected on the site where Yeh's palace stood; it is of granite brought from Hong-Kong.

The river is a busy scene, covered as it is with thousands of boats of all sorts and sizes, and all forming permanent dwellings; they are consequently *manned* by men, women, and children. It seems wonderful how the inmates, crowded as they are, can keep them so remarkably clean; for of course all their household duties are performed in them—cooking, washing, &c.

There is a story attached to the little garden which was selected centuries ago as a pattern for plates. The owner of the garden had a daughter who was affianced to a young man, her father's choice, but for whom she did not care, for she had chosen a lover herself much more to her liking, as frequently happens when fathers choose husbands for their daughters without previously consulting them. The lovers were accustomed to meet in this little garden, but as their ill-luck would have it, they were at last discovered in the garden by her father, who, infuriated of course, gave chase to the guilty pair, when, wonderful to relate, just as he was about to lay hands on them, the God of Love, taking compassion upon his victims or votaries, turned them into doves, which are now represented perched upon a tree in the celebrated willow pattern for plates. It was this little history which induced the Chinese to choose for their plates this world-wide pattern.

Saw a lockup-house where a man was confined, undergoing punishment, his head through a square board five or six inches in diameter. A poulterer's shop, or rather a street full of poulterers' and butchers' shops, in which innumerable rats, cats, dogs, and ducks were exposed for sale, as well as pork, the entrails and every other part of these being prepared for food.

Saw cotton-printing, dyeing and calendering cotton;

carding wool; manufacturing silk stockings for small-feet women; a variety of crape shawls for different markets; large highly-embroidered silk banners presented by relations to fathers when they attain their sixty-first year.

Noticed several young men with heavy chains round their necks and bodies, with stones fastened to the end of the chains, exposed in the streets for being *mauvais sujets*, behaving badly to their parents.

There was a whole street of shoemakers, where shoes are made for the dead; shops with dresses for the dead.

Shops where extraordinary box-bellows are made; and glass-blowers' shops; furniture manufactories; preparing tobacco from the leaf as gathered; embroidering fans, &c.

Saw several Chinese ladies, one of them the daughter of the admiral who commanded at the Bogue forts when attacked by Sir M. Seymour.

Nursery gardens and breeding of gold-fish. Youngsters receiving instructions to enable them to distinguish between bad money and good. Walked round the city walls. Temperature 50° to 60°.

CHAPTER IV.

Shanghae—Government works—Bubbling well and joss-house—Nagasaki, pretty country, good roads, fine camellias—The Decima—Tea-factory, how green tea is made—The town—American missionaries—Japanese, a small race, take easily to European customs—Hiogo—Rice and silk—Wheat-lands—Osaka, good hotels, ponies—Tycoon's castle—Pear and peach orchards—Buddhist temple, huge stone tortoise, priests—Feast of the Disciples—Cemeteries—Trades—Fine temple—Yokohama, curio-shops—Yeddo, travelling in sedans, good hotel, Japanese like English dinner—Dr Willis's hospital—Temple of Aidsa—Large temple of Asaxa, its pleasure-grounds—Tycoon's palace—O. G. temple—Tea-gardens—Nurseries—Sheba temple—Houses of wood and paper—Burial-place of the forty-seven Lonins, assassins of the Mikado—Hara Kiri—Sheba temple, burial-place of Tycoons—Social Evil Establishment, rented by Government—Palaces of Damios—Canals—Yokohama—Ashewarra—Temple of Daiboots, the largest bronze head in the world—Tea-houses—Holy ponies—Fine scenery—Rice-grounds—Trees and flowers—Salt—Kamakura, the most sacred temple, Buddha's sword—Sudden changes of weather—Residence of foreigners—Leave for Shanghae, nearly wrecked at night on Rock Island.

13*th*.—Having returned to Hong-Kong, took passage for Shanghae in the *Sunda*, P. and O. boat; temperature 68°, ten degrees warmer than Canton. Showery weather, but calm. It has been blowing, so the sea is anything but smooth.

14*th*, *Sunday*.—No service. Ran from Ninepin Island, passing it at 3 P.M. yesterday, 199 miles; land in sight all the time. Passed the American steamer *Japan* on her way to Hong-Kong from San Francisco, four days overdue. Up to daylight this morning, and for some time afterwards, the lightning has been so continuous that one might almost say a single flash has lasted through the night, accompanied by constant thunder; heavy weather over the land, with a bright sky overhead.

16*th*.—Yesterday's run was 230 miles, notwithstanding a fresh north-easter, and some sea on. Wet and cold weather. Temperature down to 50°. Many Chinese junks about fishing. Passing close to some islands. Ran to-day 219 miles. As we are not due at Shanghae until the 20th, we are afraid the pilots may not be looking out for us.

Numbers of Chinese junks about, with their small boats out examining their hooks; they seem to fish here in the same way the French do on the banks of Newfoundland, by means of a great number of hooks attached to a very long line, which they cast out with buoys attached. These junks are admirable sea-boats, rising to the waves without taking in a drop of water, whilst we were occasionally throwing the spray from chock forward to right aft on the quarterdeck. Temperature 50°. The *Sunda* is 1760 tons, with engines of 300 horse-power, and a very comfortable boat.

17*th.*—Took a pilot at midnight, and are now making the best of our way into Shanghae with flood-tide in our favour. We have been running since daylight with four to five fathoms water. 8.30 A.M., found the lightships thirty-eight miles from Shanghae; clear weather and coldish. Temperature 50°. 1 P.M., let go our anchor in Shanghae, four days from Hong-Kong. Put up at the Astor House.

18*th.*—Breakfasted with Major C., R.E., who is here superintending or controlling the expenditure of consuls, and on the erection of buildings—in fact, of all expenditure on Government works.

The Bund, as it is called here, along the water-side (the space between the houses and the water) is a noble thoroughfare of some three miles long; it is unequalled by anything I have seen elsewhere in the East.

20*th.*—The bubbling well and the old joss-house, close together, are called the sights in Shanghae. The first is a well distant about three miles from the hotel. On the surface of it, the mouth is some five or six feet square, and the water comes up to within about ten feet of the top. You see a few weak bubbles coming up, probably sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and this is all! The joss-house, almost a ruin, is close alongside of it. It is half-filled with dilapidated wooden and gilded gods.

20*th.*—Noon, left Shanghae in the *Costa Rica* steamer for Nagasaki, and have had a fresh breeze from N.E., with a rolling swell out of the Yellow Sea, which has stopped our way at least a knot an hour; we have consequently only made 179 miles up to noon.

21*st*, *Sunday.*—Shall hardly make Nagasaki before 4 P.M.

to-morrow, as we have 290 miles to go. We have forty to fifty passengers, very few of whom have shown up either at breakfast or tiffin.

The *Costa Rica* is one of the Pacific Company's boats, a paddle-steamer 1750 tons, and can carry 1200 tons dead weight. The dining-room and a good many cabins are between decks. The poopdeck runs from aft chock forward, and upon that there is a saloon and some more cabins, and above that again a few cabins with another saloon; she has a walking beam.

22*d.*—Noon, the island of Gotto in sight. Strong breeze right ahead and much sea on; only going four knots. Temperature 68°.

23*d.*—Anchored at midnight; the port of Nagasaki, though not very capacious, is quite large enough, I daresay, for any number of vessels that is ever likely to come here. It is completely landlocked by hills varying from 300 to 1000 feet in height, the summits of many of them forming cones almost invariably decorated with a crest of pines, the cultivation reaching well upwards. The outline is most varied, and there are valleys running through them in all directions. The *tout ensemble* is one of the prettiest things I have ever seen.

The town is on the right hand on entering, and in many places has crept well up the sides of the hills. The roads in the vicinity are in capital order, bordered by hedges of the *Cryptomeria Japonica* mixed up with the bamboo and palm. Some of the bungalows have pretty gardens attached to them, in which I saw some fine camellias.

I visited the Decima, a little artificial island, the old Dutch settlement, which for two hundred years was the only spot of ground in Japan accessible to foreigners for trading purposes. I walked round it; the circumference is about 800 yards. I also visited a tea establishment of Messrs Glover, where I saw six hundred pans in rows, set in brickwork, each with a small charcoal fire under it, and into which the tea is put and then sprinkled with powdered Prussian blue; and it is thus made into green tea, principally for the American market. There is a woman at each pan, who with her hand keeps moving the tea about until the whole gets

the benefit of the Prussian blue. It is then taken out, lifted and packed in boxes. What I saw operated upon was very inferior Twankey. A woman finished off seven pans a day, and earns five tempos, about 7½d. When in full work, colouring, sifting, and packing, some 2000 hands are employed.

There were twenty vessels, steamers and sailing craft, including H.M.S. *Rodney*, lying here, and an infinity of Japanese junks.

The streets are much broader than in any Chinese town I have seen, and are kept very clean. The houses, though very gingerbread-looking, are of two stories. The shops, those which I saw, are small. Temperature 60°. Left Nagasaki for Hiogo.

24*th.*—Noon, entered the inland sea, and got aground on a sandbank about an hour afterwards. I am told its position is laid down on the chart as one mile off shore, and we appear to have been three miles off when we grounded; we stuck for nearly an hour.

This inland sea is a large lake surrounded with the most picturesque hills, and abundantly dotted with islands, most of them, perhaps all, of volcanic formation, and more or less inhabited by fishermen, whose boats dot the surface of this sea in every direction. No Japanese boat has more than one sail; a device of the Government, it is said, to prevent them from leaving Japan.

We took a number of two-sworded gentlemen on board at Nagasaki, and two American missionaries, with their wives and children, bound for New York, taking with them Japanese female servants, who are capital nurses, lugging about upon their backs great big children almost as heavy as themselves.

The Japanese, judging by the sample I have seen, are a small race, very short even with pattens, which raise them three to four inches from the ground; their big toe is honoured with a separate department in their stockings. They wear nothing on their heads. Like the Chinese, they feed, I am told, in their own houses with chopsticks; but here on board, a dozen of them, who occupy a table to themselves, seem to take very naturally to knives and forks, as do some twenty Chinese servants, who also sit down to dinner

in the cabin after the passengers have finished. I have been three days in Japan and seen no rain. It has been cloudy, with the temperature at 62° in the shade at noon.

25*th.*—Anchored at Hiogo, and very soon afterwards the bulk of the passengers, of whom we must now have some fifty, independent of Japanese, went ashore. The native town of Hiogo, where many foreign merchants have their temporary homes, occupies a flat between the hills and the sea, and must contain a considerable population. Some houses have been already erected in the foreign settlement, and many are in course of construction. The place has not been long open to foreign commerce, being the last opened of the treaty ports.

The city of Osaka is distant some seventeen miles, and is barred to the entrance of large vessels by a sandbar, upon which there is only about five feet water. We are now on our way up, for it seems we have to take in there a thousand tons of rice and silk for Yokohama, which will detain us at least two days, and perhaps more, for at present the weather is wet and boisterous, and must interfere with our work.

26*th.*—We lay all day anchored about two miles off the bar, and four miles from Osaka; the river is navigable only for craft drawing not over four or five feet water. It rained all day and was boisterous, so that no cargo was sent on board, and only two of our passengers went on shore with the captain, and they were glad to return on board again in the afternoon, without having profited by the undertaking, the weather being so bad they were confined to the hotel all the time they were ashore.

27*th.*—The clerk of the weather was more accommodating, and by 6 A.M. some hundreds of boats, each carrying about two and a half tons of rice, were seen making their way to the ship. Four of us passengers soon found a boat, and after half an hour's sculling (for the Japanese here propel their boats solely by sculling, and not at all by rowing), we jumped ashore just inside the bar at the mouth of the river, on the bank on the right-hand side in ascending. An hour's sharp walk, partially through ground very neatly cultivated, growing mainly wheat on raised ridges, a deep furrow some two feet in width between the rows, and plantations of beans,

both growing luxuriantly, without either a blank or a weed to be seen; but principally through a double continuous row of small houses, though many were of two stories, the upper story being very low; but this to Japanese cannot be of great inconvenience, for, really, unless when in motion, they are always squatted upon their heels. There was great cleanliness throughout; men, women, and children (and of the latter there seemed to be a prodigious number) flocked to the front to look at the foreigners, of whom they have as yet seen but very few. After an hour's sharp walk by the bank of the river, occasionally away from it to avoid the bends, we reached the customhouse, and then the foreign settlement, where we found a good hotel kept by a Japanese, furnished in a mixed style, partly Japanese, but mainly European. Most of the floors were covered with thick Japanese straw mat, whilst in the principal dining-room and in the drawing-room Brussels carpets took the place of mats. There was no want of tables, chairs, and bedsteads, all of the European type, throughout the establishment; and in the drawing-room there was a piano, also a large musical box. The walls and ceilings were all papered, the bedsteads furnished with mosquito-curtains, and the room with all other requisites. We breakfasted there very comfortably off some half-dozen dishes very fairly cooked, waited upon by a Japanese woman and several boys.

I had got thus far in my journal when the bell rung for divine service in the upper saloon; for this is Sunday, and, as I found when the psalms were given out—*Easter Sunday*. I don't believe any one on board but the clergyman remembered anything at all about it, and so it is with most people when they have been long travelling. We mustered a congregation of some thirty persons, Europeans and Americans, of all shades of Christianity, I daresay, but the service performed by Mr Thompson was that of the Episcopal Protestant Church.

Well, to go back to the hotel at Osaka, after partaking and paying the shot, a dollar each, besides the beer which was drunk by some of the party, we sallied forth to the Japanese livery-stables, for we were bent on hiring ponies to take us to a castle, that of the Tycoon, four miles from the city, and

a celebrated pagoda, two miles distant. We found half-a-dozen ponies in the stable, each in its stall, with its head where its tail ought to be, according to our notion; and a very good thing, too, that these ponies are so placed, for they are the most vicious little brutes living. You are never safe passing within reach of their heels. The livery-stable keeper had a monopoly of the horse-letting or horse-hiring business to foreigners in Osaka, and it being so, we thought we were lightly let off by having to pay only four *boos*, or somewhat more than a dollar for each pony for the whole half-day; a *betto* or runner to go with us was thrown into the bargain, of course, without further charge.

My friends all made choice of their horses, for I have found by experience that the best-looking horses in a livery-stable are often the most uncomfortable to ride. So having procured a permit at the customhouse to see the inside of the castle, and an officer to accompany us, we were soon mounted, and making the best of our way towards the castle.

The ponies were all full of mettle, not one of them requiring either whip or spur. I soon found that my brute required all my strength to keep him in, for I had nothing but a snaffle to operate with; so leading the ruck very much against my will, away we went helter-skelter through one of the principal streets, which led us in a straight line to the castle. Of course we created great excitement as we raced along; the whole population of the neighbourhood turning out to look at the mad foreigners. As the street was narrow, and moderately thronged with people, we rode in Indian file, and miraculously escaped doing any damage either to pedestrians or to ourselves, notwithstanding the numerous signboards every here and there projecting well into the street.

In twenty minutes we found ourselves at the castle. Here I insisted on changing my snaffle for a double bit from the horse ridden by our attendant.

This castle has a formidable appearance, and may occupy some 50 acres. The enclosing outside walls are of octagonal shape, well built of large irregular-shaped stones, and some 50 feet high; the corner-stones being always larger and thicker than the others. I measured several inside the prin-

cipal gateway, and found the largest to be 45 feet long; and we guessed the width to be 25 feet; the thickness might have been 3 feet; some of the corner-stones might have been 7 to 8 feet thick.

The entrance is by a bridge over a broad and deep moat filled with water, and a dry ditch of considerable depth, both of which encircle the castle in its whole extent. The entrance gates seemed to be very well made and strong, and covered with iron; easily knocked to pieces, however, by a few shots from a four-and-twenty pounder. There were bastions at the corners, and in the centre was a sort of raised enceinte, from the top of which we had an extensive view of the city and the surrounding plain, thickly studded with large villages up to the foot of the hills. The city lay between us and the great Gulf of Osaka, and in that direction must have occupied some six or seven miles; and well it might, for it is said to contain half a million of inhabitants.

A few months ago, in the late revolution, this castle was held by the Tycoon, who evacuated it without an attempt at defence when threatened by the Mikado's forces. There must have been many buildings in it at that time, the whole of which were soon afterwards destroyed by fire. The only cannon I saw were two brass twenty-four pounders; what the state of its armament was when evacuated by the Tycoon, I could not learn.

Leaving the castle, not without a feeling of admiration for the builders of such a truly noble fortress, we mounted, and directed our course towards the temple, passing in our way many orchards of pears and peaches now in full bloom, and through outlying streets of the suburbs of the city. With ponies of such mettle, we got quickly over the two miles that separated the temple from the castle.

This pagoda, or temple, consists of a number of buildings of the stereotyped character of Buddhist temples, but as far as I saw, differing from the Chinese temples in not containing a single idol, with the exception of a sacred stone tortoise of huge dimensions, placed at one end of the bottom of a well some twelve feet square and six feet deep, forming the centre of a small temple which we found thronged with worshippers (more women than men) employed in giving drink to the

tortoise, which they accomplished by means of a Lilliputian spudgel, so far as capacity was considered, but with a slight bamboo handle sufficiently long to enable them to reach the water at the bottom of the well as they stood round the balustrade that surrounded its mouth.

Numerous votive offerings, in the shape of wooden tallies with holy sentences written upon them, supplied to the faithful for a consideration by a priest in attendance, were thrown into the well, of which I suppose we might consider the tortoise the lord and master. It was a Buddhist feast-day, the Feast of the Disciples, whatever that might mean, so there was something like high mass being performed in one of the larger temples, connected by a bridge fifty feet long over a pond with another temple, where some of the performing priests were mustered, and into which we tried hard to obtain admittance, but in vain. The dress of many of the actors looked very operatic, and the whole affair was very theatrical, and to us very comic. There was a host of people gathered together in these temples, but the foreigners, I think, attracted the attention of fully one-half of them.

Pressed by time, for the day was advancing, we mounted our ponies and moved away to the city, passing through a long well-kept street of small temples, to each of which was attached a cemetery—the whole, temples, cemeteries, and streets, so far as I could see, all in excellent condition. We turned into one of the principal streets; it was very clean, with neatly-kept shops on each side, filled principally with articles manufactured by the Japanese, including umbrellas, mats, boxes, straw hats, fans, were all prominent features—tidiness and cleanliness everywhere; and so we wended our way slowly along, stared at by every man, woman, and child occupying the streets we passed through, but everywhere treated with great deference. We arrived at last opposite the largest and principal temple of the city; here we dismounted and went in. This temple is very handsome; the Mikado put up there the other day when passing through Osaka. It is composed of two very large halls, not high, and several smaller ones. In one hall we found a Buddhist priest preaching from a pulpit, similar to our own pulpits, to a congregation of respectably-dressed people, numbering

about two hundred, all sitting upon their heels and listening attentively to the preacher. Neither the congregation nor the preacher appeared at all put out by our visit, and we remained listening for some ten minutes. To all appearance the preacher was an eloquent man; he was habited more or less like a Roman Catholic priest, and the whole thing, preacher and congregation, resembled exactly what I have witnessed a hundred times in Catholic churches in Italy, where the women usually squatted on mats.

We saw no idol in this temple; there was a small painting of the Emperor at the extremity of the hall in which the preaching was going on, and nothing more; and the hall would contain, I suppose, if full, a congregation of two thousand people. We left this temple much impressed with what we had seen there, mounted our ponies, proceeding onwards. Another half-hour brought us to the settlement, where we delivered up our ponies to their owners.

In half an hour more myself and a companion were seated in a boat with some half-dozen of our Japanese passengers, whom we luckily ran against just as they were starting for our steamer, the *Costa Rica;* she had just tripped her anchor when we got alongside, and in five minutes more she was proceeding at full speed towards Hiogo, having finished embarking cargo one hour before; so we had a very narrow escape of being left behind. It was now 6 P.M., when we sat down to dinner with a very good appetite, getting to Hiogo by the time we had finished dinner, $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles, remaining at anchor until 6.30 A.M. on the 28th, when we got under weigh for Yokohama. We had a strong breeze from N.E. when we left Hiogo, which increased to a gale during the night.

29*th.*—Gale blowing and rough sea running, with thick, heavy weather. We are now just holding our own with her head to the sea, and in this way we are tolerably quiet. Until the weather changes we can make no progress. We are very near a chain of islands and reefs through which we have to pass. The glass is still falling, so I expect worse weather; aneroid 29·90.

The glass has not risen, though the wind had veered round from N.E. to N.W., and the weather suddenly cleared up,

when the mainland was in sight, about 15 miles off, at 7 P.M.

30*th.*—9 A.M., anchored and landed in Yokohama. Temperature 45°; aneroid 30·50. Wind N.W., and clear.

31*st.*—Some fifty vessels in port, steamers and sailing craft; among the latter the *Japan* and *China* loom very large; the former takes the mail to San Francisco to-morrow; she has 1200 Chinamen on board.

Last night, whilst I was reading in my room, there was the knock at the door, and a man made his appearance in a state of great excitement; he held a candle in his hand, and said (beginning in very broken English, and ending up in French) that he had come to look after a small white glass bottle (he was very minute in the description he gave of it), which contained something he was in the habit of dressing his moustache with, accompanying his words by the action of passing his fingers over his moustache—which said moustache was a very insignificant affair—to make me comprehend to the full how grievous had been his loss, which he had left yesterday in the room I now occupied. I immediately recognised in the unfortunate man my former fellow-passenger, Count ——. I told my friend I had not seen his bottle, and that he had better look round and see if it was to the fore. He hunted everywhere, but the bottle was not forthcoming. How he will have managed his moustache without it, I cannot tell.

April 1*st.*—Strolled among the curio-shops. I saw most extraordinary things in the shape of toys. Afterwards to the heights upon which foreigners are erecting bungalows. Visited a nurseryman's establishment. Left Yokohama in the public stage, arriving at Yeddo at 6 P.M. A consular passport was required to go to Yeddo, which costs two dollars. The distance is nearly twenty miles, and, with the exception of a few hundred yards of the road, the whole route lies through a street and over a very good road. The main street, through which we drove, is wide compared with those of Canton. The weather was wet, and we met scores of people travelling in sedan chairs, some going, others coming from Yeddo.

The hotel is a large, really fine building. It has been

built by a Japanese, and has cost him, with the furniture, some £16,000, a good deal of money for a wooden house. A party of Japanese had just sat down to dinner as we arrived; they are fond, it seems, of an English dinner, and do not mind paying three dollars a head for it, besides their drink, provided they can get mutton, which is very scarce and dear in Japan, consequently considered a great delicacy by the Japanese. I saw the party in the billiard-room after dinner; they were all merry, and one of them rather screwed. Temperature 64°.

2*d.*—I hired an open carriage and pair, and proceeded to see the sights. The mate of an American whaler had already started in a pony-chaise with the same object. He did not at all know, he said, where he was going, but had made up his mind to let go his kedge whenever he got tired. We drove first to Dr Willis's hospital, four miles off, and found the doctor operating upon a boy for harelip. We were in hopes of getting the doctor to come out with us, but he was too much occupied; he gave us a guide, however, and with him we visited, first, the temple and residence (it had been) of Aidsa, a partisan of the Tycoon, and the last place in Yeddo where any stand was made against the Mikado. Some three thousand men defended this place, but were driven out ultimately after some hard fighting, and the temple and other buildings within the walls were all burnt. The place is a waste now, open to all the world; before this event, few except those high in authority were ever admitted within its precincts. There are some good-sized trees in it, and many of them.

We drove to the temple of Asaxa. This is a large and highly-decorated temple, kept in excellent order. It was thronged with people going and coming, paying their devotions at the shrine of Buddha, burning incense, and casting their mite into an enormous receptacle for the offerings of the pious, consisting of a chest twelve feet long and about half that in breadth, placed in front of the altar, the top with bars railed across, with a wide opening between them. The grounds around the temple are very extensive, and occupied with a sort of booth, with penny shows and shops selling toys, sweetmeats, and a thousand other things; there

are also some small nursery-gardens and pleasure-grounds frequented by the holiday people of Yeddo. The whole place must contain several hundred acres. I purchased a touchstone ball in a curio-shop attached to a tea-house, for which I gave seven boos, about eight shillings and sixpence.

From this temple we returned to the hotel to lunch, and afterwards drove to the Tycoon's palace, a walled place, with high ramparts round three sides of it covered with trees, principally pine, and enclosed by three moats, the outer one perhaps a hundred yards wide, full of water covered with wildfowl—ducks, of which there must be many thousands; they are never shot. Temperature in room 43°.

3*d.*—This morning drove to the O. G. temple, some seven miles off, and quite outside of the city. The temple had nothing remarkable about it, very small, but kept in good order. The village in which it is situated, and the country round about it, are very pretty. We passed through a great deal of wheat and barley all dibbled (apparently) on ridges, and very thick in the rows; not a weed was to be seen anywhere. All the cultivation is spade-labour.

We passed one large tea-garden, many nurseries and kitchen-gardens. Saw some tall, handsome trees, among them many Cryptomeria; there was one cut down that measured four feet in diameter. We drove round the Sheba temple. On the return to the hotel we ascended a hill by some eighty-four stone steps, and from the top had a very good look over the city. It does not seem as if it contained a million of inhabitants, which they say it does. The Damios' palaces occupy a considerable deal of space, but they are quite empty just now. Almost every house has a garden, and more than one-half of them are ground-floors only; they are, the most of them, very poor little things, entirely of wood, mere sheds, the partitions being thin sliding frames of wood, with paper pasted over them.

The main or principal street is perhaps sixty feet wide, and even this, as you look down a long range of it, hardly appears better than a double row of booths at a fair at home.

After tiffin we drove to the temple and burial-place of the forty-seven Lonins, who sacrificed themselves some 160

years ago to avenge an insult offered to their lord and master. The story is this: A Damio had received an insult from some man in power, the Mikado perhaps, which he attempted to avenge on the spot, but he was cut down, and ultimately had to perform the Hara Kiri on himself. As a legacy to his retainers, he left to them an injunction that his death should be avenged. Forty-seven of them banded together to carry out the desire of their lord. They came to Yeddo, and employed themselves in various occupations until an opportunity should offer to carry out their design. They obtained a plan of the palace of the Mikado, and at length determined upon making the attack. With considerable difficulty they forced their way at night to the apartment of their victim, killed him, cut off his head, which they carried away, and deposited it in the tomb of their master, and then they retired to the temple we visited this morning to await their sentence. They were permitted to perform the Hara Kiri, which saved their honour, and their bodies lie in the cemetery of the temple, where their tombs are frequently visited even now by Japanese, by whom they are looked upon as brave men and martyrs. Temperature 43°.

4th.—Managed to get admission to the interior of Sheba, the temples which hold the dust of the departed Tycoons. They are highly-ornamented places, and some of the wood carvings and bronzes are very fine. There is a railing covered with peacocks and mandarin ducks in wood-carving, and of stalks standing on tortoises supporting lanterns in bronze just in front of the altar, the workmanship of which was particularly chaste. Then there was the holy of holies, into which we were admitted, but without our shoes: here was contained a number of lackered boxes placed upon stools, each with the cover tied on with silk, and with the name (I suppose it to be) of the individual whose ashes it contains, or at any rate in whose honour it is placed there. We could not, however, make out whether the ashes of the Tycoons were buried in a vault under the floor of the holy of holies, or whether they were contained in the lackered boxes. The gilding, carving, and silk drapery in this holy of holies were very gorgeous.

The grounds around these temples are extensive, well laid

out, kept scrupulously neat, and contain many fine trees, and numerous dwellings for the priests attached to the temples; altogether we only saw some half-dozen images of Buddha and his wives ; and so it is generally here that there are but few idols in the temples, whilst in the Chinese Buddhist temples they are usually very numerous.

The priests who showed us over the temples were civil, and refused to take a fee for their trouble, though we really pressed it upon them. We had an escort with us of two-sworded men, but they did not enter with us into the secret places of the temples.

There is an establishment of the Government's, the Social Evil Institution ; the girls (we saw five of them) were in a room in which they could be seen and talked to through the wooden bars from the street ; the floor of the room was raised, and they sat to be admired, or came to the bars and conversed with their friends outside. The master of the place was in the doorway.

5th.—We had fine weather until to-day ; it is now wet, so we shall see little more of the city, as we (Mr M'A. and myself) go back to Yokohama to-morrow.

We strolled about for several hours, and unless when we went into a shop to look at curios, when a crowd of idlers always gathered about us, we met with little obstruction in the streets.

I cannot say much for the architecture of the houses in the city ; with the exception of the enclosures which shut in the dwellings of the Damios and the temples, the city looks little better than a mass of booths, even in the principal streets. It is said the whole city, with the exception of the small fireproof mud godowns, which are pretty thickly dotted about, and must amount to many thousands, is destroyed once in every seven years. The houses are without exception built of wood, and the partitions are mere sliding framed panels papered over ; the whole affair is the most flimsy thing possible.

They say the city contains a million inhabitants ; it may be so, for I have never seen so many children about anywhere. The Japanese must be a most prolific race, every

woman you meet with has a child strapped to her back, and so has every biggish girl, and their name is legion.

The city covers a large area, but a great deal of it is occupied by the palaces (if they may be so called) of the Damios, the sacred enclosures of temples, &c., and by canals, which intersect the city in all directions. On the whole, I confess myself disappointed with Yeddo. The main street may be 50 feet wide, and a short street leading up to the temples which enclose the dust of the defunct Tycoons may be 100 feet wide; but all the others are not over 25 feet wide, and unless in the market-places, are never particularly thronged. The only wheeled vehicles in them are those driven by foreigners, hired for sight-seeing. The custom-house is a respectable establishment, and a piece of ground close to it has been allotted to foreigners to build upon. Temperature 56°.

6*th.*—8 A.M., temperature 58°; aneroid falling during the night from 30·4 to 29·90. Wet, with light northerly wind.

Went down to Yokohama in four hours, stopping to change horses at the half-way house, where there is a tea-shop of considerable importance, largely patronised by foreigners. Last evening it blew half a gale from the north; it subsided at midnight.

7*th.*—Fine weather. Temperature 62°; aneroid 30·5.

8*th.*—*The Ashewarra.*—The houses composing this locality are all of two stories, but very low, the rooms not being more than seven feet in height. They are all of wood, the fronts towards the street being without exception formed of upright wooden bars three to four inches apart, through which the girls, of which there may be some two thousand in the establishment (covering some twenty acres of ground), may be seen sitting upon a raised dais in rows, from fifteen to twenty in a room. At night these rooms are gaily lighted up, and the girls, of course, with their best toggery on. We saw but one room full, in their gay attire, and they were squatted in a row, each with a brazier before her. Everywhere else (as it was only a little after midday when we paid our visit) we found them performing their toilet; and in a bath, or rather in a room with a boarded floor and a good supply of water at hand, we saw from the

street five-and-twenty of them hard at work scrubbing themselves. They sat and laid upon the floor in all sorts of postures, and were not in the slightest degree put out by the public looking in upon them.

The whole establishment, I was told, is farmed by one man from the Government. The girls are bought from their parents for five or seven years, and some of them at a very early age; the very pretty ones being taught all sorts of accomplishments. When the time for which they have been purchased, or rather leased, from their parents is up, they return to society without being thought anything the worse for their sojourn in the Ashewarra.

8*th.*—On going to my room last night, I found my bed occupied. The captain of an American whaler, who had been detained on shore by bad weather, had been put into it by mistake!

10*th.*—Journey from Yokohama to Canasawa and Daiboots, the first, a village distant twelve miles, on the coast; and the second, a temple and a figure (of Buddha, I suppose) composed of sheets of copper about four feet wide, nailed together. This enormous figure has a very imposing appearance as you approach, advancing up the straight avenue that leads to it. It is about fifty feet in height, squatted on its haunches, with its hands clasped in front. The circumference of it is over 150 feet, and the diameter of this immense figure inside, being of an irregular shape, is eight yards one way and ten yards another. It is the most colossal human bronze or copper figure I have ever seen, and probably it is the largest in the world.

The base of the solid rock wall upon which it rests is about five feet above the ground. The temple attached to it is very small and insignificant, and is served by a very jolly priest.

We were two hours riding to Canasawa, where we took up our abode at a comfortable tea-house; and after enjoying our tiffin (sent on by coolies) we went to Daiboots. On returning, we stopped at Canasawa, where there are some temples of no importance, and two white ponies, holy ponies, which are kept at the entrance of the temple grounds.

The whole road, after getting out of Yokohama, is through

cultivated valleys and among well-wooded hills, presenting a constant succession of ever-varying and really beautiful landscape scenery. Wheat and barley were the crops that met the eye in the valleys, and frequently on the terraced sides of the hills, sown in drills, looking very strong and healthy. Beans also to some extent, just in bloom, loading the air with delicious perfume, and growing luxuriantly. The paddy-ground was everywhere covered with water, the season for sowing or planting paddy not having yet arrived.

The trees most common, lining the road and covering the hills, are the Cryptomeria, and a fir resembling the common Scotch fir: there were many others, the beech, the maple, and a number peculiar to Japan, but the Cryptomeria is the most common of all, and is planted, cut, and trained to form hedges; it forms avenues, and there are endless plantations of it everywhere. I have not met with it of greater girth a few feet from the ground than fifteen feet, but it grows much larger in the interior, even measuring sometimes forty feet in girth. Many of our wild-flowers are here, the dog-violet among them blooming in profusion, but the sweet-violet I have not seen.

A considerable number of persons in this village of Canasawa are employed in manufacturing salt. The operation is conducted on several pieces of perfectly flat land, close down upon the sea-shore, containing each more or less some ten acres. The flat pieces of land must, I should suppose, be occasionally flooded, although I could not learn that such was really the case; at any rate the surface-soil, sand, is strongly impregnated with salt. The workmen rake up this surface-soil, put it into bushel baskets, placed each upon a tub. The entire surface of the ground more or less is dotted over with these tubs, each with a basket of surface-soil placed upon it. Water is poured upon these baskets of earth, which percolates through it to the tub underneath, carrying with it all the salt contained in the earth. In this way a very strong solution of salt is got, which is carried to a house hard by, and there by means of a moderate heat the water is evaporated and the salt collected.

11*th.*—Weather cloudy but dry; we mounted our ponies (which seem never to tire), and proceeded to Kamakura, a

village four miles from Canasawa, where there is a temple considered by the Japanese one of the most sacred of the thousand and one temples scattered broadcast over this land. Mr G., so soon as we arrived there, pitched his photographic apparatus, and before commencing operations we took a cursory view of the inside and contents of the principal temple. It stands on high ground, and is reached by a flight, I may say an imposing flight, of granite steps—fifty-one, I think. We paid a boo, about a shilling, on entering the temple, and then we were permitted to walk round it, the priests uncovering, as we proceeded, the contents of their little chapels, occupying three sides of a square. One huge old sword seemed to be the lion of the collection, said to have belonged to Buddha, and of course many thousands of years old. There were several other smaller swords, some spears, chain armour, bows and arrows, &c., and we ended up at the last chapel by having presented to us a cup of saki—rice spirit.

In a sacred enclosure in front of the temple (we were only permitted to look into it through the bars) were exposed two large bows with corresponding arrows of bamboo highly ornamented. The meaning of all this to us remained a secret, and there must be a much more extended intercourse with the Japanese by persons learned in the language before the history of such temples as this and their contents can be unravelled. The temple is, like all others, built with an overhanging roof, with a good deal of gilding and carving about it. The compound or enclosure contains altogether five temples more or less of the same character.

There was no obstacle thrown in the way of Mr G. taking photographs, which he accomplished pretty successfully, and associated with Japanese worshippers, I was made to cut a prominent figure. The pilgrims coming to pray and pay, which always go together, I observed, were quite pleased to be photographed, and they always wanted to look at their figures in the negative, at which they laughed heartily.

As soon as we had finished at Kamakura, we packed up and rode on to Daiboots, about a mile and a half distant. Of the colossal figure here Mr G. took two good photographs. Whilst this operation was going on, I sat down at the receipt

of custom alongside the priest, the only one in charge at this temple, and amused myself watching the devotees who came to pray and pay at the shrine of Daiboots. They seldom remained more than a quarter of an hour, unless when they were wanted to figure in a photograph, and to do so they were always willing. On arrival, the first operation was to throw two or three *cash* into the capacious receiving box which stood in front of the monster Daiboots, then a short prayer was said, and then the pilgrim walked round to where the priest was seated, and to whom he gave a somewhat larger amount of *cash*, which was deposited in another receiving box. He then walked into the interior of the statue, said a few short prayers there—addressed to some small figures of inferior gods, I suppose—came out, making a further payment of *cash* to the presiding priest, which also went into the receiving box, which ended the business. Sometimes the party of worshippers consisted of three or four old women, and again a father and mother with a family of young children strapped to their backs, or some young fellows from a distant part of the country. In fact, the groups that marched up to old Daiboots, who looked down upon them all, rich and poor, with the same grave countenance, were ever varying. They were always well behaved, and easily made to laugh. One would take them to be a very simple people.

On my arrival at the temple, though not a worshipper, I gave the priest a boo, about one shilling and threepence; this set him to work at once to prepare tea for us, and ensured his cheerful services for anything we required of him besides. I did not observe that he put the piece of silver into the receiving box; he was afraid it might be defiled by the copper coin.

It was seven o'clock before we got back to the tea-house at Canasawa. Our host soon prepared our dinner; fish, fried slices of mutton, and ham and eggs, which we washed down with a bottle of moselle. With the help of a brazier we kept ourselves warm in the paper house, and at 11 P.M. turned into our beds on the matting floor, Japanese fashion, and slept soundly.

13*th*.—On awaking in the morning we found wet weather,

and a falling aneroid warned us that it would be worse before it got better, so we determined to pack up and return to Yokohama. Three coolies took charge of our bedding and other luggage wrapped up in water-proof cloth. They of course were on foot, still, though they had not started when we left the tea-house, they arrived at Yokohama half an hour after we did, say in about four hours, over a very heavy road, raining hard the whole of the time, a distance of 12 miles. The weather got worse as we neared *home*. All the previous night it had rained and blown a gale, so this morning we congratulated ourselves in not having delayed our return, for now, dry overhead, the roads must have been in a desperately bad state. Yesterday, in crossing a hill in the way, we found the road so slippery that we had to dismount and walk for a whole hour through thick soapy mud.

15*th*.—Weather. The changes are very sudden; after blowing a gale from north the night before last, the morning was very fine, and the aneroid had risen $\frac{4}{10}$ths. It continued fine until 5 P.M., when the sky blackened again in the north, and in half an hour we had a smart gale blowing again from the north, which sent the Japanese boats seeking shelter up the creeks, and made it impossible for ships' boats in many instances to get on board. There is a great kick-up on the bund at Yokohama, with a strong northerly wind, which puts an end to all discharging or loading cargo. This breeze was accompanied by a little rain, and had entirely calmed down by 10 P.M.

This morning the weather was again bright and cheery, with a light breeze from N.W.; the aneroid had risen $\frac{4}{10}$ths and the temperature 52°. During the fortnight I have been here I have experienced the same sudden changes of weather just detailed; the aneroid constantly fluctuating between 29·90 and 30·50, the temperature between 48° and 52°.

Walked on the bluff, now being fast covered by foreign bungalows, and in many instances by very pretty gardens. The bluff commands fine views seawards and landwards, and may be 300 to 400 feet above the flat upon which Yokohama stands. The drawback to most parts of it as a place of residence is the exposure to all the strength of the

high winds so common on the coast of Japan, otherwise the situation is delightful.

16*th.*—Left Yokohama in the P. and O. steamer *Norna*, 968 tons, 238 horse-power engines. It was almost calm as we steamed out of the Bay of Yeddo, but the aneroid had fallen somewhat during the morning. By 8 P.M. there was a stiff breeze from S.W., and a nasty cross-running sea, accompanied by very thick weather. The current all along the coast sets constantly to the northward, and even in ordinary weather at the rate of four miles an hour. It was clear, then, that with the strong northerly breezes that had been blowing for some days previously, now that the wind had shifted to the S.W., the ordinary current along the coasts would naturally be increased. This had occurred to me, and I was still turning it over in my mind as I lay in my berth when eight bells struck. It was midnight of the 19th. The sea had increased to such an extent that the little *Norna* was knocked about by it as if she had been a mere cork on its surface. Our position with regard to the numerous islands that were in our track was occupying my thoughts when the cry on deck of "Hard a starboard!" thrice hurriedly repeated, accompanied by a stoppage of the engines, instantly followed by a reversal of the engines and full speed astern, made me jump out of bed. I waited for something more before rushing on deck, but all remained quiet, so I turned in again and after awhile went to sleep, believing that what had just taken place was owing to a near collision with some Japanese junk, which in no case could have done us any harm. It turned out, however, to have been a more serious matter. The night was dark and the weather very thick, when suddenly the mist in which the ship was enveloped cleared away, and showed to the officer on the bridge Rock Island close under the bows; two minutes more and we should have been upon it, and with the sea running at the time, five minutes would have sufficed to have sent the *Norna* with all on board into the other world. I think it was as narrow a squeak as I ever had of shipwreck, without really coming to grief. I knew nothing of the danger we had so narrowly escaped until the morning, when on going on deck the captain told me what had happened.

19*th*.—From twelve o'clock last night until half-past five this morning we were going quarter speed (five knots), and at six made the land in the vicinity of Van Diemen's Straits. We had no sights either on the 17th or 18th, and it was not until noon to-day that we discovered what a strong current we have had against us. In the first thirty hours after leaving Rock Island we had a current of 138 miles, and from noon yesterday to noon to-day eighty-two miles, right in our teeth. The weather is now fine, wind ahead, and a good many fishing-boats about. We are passing the land on the north side of the straits, within three or four miles, which is high everywhere. Aneroid has risen considerably since last evening; temperature 68°.

20*th*.—Noon, to-day 248 miles from the North Saddle, or 328 miles from the anchorage of Shanghae, going ten and a half knots. Run since yesterday 217 miles. Aneroid still rising, 30·5; temperature 64°.

CHAPTER V.

Prepare to cross Mongolia—Shanghae, quaint old place, dirty—Jugglers—Gamblers—To Tientsin in steamer—Telegraph to Kiachta, then by Grant's pony express—Cheefoo, the filthiest place in China—Land encroaching on the sea—Taku forts—Author misses Mr Grant—Pekin—Wang's Hotel—Observatory—Temples, that to Confucius—Lamesaries—Image of Buddha—Trades—Carts without springs—Much misery—Women with small feet—Passports—Leave Pekin.

21*st.*—Made Barren Island, and at 1.30 P.M. took a pilot off the North Saddle. Anchored in Shanghae, five and a half days from Yokohama, the whole distance 1050 miles. Took up my quarters at the Astor House.

Apparently, most unfortunately for me, three steamers left for Tientsin early on the morning of the 22d, and I was prevented from taking advantage of either of them, from having to provide myself with Sycee silver for the trip across Mongolia before I could leave.

Weather fine and cool. Temperature in my room, where the fire has been out more than eight hours, 62°.

Met at the hotel a German merchant established at Port May (on the Amoor), who had lately come across from Kiachta in Asiatic Russia. He rode on camels all the way, and reached Kalgan in fourteen days. The distance must be 850 miles or 1200 versts. He gave me valuable information as to money and stopping-places between this and Pekin, as well as the cost of camels, or rather their hire. He made the journey to Kiachta from Port May, in January, on the ice, and in a sledge drawn by horses.

25*th*, *Sunday.*—At the Episcopal Church, heard the Rev. Mr Butcher. In the afternoon, Mr Thomas at the Scotch Kirk.

26*th.*—Visited the Chinese city. It is a quaint old place surrounded by a wall some four to five miles in circumference, and contains, it is said, 150,000 inhabitants. The

temples, tea-houses, and curio-shops are well worth seeing. The streets are very narrow, and dirty in the extreme ; an open and very offensive ditch runs through a considerable portion of the town, and, as in all Chinese towns, a sewer runs through the centre of every street, covered up with slabs of granite.

We witnessed in the course of our ramble some wonderful feats of dexterity performed by a juggler, who also, apparently with great ease, passed down his throat two swords, and kept them down for a good three minutes ; they were eighteen inches long and two inches broad, common rusty-looking swords.

Although Sunday is not a holiday for the Chinese, yet so many of them employed by foreigners are necessarily idle on that day, that it is so forcibly for a large portion of the working population, which accounts, I suppose, for the large number we saw in the city yesterday amusing themselves in the tea-houses with jugglers, and more than all, in street gambling, to which the Chinese are inveterately addicted.

27th.—Here I am on board the *Ta-Pang-Nyo* steamer, and have been on board for the last six hours, bound for Cheefoo and Tientsin. We ought to have left at noon. At 2 P.M. made an ineffectual attempt at a start. It was blowing fresh at the time, and jammed as we were, and are still, between the wharf and a steamer outside of us, with the wind from S.E., an excuse was made for not getting away, whether a valid one or not may be doubted. At any rate here we are still at 6 P.M., and though the wind has subsided considerably, it seems likely we will have to remain here to-night. It is a bore, but cannot be helped ; it is but a few hours lost, not much, perhaps, seeing that it is the commencement of a journey which in all human probability is likely to last four months. The captain has a young wife and a young family on board, and who can say that that has not had something to do with our detention ? The captain has just announced that we do not start until four in the morning. Passage to Tientsin fifty taels, the tael about six shillings and sixpence. Temperature in shade 60°.

Telegrams from England usually come in seventeen days

from Kiachta, later news than the P. O. from Galle by four or five days; though messages have to be brought on horseback from Kiachta to Tientsin, a distance of over one thousand miles, and this takes by Grant's pony express some twelve days, and the steamer from Tientsin to Shanghae four days more.

28*th.*—Got under weigh at 3.30 A.M., and after knocking some gingerbread work off the stern of the steamer that barred our way, preventing us getting out the previous day, and running into a ship at anchor in the stream, and doing her a few taels' worth of damage, we got fairly into the river; at half-past seven we were abreast of the lightship, a distance of some thirty-five miles, and ever since we have been bowling along, sometimes eight knots, and occasionally when the sails would draw, eleven knots an hour. All day fresh breeze from S.E., with thick unpleasant weather.

29*th.*—Same weather as yesterday part of the day; wind got round to N., with clear weather and a tumble of a sea, which kept the passengers in their berths.

30*th.*—7 A.M., foggy; got a glimpse of the land, which told us where we were: the lead has been constantly going for many hours; the soundings have been seven to eight fathoms, where, according to the charts, we ought to have found twelve. Passed through shoals of *greaves*, and saw a few albatrosses.

The *Ta-Pang-Nyo* is an iron screw, 669 tons, engines of 180 horse-power, built by Gordon of Port-Glasgow in 1864; she was sold eighteen months ago to a Japanese Damio for 120,000 taels, about £50,000, and bought back from him four months since for 15,000 dollars, or £3000. This Damio, it seems, has sided with the Tycoon in the rebellion at present existing in Japan, and finding himself on the losing side, he was glad to sell the *Ta-Pang-Nyo* in order to prevent her from falling into the hands of the opposite party.

A son of Lord Elcho's, and a Mr Pollock, an invalid Shanghae merchant going to Cheefoo in search of health, and myself, are the only four passengers. The two former have come across from San Francisco, and are on their way home by Mongolia, Siberia, and Russia.

30*th.*—Our visit to Cheefoo is past and gone, and we are again wending our way homewards; but first we have to call at Tientsin, where we hope to arrive to-morrow night.

I am now passing over the last bit of salt water (barring the English Channel) that lies between me and home. I landed at Cheefoo at 1 P.M., walked over the settlement, which consists of half-a-dozen foreign residences and godowns, built mostly of stone, and then strolled through the native town, which I found to be the filthiest of all Chinese towns I had yet visited, and full of the most villanous smells; the houses miserable hovels, and the streets thronged with wretchedness and misery. The town is on a flat, and so is the settlement; but close at hand is the Flagstaff Hill, upon which the English Consulate is located. High hills at no great distance surround the town and settlement.

1*st May.*—At anchor off the bar of Tientsin, waiting for a flood-tide to cross, upon which at low tide there is only four feet water, and at high-water ordinary tides there is but little over twelve feet, at least so says the pilot who came on board at 11 A.M. We shall not be able to cross the bar until high water, 6 P.M. Weather fine. We have been nineteen hours from Cheefoo to the Tientsin bar, a distance of 190 miles. The only land we have yet seen is a long low mud island four or five feet high, which dates back only some very few years. All across from Cheefoo we have had little over five to twelve fathoms water, the water being as thick as buttermilk; many people consider that the whole of the gulf will at no distant date be land instead of water. I might say I think there are a thousand fishing-boats in sight, and three or four square-rigged vessels, besides many large junks.

The Taku forts are in sight, a couple or three miles off.

Our captain, when the Spaniards were lately in the Pacific, took a cargo of coals across in the *Newsboy* from Australia, and sold it at Coquimbo to the Spanish admiral. He kept it on board for the Spaniards some four or five months.

The *Ta-Pang-Nyo* is chartered by T. & Co. for eight months at 6000 dollars a month, the charterers finding coal; not a bad charter; her portage bill is about 1400 dollars a month; captain's pay is 240 dollars a month; the mate 75

dollars; the chief engineer 150 dollars; the second 100 dollars. The captain receives also from the charterers 100 dollars a month and half-pilotage when he takes charge himself, which makes his pay a good £100 sterling a month.

Learnt from the pilot that Mr Grant, whom I had hoped to have joined here as a companion to Kiachta, left Tientsin for Pekin about eight days ago.

2*d.*—Arrived at Tientsin 11 A.M. Found a note from Mr Grant; he left Tientsin on the 20th April. Hired through the innkeeper, Tachou, a cart for Pekin for six dollars.

3*d.*—Left Tientsin in a cart drawn by two mules at 5 A.M., arriving at the half-way house at 6 P.M., sleeping there.

4*th.*—Left at 4.30 A.M., arriving at 4 P.M. at Pekin. Mr Grant left this for Kalgan on the 1st. Delivered my letters of introduction to Mr Adkins, the Chinese interpreter at the Legation. Temperature in my room at Wang's Hotel 72°.

5*th.*—Sallied out mounted on a pony, with a sharp boy from Wang's, to visit some of the sights in Pekin.

We first went to the Observatory on the wall. It is interesting from its age, having been established they say during the Ming dynasty, and doubtless worked afterwards more scientifically by the Jesuits, of whose labours in that direction Father Verbiest's splendid bronze celestial globe, six feet in diameter, is there to bear testimony. There is also other astronomical apparatus in this ancient Observatory; but no use is now made of this place, and indeed it is probable it became entirely neglected very soon after the expulsion of the Jesuits. The Pekin wall at the point where the Observatory is situated, I should judge, but I could not get upon to measure it, to be about sixty feet thick.

From the Observatory a good half-hour's sharp trot brought us to a cluster of temples. The first we entered was that dedicated to Confucius, in which it is said the Emperor worships once a year. It is destitute of painting or image, a simple piece of wood a foot high upon a central altar represents Confucius; the characters upon it spell his name I am told. On each side of the hall or temple are ranged in appropriate nooks a number of other pieces of

wood similar more or less to that which represents Confucius, with characters upon them, said to be placed there in honour of certain of Confucius' disciples and commentators. The building has a magnificent ceiling, around which are a number of painted boards with the names of defunct emperors in golden letters, placed there, however, on their accession to power. The courtyard contains some very fine old trees, yews, I think, said to have been planted more than 500 years ago; the largest I could measure in girth fifteen feet, which it carried all the way up the main stem and trunk. Some old stones ranged in rows in two separate buildings, three feet high, and two feet in diameter at the base, round, and with rounded tops, said to date back 2600 years (are they not the Lingam?)

The pavilion, erected by the Emperor Kienloong, is standing in the centre of a square, surrounded by a moat filled with stagnant water. The interior was covered everywhere with a good inch of dust, and the floor with hard on six inches of the same.

I visited several of the Lamesaries (temples and convents of the Mongol Lamas), they are more or less in bad condition, and seemed to me to contain very few priests. The gilt image, or rather bronzed image of Buddha, made of wood, 72 feet high, has a separate building appropriated to it, and so jammed is it in its confined habitation that in no part of the building can one get far enough from it to obtain a good view of the monster. By a series of narrow and dark staircases you ascend to several stories, and at last reach one from which you get perhaps the best views, at any rate of the upper part of Buddha. This fellow, however, is not half the man the great Daiboots is at Kamakura, near Yokohama.

The streets of Pekin, the principal ones at any rate, through which I passed to-day, are very wide, and more than one of them with a raised causeway in the centre and a deep depression on either side. They are now with a foot of dust everywhere, and full of rut-holes and inequalities of dangerous dimensions from end to end, and lumbered up with men working at all sorts of trades—carpenters, sawyers, &c. &c.; of course there is not an inch of pavement

anywhere that I saw, and in wet weather they must be impassable. Their character may be guessed by the fact that the thousand and one public vehicles in which people ride in Pekin are carts quite guiltless of springs; a vehicle with springs would have but a short life of it in this capital of the great empire of China. And the mass of the houses that line these streets, what are they like? Why, generally they are more like booths at a fair than anything else, with the fronts covered with signboards of all shapes and sizes, thickly covered with characters descriptive of the contents to be found within, with perhaps as much truth in them as the puffs in our newspapers contain.

Wretchedness, half-clothed and no-clothed, you meet at every turn. Of course there are exceptions to this miserable class of street buildings; a shop has occasionally any amount of gilding, but these are few and far between. Then, again, the residences of the mandarins are large enclosures inside of high walls, and for aught I know, may be very fine houses; but the mass of the people inhabit dirty hovels.

I proposed to my guide this morning to visit a mandarin's establishment, and he replied such a visit would cost him his head.

There is a fair show in the streets, as far as numbers go, of camels (two-humped), mules, and ponies; some of the mules are very fine animals.

The women are no better looking than elsewhere that I have seen in China. They have nearly all small feet; the men are larger considerably than in the southern provinces.

CHAPTER VI.

Pekin to Kiachta—Seeguash, eat with chopsticks—Pelted by boys—Country well cultivated—Nankow Pass, bad roads—Inner Wall of China—Sha-tow—Sha-chung—Hwai-lai-hien, bridge—River Yangho—Grandfathers only allowed to wear beards—Temperance *v.* drunkenness—Suen-wha-fu—Irrigation—Coals—Kalgan, author comes up with Mr Grant, *entrepot* between Russia and China—Population of Chinese and Mongols, few Russians—The Great Wall—Dust-storm—Tauist temple—Leave with carts, horses, and camels—Temple of Daban—Youart (tent) and temple—Mongols—Lakes—Mounds of stone—Chaxar tribes—Child offered for sale—No herbage—Lake Boro—Steppe—Mongols superstitious—Lakes—Sand mounds—The only milestone—Antelopes—Borulgen Well—Iren Salt Lake—Desert of Gobi—Dust-storm—Khalkhas territory—Oude—Youarts, flocks and herds—Russian post—Mongols are all beggars—Pass Chinese carts—Tarachi (well)—Author has to take to a camel, nothing for them to eat—Darkin Mountain—Steppe—Rain—Frost—Lama Mandarin sets praying-machine to work—Tolla river—Urga, headquarters of Lamas, Russian consul—Procure a praying-box—Chinese encampment—Cross the Iro river—Arrive at Kiachta—Dinner with celebrities, customs—Great depot between Russia and China—Gold mines—Cossacks—Vegetation—Climate same as Canada—Hospitality—Oost—Keeran, rich churches—Pigeons not killed—Enterprise repressed by Russians—Circus going to Pekin—Lama King of the Mongols, mode of finding.

May 6th.—A litter, hired for twenty-five dollars, with a mule for the luggage, was at my door by 8 A.M. I afterwards hired a riding pony. I had, however, to wait for my passports, which I did not get all in order until near 11 A.M., when we made a fair start from Pekin for Kalgan, or as the Chinese call it, Chan-kea-kow, in a N.W. direction.

We are now for the night at the village of Seeguash, twenty-one miles from Pekin.

The room in which I am is pretty clean, and I have had a tolerable supper of eggs, boiled mutton and rice, but was obliged to eat with the chopsticks, and managed to do not amiss. Temperature in room 75°.

We have passed through an entirely flat country to-day, though now close to the hills, and through some, but not many, villages. The country is everywhere cultivated, the wheat and barley looking full, but want rain now; the

millet was just coming above the ground. All the women so far have small feet.

On entering Seeguash, I was pelted with stones by a crowd of boys; this is very unusual nowadays anywhere in China. Soon after I had reached the inn, a gentleman also travelling towards Kalgan, and who was at the same inn, came to see me. He turned out to be a Russian, and as he spoke no language but his own, our conversation was very limited.

7th.—I was on pony-back at 5.30, and by 9 we reached Nankow, a considerable town situated at the eastern extremity of the pass of that name. The plain we had just passed over is very stony, and but partially cultivated in consequence; it is the first piece of stony ground I had seen in China since leaving Hong-Kong. The crops on it are wheat, barley, and millet. We met many carts laden with grain before we arrived at Nankow, going towards Pekin. On leaving Nankow, we at once entered the pass, the width of it varying from perhaps a quarter of a mile at the Nankow end, to only some twenty feet at the other extremity; a wall of volcanic mountains lining it on both sides from end to end. The length of the pass must be about sixteen miles, for it took eight hours to clear it, and though the whole bed of the pass is filled with boulders of all sizes, we got through it at the rate of two miles an hour. I was told it was an impossibility for a cart to pass through it, and so I thought as I contemplated the track from the back of my pony, when, lo and behold! right before us was *a cart* going our way; in its movements over among the boulders, it looked exactly like a light vessel tumbling about on the tops of the billows in a short irregular sea. The cart held its way, and kept ahead of us all through the pass. It was empty, but even so it is a miracle to me how it could be built strong enough to stand such work. Its wheels (two) were about five feet in diameter, and the covered body six feet in length, and proved on examination to be as strong as wood and iron could make it. The pair of mules attached to it went over the ground as securely as if it had been a macadamised road; the whole operation struck me with wonder, accustomed as I have been to travel on rough roads. I suppose the cart

must have brought a load from Kalgan to Pekin, and was returning empty; but how it could have passed with a load in it passes my comprehension.

Every now and then, as we jogged along, parts of the Inner Wall of China came in sight, running up some very high ridges of the mountains, almost perpendicular in places, and following the ridges in all their sinuosities, and then again crossing our path. The road is barred by it in several places; but at the narrow extremity of the pass, from its height, some forty feet, and as many in thickness, it looks like what must have been in other days, at any rate, a formidable obstacle to an invading force.

On debouching from the pass, we entered the walled town of Sha-tow, and there we have ended our day's work at 2.30 P.M.; but there was no prevailing the Chinamen to proceed any further to-day. As we emerged from the pass my aneroid gave a height of nearly 2500 feet above Pekin. Temperature in shade 75°. Yesterday and to-day I had to eat my dinner with chopsticks; I shall be able to handle them pretty well by the time I reach Kalgan.

8*th*.—Sha-chung. I have just eaten my dinner, and with chopsticks; there is no alternative but with one's fingers, and that would be setting a bad example to the Chinese, for there is neither knife, fork, or spoon to be had hereabouts.

We left Sha-tow at 5.30 A.M., and our day's tramp has been, with little exception, over arid ground, where the crops are consequently not very luxuriant. We stopped to breakfast at Hwai-lai-hien, a good-sized walled town, which has one really good street in a line with the principal gate. It is wide for China, and has a regular covered way, worthy the name of arcade, perhaps, running from end to end on both sides of it. You enter the gateway over a stone bridge of five Gothic arches, and otherwise well built. Mr Michie in his work * says it is a bridge without water, that the river which once ran there has disappeared. Now the river has come back again, for there was a stream twenty yards wide, at least, running under it as I passed over it. Before arriving at Hwai-lai-hien, I had noticed a good deal of water in a depression we were skirting, and wondered where it came

* "The Siberian Overland Route." John Murray, 1862.

from, for it has hardly rained, they say, for the last seven months, and the crops are generally suffering very much in consequence. On reaching Hwai-lai-hien the riddle was solved; the water came from that direction, but it was lost in the arid soil some few miles further on. I traced the river afterwards coming down the valley, and I have no doubt I shall find to-morrow that it is the Yangho, which runs past Chiminge, and which Mr Michie supposes to have changed its course. The single arch which stands some two or three hundred feet from the bridge with five Gothic-looking arches, and which Mr Michie thinks once formed part of the said five-arched bridge, is a Roman arch, and very ill-built compared with the five Gothic arches. It stands where there is no water at present. If Mr Michie had passed here in May, in place of August, he would have found the five-arched bridge was not wholly useless.

As I pass through some of these northern towns, at times I get regularly mobbed; my white beard I believe is the attraction. To-day on entering Hwai-lai-hien, coming through the handsome street I have mentioned, a slight collision with some camels obliged us to stop for a few minutes. I was mounted on the pony at the time, and in two minutes such a crowd (a very good-natured crowd) gathered about me that I could hardly get clear of it. A large white beard is something new, it would seem, for these smooth-faced Chinamen. When a Chinaman becomes a grandfather he is permitted to grow a beard and moustache, if he can, but I have never seen anything beyond a few stray hairs produced even with the most diligent cultivation.

This, too, is a walled town; in fact all the towns and most of the villages in this part of China, close to the Mongolian frontiers, have some sort of wall around them.

Temperature, 6 P.M., in room, 78°. The aneroid shows the plain we have been travelling over to-day to be 2200 feet above Pekin.

These Chinamen are curious fellows; a whole dozen of them are now standing around me watching with apparent interest every word I put down. I find there is no use in being crusty with them; they soon get tired if left to do as they like, and then walk off leaving me and my beard in

quiet. Of course these hostelries are always full of people. Early the day after to-morrow I should arrive at Kalgan, and it will be good fortune for me if I find Mr Grant still there. A note which I found from him at the Legation in Pekin said he would leave Kalgan for Kiachta about the 8th of May—that is, to-day.

At tea-drinking I am getting as bad as the Chinamen. What an advantage has temperance over drunkenness! These Chinamen get as merry as grigs over their tea-drinking; talk fourteen to the dozen, yet never get out of temper with one another, and never have a headache from their tea-drinking: they are a large and heavy looking people in this northern part of China, seem very good-natured, and are always good-humoured.

I have to-day for the first time met some Mongols with camels and one drove of very lean ponies going towards Pekin, with two small flocks of sheep, seemingly large in bone, white bodies, with either black or brown heads, and large ears and tail, with wool that makes them look very like a cross between a sheep and a goat.

9th, Sunday.—Suen-wha-fu. Here we are for the night. Left Sha-chung at 4.30 A.M., arriving here at 4.30 P.M. The road has been over a very rocky sort of terrace, raised somewhat above the rest of the valley, and skirting the southern range of hills for a considerable distance. I could trace the river in the valley below us running towards Hwai-lai-hien, and soon afterwards we got down upon it at Chiminge, where it was running rapidly. It is the Yangho, and no doubt must be the same I saw running under the bridge at Hwai-lai-hien, losing itself in the sands some eight or ten miles below the last-named place.

I observed two troops of Chinamen hard at work upon two aqueducts for irrigation purposes; the unusually dry weather has set them to work.

Breakfasted at Chiminge. Met many troops of mules and donkeys to-day carrying grain to Pekin, and some with coals from the hills we passed. There are six litters now in the yard, all travelling towards Kalgan. Temperature 70°. We have been ascending to-day, and are now 2400 feet above

Pekin. The Russian who called upon me has kept company along the road.

11*th.*—Leaving Suen-wha-fu at 5.30 A.M. yesterday, at noon reached our destination, Kalgan, and I was not a little pleased to find that I had caught up Mr Grant; and I am only just in time, for we start to-morrow for Kiachta. The road was stony and sandy almost from beginning to end, and a great portion of the valley not under cultivation, and the crops where it was cultivated were not looking very bright; a few willow and poplar trees were to be seen, but nothing more. The villages we passed were not half so comfortable looking as those we had previously met with; in fact the country hereabout is very poor land, and its poverty is reflected in the inhabitants and in their houses.

Kalgan is a straggling town, and may contain 150,000 inhabitants, Chinese principally, a few Mongols, and perhaps a dozen Russian merchants.

Part of the great wall is here seen stretching across the valley, and this is kept in repair; but the continuation of the wall, running up the spurs of the hills which narrow the passage in this part, is in a state of ruin. It is from this narrow part the place takes its name, Kalgan, being a corruption of what in the Mongol language means the gate, and such also is the meaning of the Chinese name Chan-kea-kow. This is the great entrepot for all the business carried on between Russia and China, and every day may be seen strings of camels, mules, and donkeys moving either in one direction or the other. Weather keeps fine, but somewhat colder. Yesterday experienced a dust-storm, a common occurrence in this part of China, and a very disagreeable one too. According to my aneroid, Kalgan stands 3000 feet above Pekin, and the tower on the spur of the range of hills of Kalgan, up which the great wall is carried northwards, directly over the town, is 600 feet high from its base. The great wall running over this spur or ridge is built of loose stones, and it is not more than twelve feet thick at the base and three feet wide on the top. It has tumbled down more or less all along this spur. The hill here is very difficult of ascent, and I suppose would be considered almost impracti-

cable for troops, and hence the insignificance of the wall in this part.

12*th*.—Employed in purchasing a few articles necessary for our journey, and whilst doing so we stumbled upon a Tauist temple, which proved worth a visit. Examined another part of the great wall; it is built of uncut stones, about fourteen feet high and the same thickness at the base, running up to nothing at the top. In several parts it is quite perfect, with the exception of the mortar the weather has destroyed. The great defence against invasion exists no doubt at the gate of the Nankow Pass; there the walls across in that narrow part are triple, high and thick; and following in the line of road, the ruins of numerous towers are seen covering a considerable extent of country, and within a few hundred yards of each other.

14*th*.—Our carts had been in course of preparation for two days, and yesterday morning we were ready for a start. The horses destined to take us over rough ground for some twenty-six miles were in the yard pretty early, but it was noon before Mr Grant finished his business, and at that hour we started; four carts, each drawn by four horses; our baggage and part of our provender went off on camels the night before.

Our road, for some fifteen miles, was over what has all the appearance of having once been the bed of a river, and was not so rough as it might have been, until we reached the upper end of it, and then the stones were so large that I felt it was better to be on foot. Here there is a temple, a mixture of Taurish and Buddhist, for both the representatives of those religions figured upon the altar; the former on horseback. It is called the Daban temple, or Kwan-loua-yah-meao; the priest who looks after it has turned it into a public-house. It stands 5020 feet above Pekin, and about 2020 feet above Kalgan. We were four hours getting to it. Here we lunched, and then started again; our road now leading to the N.W. out of the bed of the river, but still over rising ground.

A few miles more brought us to the highest point yet reached, 5800 feet above Pekin. Our road was now a gradual descent, and at about 9 P.M. stopped at a youart (tent),

close to which was another temple, and there we passed the night; height above Pekin 5000 feet.

15*th.*—Last night slept in our carts, when the horses were changed for camels, and came on here. We have now cut all connection with the Chinese, and are wholly in the hands of the Mongols. Some cultivation by the Chinese is going on where we now are, but it is only to a trifling extent; they are sowing millet and ploughing for maize. Numerous obons or mounds of stones we have passed on the road. Pasture very scant. In my cart temperature 62°, wind S. Many droves of camels about us. Started at 2 P.M., travelling until 7 P.M., when we stopped until 5 A.M., continuing with good road until 9.30, when we pitched our tent for our midday meal. Passed many youarts and three small lakes. Up early this morning and visited an obon about twelve feet high, with fourteen smaller ones in a line on each side. A pole stuck in the centre of each with a small flag attached, upon which was written in the Mongol tongue, "Oum wah ni batie;" equivalent to, perhaps, "O Lord, have mercy upon us." * Saw first wild goat, a snipe, and a curlew. Visited a youart and had a drink of milk. The plain smooth and undulating. Wind N.E.; weather pleasantly warm.

16*th.*—Left at 2 P.M., and travelled until 7 P.M. over a capital road and undulating plain. We then stopped, and started again at midnight; pitched our tent for breakfast and dinner (in one) at 7.30 A.M., Sunday. Temperature 56°. Passed many youarts. This morning found ourselves among a group of low hills, one of the highest marking by aneroid only 5700 feet above the sea. Had a two hours' walk; herbage very short; light breeze from N.W. The rocks crop out invariably on the tops of the low hills; a good deal appears to be trap or igneous rock: not a tree or shrub to be seen anywhere. Swapped a bottle for a bottle of milk. We are now in the country of the Chaxar tribes.

17*th.*—Yesterday we were on foot at 1.30 P.M., travelling until 8 P.M. over an undulating plain and good road, with low hills around us. Visited a youart inhabited by a Mongol and his wife and his wife's mother, an old nun of eighty-seven years of age. There were two young children, one of

* See "Journal de la Société Asiatique," art. "Obon," by Klaproth.

which the parents offered to sell to Mr Grant; one of them is a Lama. Got a supply of milk in return for some empty bottles. Our present encampment is 5050 above the sea, and called Dzarmin Ossov.

18*th*.—Moved at 3 P.M. yesterday, stopped at 10 P.M. Stony undulatory road. This morning away at 3 A.M. Pitched our encampment for breakfast and dinner at 10 P.M. Weather fine; strong north wind blowing. Temperature 75°; height above sea 4700 feet. Herbage scanty, but some youarts and few horned cattle in sight. The camels have drunk twice since leaving Kalgan; they had nothing to eat when we encamped last night.

19*th*.—Remained encamped until nearly 5 P.M. yesterday; went on until 10 P.M. There was no feed for the camels, so that when we halted this morning at 9.30, after travelling only four and a half hours, they were ravenous, and would not wait to be unharnessed before they began to feed. Height of Lake Boro, passed last evening, 4500 feet. A sharp breeze from N.W. blew yesterday afternoon, lulled during the night, and has freshened up again, so that it is with difficulty we can keep our tent all right. The air is loaded with dust, which is anything but pleasant. Last night, however, with a moon seven days old, was as fine as any I have ever seen. Our road, for some time yesterday evening, ran through a double ridge of low hills over sand. We then passed an extensive obon on rising ground, accompanied by twelve smaller ones. Thirteen seems to be a mystical number with the Mongols. A large obon is usually, if not always, accompanied by twelve smaller ones. After getting away from the low hills, we entered upon a plain or steppe, a dead flat, the horizon around almost unbroken. A very good road and some pasture for the camels where we now are. We passed a number of isolated youarts, some flocks of goats and sheep and a few horned cattle. Yesterday afternoon we passed what is called an aiëal or cluster of youarts.

Dropped yesterday a piece of Sycee silver, which was picked up by an old woman (a Mahometan), who with her husband and daughters happened to be paying us a visit at the time. I may remark here that these were the only Mahometans we saw in Mongolia. Whether or not she was

seen to pick it up I am not quite sure, but certain it is she immediately brought it to Mr Grant, and got a brick of tea in return for her luck or her honesty, whichever it might have been. Temperature early this morning 68°; noon, 78° in my cart: height 4300 feet.

I have said that the Mongols are a very superstitious people; last evening we had an instance of it. Our Lama and his headman came to our tent, and expressed a strong desire to leave immediately as money had been lost here, a circumstance to which they attributed the rough wind then blowing, and which had been blowing long before the silver was dropped; but the Mongols are not, any more than other people, very logical in their superstitions, besides which, the silver had been found again, but this circumstance did not weigh with the Mongols.

20*th.*—We remained at our early encampment yesterday until 5 P.M. Started and went on again until 11 P.M. We then halted for the night, and did not move until 4.30. It is now 10.30 A.M., and we have just encamped. We had wind and dust during the day, but fine, and moonlight at night. Passed several lakes yesterday and last night, of larger dimensions than any before seen. Many sand mounds, mostly covered with coarse grass and reeds. Isolated youarts in sight; many camels and bullock-carts passing along towards Urga and Kiachta. Temperature, 5 A.M., 48°; height 3900 feet.

21*st*, *Friday.*—Left our morning's encampment yesterday at 6 P.M. The Mongols bought a sheep yesterday, and were all day eating it, an operation that prevented us getting away earlier than 6 P.M. Our road was rough during the night. At 8 A.M. we passed the only milestone in Mongolia, at least the only one on our route, 1000 le from Pekin. It is a piece of limestone two feet by eighteen inches, and six inches thick, with "a thousand le from Pekin" inscribed upon it in Chinese characters; the le is about the third of a mile. The Mongols call the place "Mingen," which means 1000. Height 4400 feet; temperature at noon 80°, and 7 A.M. 68°. Our encampment is 4600 feet, in a hollow among the hills, with a well of good water, and a little green grass. Half-a-dozen

drops of rain fell last night for the first time since we left Kalgan. Saw to-day a herd of antelopes feeding with the cows of a youart close by. Road sandy since daylight.

22*d*, *Saturday.*—Remained until 7 P.M. last night, travelled over a very even road until 11 P.M., and then stopped for the night. This morning, 5 A.M., away, and kept on till noon over a barren flat waste. We are now encamped near two wells, but there is nothing to eat for the camels. Temperature early this morning 50°; noon, 60°: height 4000 feet. Bought a sheep yesterday for two taels or twelve shillings. This place is called Borulgen Well. One of the wheels of my carriage is tumbling to pieces, and I foresee I shall have to mount a camel before long.

23*d*, *Sunday.*—Started at 6 P.M. yesterday, and travelled until 10 P.M. over a gravelly plain, where we stopped for the night, near the Salt Lake, Iren; height 3800 feet. At 5 A.M. we were moving, and at 10.30 A.M. stopped where we now are, a barren waste, some low hills showing themselves in the distance. Temperature, 6 A.M., 50°; noon, 60°: height 3600 feet. Weather clear and bright. Very few youarts to be seen during the past two days.

24*th.*—Stopped here at 9.30 A.M. In the course of the day six of our camels have either strayed away or been stolen, which has obliged us to remain here all day and all night seeking for them. Fortunately for us, we have in our caravan twenty camels, laden with brick-tea, and from this source, if needs be, we shall be supplied with camels, and the brick-tea will be left to follow. 7.30 A.M., and we are making preparations for a start; temperature 46°. We are now in the great Desert of Gobi, or Shamo, where there is next to nothing for the camels to eat; we have been in it for two days, and it will be two days more before we get out of it. It is an arid gravelly plain, somewhat undulating, with sandhills here and there—evidently, from what I learn, the most inhospitable part of the whole road. The camels have been found. At 4 P.M. we halted where we now are, having encountered a good deal of rough road. Here the aneroid marked 3750 feet; the Salt Lake of Iren 3450 feet. Temperature early in morning 46°; noon, 68°.

25*th.*—Left our dinner camping-ground at 6 P.M. yester-

day and halted at midnight, remaining until 5.30 this morning. Since then we have been coming over a rough road running in great part among the hills, from the crown of which granite crops out in many places. This is a thorough desert, though fortunately water is found in places at a depth of about twelve feet, as it is everywhere in the plains of Mongolia. Temperature, 6 P.M., 50°; noon, 70°. Halted here at 1.30 P.M. A few half-starved camels and some horned cattle round about us, picking up enough grass just to keep them alive.

26*th.*—We left our dinner camping-ground yesterday at 6 P.M. and travelled until 10 P.M. Rested where there was some dry grass for the camels to pick at until four in the morning, when we got on the road again in the midst of a sharp but short dust-storm. The first part of the day's march was a level arid plain, over any part of which for many miles on either side we might have chosen our road. The moon was at the full and the night quite still, so we enjoyed it by walking by the side of the carts all the way from our first to our second resting-place. During the morning we got into broken ground among low hills, all very arid, and we are now encamped on the northern edge of the Desert of Gobi, just entering on the Khalkhas Mongol territory. This morning we have passed some trees growing in a sheltered nook among the hills, a mile from the road. Observed some coarse red granite cropping out of the tops of mounds all over the plain. A herd of yurush in sight. No youart to be seen to-day. In my wanderings on foot (and I generally walk half-a-dozen hours every day) I pick up all the bits of wood I can find, and when we come to a standstill I turn them into nails, with which I have now for several days doctored the wheels of my cart, and so far have prevented a breakdown. Nevertheless they are now very shaky. Yesterday we left the remainder of our brick-tea cargo behind, and we are now travelling with a reduced caravan, consisting of twenty-five camels laden with our own luggage and stores, and drawing the four carts. In this way we shall, I hope, get faster over the ground. Temperature at noon 72°. Height of this resting-place about 4200 feet.

27*th.*—We left our dining-place yesterday at 6 P.M., and travelled until 1.30 in the morning over a very good road. At first we passed through a depression, which has been designated as a defile opening out on an extensive plain: then again we got among hills, the road always good and the scenery somewhat picturesque—at any rate a great change from what we had been passing over during the previous part of our journey. The night very fine, the moon having risen as the sun went down in a gloriously illuminated horizon. At five this morning we were again on the road, very rough in places, and arid and sandy everywhere. We reached Oude or Ude at 1.30 P.M., where we were surrounded by youarts and extensive flocks and herds: how these animals manage to find food here is a mystery; but they are accustomed at this season of the year to hard living. This place is half-way between Kalgan and Urga. The Russians have a post here; one man in a youart. Temperature at 6 A.M. 48°; noon, 78°: height where we are encamped 4100 feet. Last evening we were travelling again at six, and we stopped at about eleven. At 6.30 A.M. on the 28th we were again under weigh, and at 10.30 we were again at anchor. Our camels are a good deal the worse for what they have done, and no wonder. Last night they had nothing to eat, and when turned loose on the plain they find very little indeed. How they get along is a mystery to me, heavily laden as they are, and so badly fed. After ascending a low hill last night, our road lay over a very extensive and arid plain, and so it lasted all night. This morning we came to a rocky hill, from it we descended into a barren sandy plain, where we are now encamped. We have been troubled with many visitors to-day. The Mongols are all beggars; whether they have the blue stone button on the top of their cap which denotes hereditary dignity, or only the blue glass button which tells of mushroom dignity, or no button at all, they are all beggars, and at times very troublesome ones. Thermometer at 6 A.M. 50°; noon, 74°: height of our encampment 3900 feet.

29*th.*—At 1 A.M. yesterday we moved on to Thagan Tugarick, and at five in the afternoon we were saluted with the worst dust-storm we have experienced on the whole journey. It

came from the S.E., and lasted for an hour. Mr Michie speaks of a well-watered plain at Tugarick. There is nothing but well-water here now, and the plain at present is as great a desert as Gobi itself. We left it at midnight, and stopped again for a couple of hours at 5 A.M., and at 7 A.M. we were off again over a plain, arid enough, but level as a bowling-green, and free from big stones for many miles. We then came to undulations, with a gradual descent, until we reached a well of good water, a few hundred yards from which we encamped at noon. The well stands 3600 feet above the sea. Temperature at noon in my cart 82°; a fresh breeze blowing from the westward. We have just passed a string of fifty Chinese carts going towards Urga. Last evening we patched up the wheels of my cart, and it has come on wonderfully well during the night; but I can no longer call them my wheels, for mine have been shifted to Mr Grant's cart, which is much lighter, whilst I have taken his wheels, whose cart is not so good in the body as mine. In fact, the bad wheels have been attached to the bad body, ready to be abandoned if need be. This plain is called Tarachi (well).

30*th.*—Left our dinner-encampment at 6 P.M. and travelled until 11 P.M. Started again after midnight, and continued until 4.30 A.M.; then we changed almost all our camels for fresh ones from the establishment of our Lama, situated some three or four miles off the line of road. The road during the night and this morning has been so rough that my cart-wheels have been finished up by it, and now I shall have to take to a camel; the rocky ridges of granite and sandstone over which we have had to pass have been more than the wheels were equal to: no pasture, deep sand occasionally.

31*st.*—Yesterday we passed an extensive plain covered with flint pebbles, and experienced a few short but sharp dust-storms. At a large well just passed, the height given by the aneroid was 3900 feet; where we are now encamped it stands at 4100. Temperature early this morning 66°; noon, 84° in my cart. Left our camping-ground of yesterday at 7 P.M. and travelled until 2 A.M. I am now doing the work on a pony, and last night's ride gave me an appetite for a couple of hours' sleep, which I got in the open this

morning after coming to a halt, before starting again at 5 A.M. We have been here since noon. Height of a well of good water 3850 feet, which we passed a mile from this. Road pretty good, running generally among low hills, with a few miles of dead plain occasionally. Nothing yet for the camels to eat. Temperature in the shade 85°; noon, in the sun, 98°. Some higher hills in the distance.

June 1*st.* — Left our dining-encampment yesterday at 4 P.M., and travelled until 3 A.M. over a rough road the greater part of the way. Soon after leaving the encampment we got into what might be called a hilly country, and travelled through a short but pretty pass, with a well in the centre, but not good water. The hills on either side were perhaps 150 feet high, and green, but the pasture was very scanty. They were covered with sheep and horned cattle, and 100 ponies, at least, were busy at the well as we passed through, without finding fault with the water. Visited a youart and got some tea and milk; this is one advantage derived from doing the journey on horseback. Picked up a collection of pebbles, with which the road all along here is covered. Visited the ruins of an ancient fort built of stone, but we could see very little of it, as it was almost dark when we came upon it. At 5 A.M. we were again on the road, and at 1 P.M. halted. Our road during the morning has been over an undulating country, looking green pretty generally. Our camels were allowed to eat what they could pick up last night. Slept very soundly in the open during the three hours we remained at our night or rather morning encampment; and as I mounted I made for a youart, and there had some tea. Height of encampment nearly 5000 feet.

2*d.*—Left yesterday's encampment at 5 P.M. and travelled until 1.30 A.M., when darkness and the difficulties of the road obliged us to stop. Very dark. Some rain; fortunately I was under cover. At 5 A.M. we were off again, and stopped where we now are at noon. The road all this morning has been excellent, over an undulating and green plain, though covered with very scant pasture; still it pleases the eye. Passed the Darkin Mountain, which may be 1000 feet above the plain, and also a small stream coming from it.

It was quite refreshing to see this stream of water, though very tiny. Weather fine again. Wind N.N.W. Youarts and cattle everywhere.

3*d*.—Yesterday we raised our encampment at 5 P.M., and pushed on across one of the many extensive steppes covered with scant pasture, until 3.30 A.M. this morning, when we stopped for two hours and a half, and at 6 A.M. were off again, and encamped where we now are at a few minutes after 2 P.M., having travelled for the last two hours under rain. Last night, too, we had a good deal of rain; fortunately I was under cover in a cart. This is a vast steppe of undulating ground upon which we are now encamped, green all over, with low hills in the distance. Cattle abound, and youarts are dotted about all around us. The wind has been blowing to-day from N.N.W. It is now steady from north. Height of encampment 5150 feet; temperature 60°.

4*th*.—Got away from our encampment of yesterday at 5.30 P.M., and travelled until nearly four this morning over an undulating country and good road generally, though bad in places. One pass was picturesque. Height of the hill on one side 5400 feet, and somewhat higher on the other. Country covered with better pasture. Slept last night in the open on a hill 5400 feet high, and started again at 5.30 A.M., and reached this ground, a vast plain surrounded by hills, at 11.30 A.M. A hoarfrost last night—the first I have experienced in Mongolia. Height of encampment 5200 feet.

5*th*.—At 5 P.M. we started from our resting-place, and travelled all night, or until 8 A.M. next day, having in the early morn stopped at a youart and knocked up a good woman who was noseless; she went to work at once and gave us some tea. Leaving this good Samaritan, we kept moving on until 8 A.M., when we stopped to give our ponies and camels a feed, and we ourselves went into a youart hard by and breakfasted off our own food, aided by some good tea and clotted milk furnished by the hospitable Mongol woman, the mistress of the house.

The people here were well-to-do. The old man of the family treated us to prayers. He opened a box and took from it a dozen or more manuscript prayers, written each of them on strips of paper two feet long by six inches wide. He then

took two praying-machines (hoorda) from the household altar, and placing them on a stool before him, he set them agoing, and commenced saying his prayers aloud. He listened during prayer-time to the conversation going on, and occasionally mixed in it or joined in a laugh, and then again went on praying, and as the machines went down he wound them up afresh. This man was a Lama and a mandarin, two facts signified by a small flag flying on a staff at the end of the youart, and three mandarins' caps on a pole keeping the flag company. The youart was situated in park-like, undulating ground, but not a tree near it. We were again in the saddle at 10 A.M., at least I was, for my companions were in their carts; and we travelled until 5 P.M. over a hilly country with diversified scenery, but hardly mountainous, when we reached the river Tolla, and crossed it without difficulty, and in an hour afterwards we were in Mr Grant's youart at Urga. At the place we started from on Friday evening we left several of our camels, merely taking with us two camels with our personal luggage, and one with our provisions; two of us being mounted on camels, one on a pony, and Mr Grant continuing in his cart.

6th.—Urga. Here I got a night's rest, and this morning feel fresh and ready for a start again. Urga may be said to consist of three separate places. The first is about two miles from the Tolla, called Maimachin, the buying and selling city, as the word denotes, or place of commerce. A good mile beyond is Urga proper, and further on still, some extensive erections, the dwellings of the Lamas, some 2000 of whom, they tell me, are always here, and at times the number gathered together on particular occasions may amount to 30,000. Urga is the headquarters of the Lamas in Mongolia. They swarm around you as you enter Urga, indeed almost mob you, and to all appearance are an idle, dirty set of all ages, dressed in their distinctive colours, some in red cloaks and others in yellow, according to their position in the Church. The Russian consul has a comfortable house, situated between Maimachin and Urga proper; but besides this building and the palace of the Dalai-Lama, and buildings attached thereto, neither Maimachin nor Urga contains any but youarts, and low, dirty wooden houses. All three places

are situated in a stony plain, with little or rather no cultivation, and surrounded by hills in the distance, some of them pretty well clothed with fir and birch; a pleasing contrast to the bare hills and plains of Mongolia we have been travelling over. Here I succeeded, through our Lama's disciple, in obtaining a hoorda or praying-box. The owner would not sell or name a price for it: it belonged to God, he said, and could not be sold. In exchange for it, however, he accepted a brick of tea. The population of Urga is Chinese and Mongol, with a few Russians. Here we found Mr Grant's travelling-carriage sent to meet him from Kiachta. I proceeded on a fresh pony, Mr Grant and his brother in the carriage, a rough vehicle with wooden springs, drawn by three horses.

At noon on the 6th we left Urga, and passed rapidly over the first twenty miles of our journey; a good road, and nearly flat all the way, the slopes on both sides being well covered with fir and birch. Here I met with an accident in mounting my skittish pony. The fellow started off before I could get into the saddle, and the consequence to me was a fall, which shook me so severely that after riding a few miles further, I was glad to take a seat in the carriage for the remainder of the journey to Kiachta. Here, too, our other troubles began: we had not proceeded many miles, when in crossing a low swampy place we stuck fast in the mud, and it was only after six hours' continued exertions, assisted by bullocks, that we succeeded in drawing the carriage on to firm ground. It was now 1 A.M., so we remained where we were until daylight on 7th; and after lighting a fire and getting some tea, which we all much needed, moved on again. At noon we overtook Mr Grant, and somewhat later stopped for a couple of hours, lighted a fire and had something to eat, and then pushed on until eleven o'clock, and remained there until 10 A.M. next day, the weather being very wet and stormy. We got off, however, at that hour, and had not proceeded many miles when we again stuck in the mud. At this time I was suffering a good deal, the result of the fall from the pony, so I remained in the carriage, whilst the two Mr Grants got out to seek for help at a Chinese encampment hard by. We were occupied for five hours in procuring bullocks and extricating

the carriage from the swamp, and when the bullocks had drawn it out, it capsized with me in it, and became pretty nearly buried in the mud. I was some minutes before I could clear myself from the contents of the carriage, which had all fallen upon me, but when I did so, I found myself nothing the worse. After moving on until evening, we again met with a stoppage in passing through an insignificant stream that crossed our path. The horses, in fact, were a good deal used up, and it was only after a delay of a couple of hours that we succeeded in reaching dry land; so, as night was approaching, we took up our quarters in a youart, and remained there until morning, when we left early, and at 8 A.M. we were on the banks of the Iro, which we had to pass by placing the carriage across three hollowed-out logs; in this way we reached the opposite bank, the horses being passed over at the same time. We were detained here two hours, so many bullock-carts were there to get across before our turn came. The whole place was alive with cattle passing, and the scene was further enlivened by a fight between two Mongols, in which Mr Grant attempted to interfere, and for his pains had his stick taken from him by one of the infuriated pugilists, and narrowly escaped rough usage at his hands—the usual result for those who meddle in other people's quarrels. The Iro passed, we lost no time in harnessing the horses, in hopes that we might arrive by the evening at Kiachta. The road was somewhat hilly, but nothing of consequence, unless for tired horses such as ours; and so it was that, after every effort to push on, we were obliged to stop before dark, and turn our horses out to feed for a couple of hours, when within about fifteen miles of Kiachta. We started again at midnight, the road very heavy sand, and moved on very slowly and with difficulty until about 3 A.M., when we came to a full stop in the sand. Here we remained until daylight, when we found ourselves only some three or four miles from Kiachta, and which we reached at 7 A.M. on the 11th, and through Mr Grant's kindness I was at once installed in comfortable quarters. Mr G., accompanied by his own baggage and mine, did not arrive until about four hours afterwards. He too had met with delay, one of his two camels having

died on the road. Maimatchin was first come to, for there is a Maimatchin here as well as at Urga, and then Kiachta, a bit of neutral ground dividing the Chinese from the Russian town. We passed on to Troitkosarfsk, where Mr Grant resides, and where the end and station of the electric wire from St Petersburg is situated, the distance to the capital of Russia from where we now are being 6200 versts, or about 4150 miles. From Urga to Kiachta is 176 miles.

16*th*.—On the 12th sent a telegram to England; twenty words or under cost seven rubles or twenty shillings—not dear for a distance of close upon, or rather over, 4100 miles. At dinner yesterday we had several of the Kiachta celebrities. These gentlemen arrived an hour or two before dinner, and immediately sat down to play whist, a favourite amusement. At dinner it was amusing to observe them; they helped themselves from the dishes with their own knives and forks, poked their own knives into the mustard-pot, though there was a spoon of which they might have made use. Of course they eat with their knives, as most foreigners do. They showed very little courtesy to those about them, and when the dinner was finished, each man on rising shook Mr Grant by the hand, and thanked him for the good dinner he had given them. This custom is pretty general all through Russia. One gentleman who dined with us the day before yesterday, an officer in the army, who had lost a leg at the Alma, and who, by-the-by, said (he speaks a little English) that he three times charged the Highlanders, and that on each occasion they had given way at the point of the bayonet, and further, that the only troops we had at the Alma worth anything were the Rifles,—this gentleman finished up by licking his plate Mongol fashion. I would not insinuate that these Russian employés are willingly or intentionally uncourteous to strangers; on the contrary, they have all of them without exception given us every assistance we could desire, and behaved to us in the kindest manner possible. What I mean is that, to a well-bred Englishman in manners, their behaviour at the dinner-table appears so *outré*, that it would seem to be uncourteous to those about them; but nothing of this sort is intended.

Immediately after dinner our friends resumed their seats at cards, and were still playing when I returned to my lodgings. It would indeed seem that card-playing and drinking porter and champagne are the principal modes of occupation in this remote Russian town.

16*th.*—Kiachta, by which I mean Kiachta proper, which was nearly all destroyed by fire a year or two ago, contains very few inhabitants. The two together, Kiachta and Troitkosarfsk, have a population of about 6000 souls, principally Siberian Russians, many of whom are the descendants of exiles. Few if any exiles from Russia find their way to Kiachta, which is situated some 250 or 260 versts out of the main line of road from Moscow to Irkutsk and the Amoor. The town was established, and is exclusively the depot, for the trade between Russia and China. A large business in teas is of course done, and there are many very wealthy merchants residing here, connected, some of them, with the working of the gold mines in this part of Siberia, situated some 300 versts from Kiachta. The temperature has ranged in the shade whilst I have been here from 60° to 70°, a pleasant temperature. A little rain has fallen, and we have had some thunder and lightning, but the weather has been generally fine.

19*th.*—The day before yesterday we went with Mr Grant to his country-house, some sixteen or seventeen miles from Kiachta, on the river Chikoy, a tributary of the Selenga, returning yesterday. The Chikoy is deep and rapid, and a hundred yards broad in front of Mr Grant's house. At times it becomes much more imposing than it is at present, and indeed seldom contains less water. The drive from Kiachta was over sandy downs, partly in Mongolia, and partly in Siberia. We passed on the way a double line of wooden huts, somewhat similar in outside appearance to those at Aldershot, built on the camping-ground of the Cossacks, where they assemble for periodical inspection. The huts are empty at present, but a gathering of the Cossacks is soon to take place.

The downs are fairly covered with pasture. A good many camels with bare hides—for the camel sheds its coat every year—and a sprinkling of horned cattle and sheep, seemed to

be enjoying the feed. The situation of Mr Grant's log-house is well chosen. It stands on high ground, some sixty or seventy feet above the Chikoy, which is quite close, and is seen as it winds through the valley in perhaps a dozen different places. The views from the verandah of the log-house is charming; the tortuous Chikoy flowing rapidly past at the foot of the hill or high ground upon which the house is built, the extensive valley through which it winds, and the hills bordering the valley at no great distance, together form a pretty picture. The strip of level land that runs along by the river-side in parts forms nice green fields, and again is thickly sprinkled with trees and shrubs, with a fair coating of flowers; the wild rose everywhere, the lily of the valley, the anemone, the scabius, the siempre vivens, and other wild flowers, growing in profusion. The willow, the alder, and the crab-apple are among the trees which I noticed. Mr Grant bought the lease of this place only last year for seventy years for 400 rubles, and it cost him another hundred rubles to make it habitable. The dwelling-houses, with outhouses, stand in a good large compound, besides which he has many acres fenced in for his cows and horses. He will occupy it with his family for some four months during summer, May to September, and it is really a charming place. Round about it are growing a good sprinkling of firs, some of them from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, which gives the ground somewhat the appearance of an English park. The reality of all this is very wide indeed from the notion inspired at home by the mention of Siberia. The summer is quite as long, and the winter not much more severe, than the same seasons in Canada. After being very hospitably treated by Mr and Mrs Grant, we yesterday morning, the 19th, after breakfast, started on our return to Kiachta in our tarantass, drawn by four ponies harnessed abreast; the shaft-animal harnessed so as to be under the control of the driver, the other three, fastened with ropes anyhow to the vehicle, canter along almost uncontrolled. We directed our course to what might be called a settlement, formed of the country-houses of merchants and employés of Kiachta, called Oost Keeran, grouped together on the banks of the river. They have the

advantage over Mr Grant, who has no near neighbours, of being within a short walk of each other, and thus they are enabled to meet together daily to enjoy the favourite amusement of card-playing, the only amusement or mode they seem to have here for passing time, in conjunction with champagne, brandy, and porter drinking. There are some pretty places at this settlement, and a neat little church, built by the proprietors of the country-houses. The drive to this place occupied three-quarters of an hour. Here we called on the wife of the Commissary of the frontier, and the highest office in the district. She insisted on our remaining to dine, which we agreed to do; and after a bath in the river, the preliminary eating and drinking commenced, and continued in a small way, more or less, up to the time when a substantial dinner was served in the verandah. It consisted first of caviare, which is very fine here, prepared from the roe of the sturgeon, which abound in the Selenga. Then came vegetable-and-meat soup, making a very good dish common in Siberia, called Shtchee. After that boiled chicken and rice, the repast ending up by a roast pig. The lady was a lively person; her eldest child, a girl of twelve years of age, pretty, and had very pleasing manners. Whilst at Oost Keeran we paid a visit to Mr Chimyakin, a merchant living in a good house, with a well-kept garden, in which he spends much of his time. This gentleman gave me some seeds of the Siberian pine, and some offshoots from a fruit-tree called oblepixa, the fruit of which—a berry about the size of a currant, growing close to the branches of the tree, sticking to them apparently—is said to have the flavour of pine-apple, and is so much appreciated that it is sent from Kiachta all the way to Petersburg, and used for flavouring ice-creams. It is indigenous, and only known, they say, in this part of Siberia.

21*st.*—Yesterday was, I believe, Whitsunday; at any rate, it was a grand feast-day, and there were great doings in the churches of Kiachta and Troitkosarfsk, and round about them. The streets of both places were decorated with large branches of trees stuck in the ground, and the insides of the churches were liberally supplied with the same material in smaller pieces, which, after the conclusion of high mass, was brought

away by the devout of the congregation. The two principal churches, for this out-of-the-way place, are very respectable buildings, particularly that at Kiachta. It was erected some fifteen or twenty years ago by the merchants of Kiachta, and cost a million of rubles. That part of the church called in the Greek Church the altar, and which is placed at the back of what in the Latin Church is the altar, is of highly burnished solid silver, the four sides having representations of the Last Supper, the Descent from the Cross, and two other holy subjects, raised considerably above the bright or burnished part of the altar. The paintings—of course, all modern—of Christ and the saints, and some other subjects, are said to be very good. There is also a considerable amount of highly burnished brass ornamentation throughout the church. The floor around what I should have called the altar is paved with handsome slabs of slate, some of them three feet square, whilst the rest of the floor is of marble. In this church, as well as in that of Troitkosarfsk, there is a handsome coffin, by the help of which the ceremony of interring Christ once a year (on Good Friday, I suppose) is performed with great pomp. Besides these, there are two other churches in Troitkosarfsk and Kiachta. Of the two principal churches, the large and small domes are covered with lead, I think; and that at Kiachta is so bright that it might be taken for highly polished silver. That at Troitkosarfsk is painted green. Both churches have a large open space around them, and they are seen to great advantage. The masses here would seem to be very bigoted; they never pass the church without taking off their hats, and crossing themselves; indeed, I am not sure that many of the better classes are not equally bigoted with their poorer brethren.

Pigeons abound hereabouts; the wild pigeon they are called, but in reality they are tamer and bolder than the tamest of our house-pigeons in England. There is an opening from without into the roofs of most of the principal houses for the free ingress and egress of these birds, and there they breed. The place is overrun with them, and no wonder, for they are never disturbed or killed. I asked the reason of this, and I was told that the dove represented the Holy Ghost, and

therefore enjoyed the immunity in Siberia which was denied to them elsewhere, and to most other birds in Siberia.

20*th.*—After leaving the church at Kiachta yesterday, over which we were courteously conducted by a priest, we went on a little further, and visited an enclosure of a couple of acres planted with willows, and containing an abundant spring of excellent water gathered into a large reservoir. This enclosure is called a tea-garden. The gentry resort to it to drink tea sometimes, but more generally to drink something more potent, champagne and porter being the favourite beverages. The requisites for gymnastic exercises have been erected here, but I should think few Siberian-Russians spend much time in such amusement. There seems to be a want of energy and enterprise shown by the low value of houses and land. A house adjoining the one in which I am located was bought by Mr Grant only a few days ago for 400 rubles, which must have cost in building five times that amount. These houses, too, are situated in the principal street of the town. The house in which Mr Grant lives, with outhouses and yard, occupying more than an acre of ground in the very best situation in Troitkosarfsk, may be bought to-day for a third of what it cost. Another house, built of brick, and which cost a few years ago 30,000 rubles, may be bought to-day for 5000 rubles. The fact is, I suspect, that the Russian authorities here, possessing a despotic power, exercise it principally, if not always, to the repression of energy and enterprise. And thus it is that progress is paralysed in these places, so far distant from the centre and residence of the power of Russia. Besides, the trade between Russia and China is now carried on by sea, a fatal blow to the monopoly so long enjoyed by Kiachta.

The day before yesterday, a German with jewellery arrived from Irkutsk. He announced himself to be the *avant courier* of M. Soulier, who is coming this way with a hippodrome establishment, with the intention of passing by Mongolia on to Pekin; and he ended up by asking the chief of the police to assign him some place where he might erect a stall, and hold a lottery for the realisation of his trinkets. The chief of the police refused to grant what he had asked, wisely reflecting that in such an undertaking the poor people

of Kiachta, who are not at all averse to gambling, might get fleeced by the German, and in many cases might be so cleaned out as not to have left the wherewithal to purchase the necessaries of life for themselves or their families. The pedlar (for such he seemed to me to be), on his arrival at Troitkosarfsk, took up his quarters at a lodging-house, and then sent his servant to borrow Mr Grant's carriage, that he might have the pleasure of paying him a visit. Without thinking, Mr Grant acceded to this extraordinary request on the part of a person of whom he knew nothing; and in due time the pedlar made his appearance at Mr Grant's house. He came dressed in a shining suit of black, and on his breast hung an order, a cross suspended by a bit of striped ribbon. Mr Grant addressed him as M. Soulier; but he replied, "No; I am not M. Soulier, but his *avant courier*." Half an hour's interview convinced Mr Grant that the man was a charlatan; and, contrary to his first intention, and to his known courteous hospitality, he did not ask him to sit down to dinner, although the dinner was being put on the table. The fact is, that though impudence often carries the day in the concerns of this life, care must be taken, in following out this maxim, not to overdo it. In this case the dose was too strong; the sending for the carriage, the black shining suit of clothes, and perhaps, more than all, the order so conspicuously displayed on the left breast, were too much for Mr Grant, and instead of inspiring him with respect for the individual, produced the opposite feeling of contempt. Something of the same sort must have happened in the interview with the chief of police, which induced him to refuse roundly the pedlar's request. In both cases the pedlar had overshot the mark.

23*d*.—I have been detained here since the 18th, waiting for a companion who is expecting a remittance from home. The rest, however, may be as well for me, as I get rid of the effects of my fall very slowly. The Kutuchtú or Lama King of the Mongols, who, when he is in the flesh, resides at the Lamasary at Urga, died some time this year. He was a young man, not much over twenty, and it was said he had been poisoned. Soon after his death a deputation of lamas visited Pekin, to learn from the Emperor in what direction they

were to proceed in order to find the living being into whose body had passed the immortal part of their deceased Kutuchtú. The Emperor instructed them that they must proceed to Thibet, the home of the head of the Buddhists, the Dalai-Lama, and there they would find the child into whose body the soul of the Kutuchtú had found its way. The journey to Thibet is a long one, and beset with difficulties, if not with some dangers, and this has induced the authorities at the Lamasaries at Urga to consult Mr Grant as to the best mode of proceeding, and as to the probable cost of the journey; and they would fain have Mr Grant with them, at any rate up to the borders of Thibet. As we passed through Urga, two lamas from the Lamasary came to consult Mr Grant on the subject. It is proposed that a party of some seven or eight lamas shall proceed at once to Thibet, learn the whereabouts of the young child, the incarnation of their Kutuchtú, and prepare the way for the advance of some 500 lamas—a number thought adequate to accompany the infant Kutuchtú from Thibet to his future home at Urga. I don't know how they manage at Urga during the interregnum between the departure and the return of their Kutuchtú; but I do not hear that anything has taken place to interfere with or to disturb the good order and quiet of that Buddhist establishment.

The fact of one son in every Mongol family becoming a lama must tend greatly to make the institution of Buddhism a lasting establishment, by giving, as it were, a direct interest in its preservation to all Mongols. Of course, the great mass of the lamas do not reside at the Lamasaries at Urga. On the contrary, unless at stated periods, the numbers residing at the Lamasaries do not, I learn, exceed some two or three thousand. The bulk of the lamas live upon the plains in youarts, and are employed in attending to their flocks and herds.

We had a considerable sprinkling of rain here yesterday, and the thermometer in the window-sill fell to 48°. This morning early it stood at 50°, and at noon it marked 62°. The range of the temperature since I have been here may be stated at from 48° to 78°, the weather generally being bright and fine.

The head of the telegraph department here is a M. Kufiloff. He was a lieutenant in the 31st (Valdimir) at the battle of the Alma, and in charging the Highland brigade was badly wounded. He was taken prisoner, and suffered amputation of one of his legs. Abbott was the surgeon who operated. He was nine months a prisoner at Constantinople, Scutari, and Malta. The population of Maimatchin is about 1500, and of the three places together, Maimatchin, Kiachta, and Troitkosarfsk, about 6000.

CHAPTER VII.

Leave Kiachta in carriage and post-horses—River Selenga, floating bridge—Villages, cattle, horses, pastures—Rapid driving—Ilyenski—Priest and begging-box—Pasoilske on Lake Baikal, fine herrings—Steamer to Listni Nigni—Polish exiles returning from forced labour in the mines, now called "colonists"—Great trade from China, but much now goes by sea—Lake Baikal—Snow on hills—Irkutsk, the Amoor Hotel—Polish exiles (of 1866), M. O., a "colonist," among them—Tanning—Liquor distilled by the birch gives odour to Russian leather—Residence of Governor-General of East Siberia—Plain covered with flowers—Forests—Macadamising roads—Forests of cedar, pine, birch—Villages—Telegraph wire being carried to the river Amoor and port of Pasiette, extend to Shanghae—Dense forests—Much house, boat, and bridge building—Horses and cattle—Nigne Udinskia on river Ida—Exiles from Russia—Tea-caravan—Tornskia three miles long—Good roads, drunken driver—Large rats—Crossed the Kanzk—Rebinskia—Interesting flora—Yenisei river—Fine scenery—Krasnoiearsk, gold mines, bank, information about the country, resources, erroneous ideas about Siberia, population and enterprise wanted, rich black soil—Magnificent flora—Larger villages—much grain—Droves of horses—No kitchen-gardens—Flora diminishing—Storm—great traffic on road—Tomsk, capital of West Siberia, many rich people, mines, frequent failures, ague, honey-farms—Erroneous opinion about the country—Price of horses—Population wanted—Exiles—Churches—The land carpeted with flowers—Steamer for Tumen.

26*th.*—Tired of waiting for Mr G.'s telegram (from England), I determined yesterday morning to start with a companion on our long journey. With the assistance of my kind friend Mr Grant, we had soon got together the few things necessary to take with us and to put my monetary matters all right, and at 6.30 P.M. yesterday we started in the carriage I had purchased for 200 rubles, drawn by three post-horses. After leaving Kiachta the road is rough, and in parts deep sand, hardly any improvement on the bad parts of the road coming from Urga. As we advanced, however, the road improved. The hills among which the road led were covered with timber, and the scenery became diversified and pleasing. The first station we reached was Ust-Kiachtinski, a fair-sized village, twenty-two and a half versts from Kiachta. The next station was Piravoloske. Then followed Paravotne: at this last station we struck our old friend the Chikoy river, looking very formidable, and by following its course for a few miles, came to the still more formidable river Selenga,

into which the Chikoy falls. Here, by means of a floating bridge, the carriage and horses with several carts were passed into a good large flat-bottomed boat, and without difficulty landed on the left bank of the river, some three to four hundred yards broad at this point; it must be a good depth, too, which is indicated by the stillness with which it flows along to its destination, the Frozen Ocean, at a rate of about four miles an hour. Height of the Selenga, 2450 feet. Limestone hills come down to the river on the right bank, whilst a considerable flat bounds it on the left bank. At 10 A.M. we stopped at Selinginsky, and at 3 P.M. reached Arbusoffske. On leaving Selinginsky the road for some miles is a dead flat, and very good, and we rattled over it as hard as the horses could go. We had a boy driving, and nothing in the road seemed to deter him at full speed. We then struck the Selenga again, looking more like a lake, two or three miles broad, than a river. The road runs parallel with it, in most part some 400 feet above it, over undulating downs, pretty nearly all the way to Arbusoffske. Everywhere around us were horned cattle and horses grazing on good pasture. The plain adjoining had a good sprinkling of farms and villages. On the opposite side of the lake were some hills of a respectable height—mountains perhaps they might be called—the whole forming a good picture of mixed scenery. The road we travelled, now dashing down at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and mounting the opposite hill before we drew rein, was unexceptionable, and as we bounded along I could not but remark to my companion that I thought I had never enjoyed so exhilarating a drive. The distance between the two stations is thirty-five versts, or about twenty-seven miles, and we did it in less than three hours.

27th.—7 P.M. we reached Albakunske, at midnight Cruchi, and at 2.30 A.M. Molinski. Two hours afterwards Palovine. At 6.30 A.M. we were at Ilyenski, ninety versts from the Baikal. At Ilyenski we had the mortification to find that two Government officers employed in repairing the telegraphic wires had taken all the horses. We got horses a little after 9 A.M., and reached Tarakanoske at 12.15 P.M. Here again we were told that there would be no horses before 5 P.M. As the hours slipped on, our chance of catching the steamer grew fainter.

Whilst at Tarakanoske, uncertain as to when we might get horses, a priest, accompanied by three or four persons carrying begging-boxes, and, after saying a short prayer, and sousing a picture of Christ which was hung up in the corner of the room with holy water, and in the same way dosing the mistress and maid of the house, who gave him a couple of copecks, was turning to go away, when it struck me the moment was propitious for being charitable, and I put a dozen copecks into the boxes. After they had left the room I said to my travelling companion, "Who knows but these copecks I have just given may produce fruit?" and so it turned out, for in half an hour afterwards one of the men who carried the begging-boxes appeared with three horses, and in a few minutes afterwards we were flying along towards the Baikal at the rate of twelve versts an hour. Where the horses came from I never learned, but they were certainly not post-horses.

At 5 P.M. we reached Kabunsk, at 7 P.M. Stepneduaretske, and at 9.30 P.M. we were at Pasoilske on the Baikal, where we hope to embark in the morning in the steamer for the other side of the lake.

29*th.*—Whilst we were waiting for the steamer yesterday, we strolled about the beach bordering the lake; the fishermen were hauling their nets. A good haul of fine herrings was taken and prepared for market. They were split, salted, and packed in tubs upon the beach where they were brought on shore. Whilst we were witnessing the operation, distant from the pier more than a mile, about 5 P.M., we all at once discovered the steamer emerging from a fog-bank towing a large barge. She was close at hand, so we had to run to the station-house and see to getting our carriage on board; but, as it turned out, we need not have been in such a hurry, for it was 9 P.M. before we were under way for Listni Nigni.

30*th.*—The steamer *San Innocente*, in which we embarked yesterday, is a comfortable boat with engines of a 100-horse power, four years old. We had in tow a large craft laden with tea and other merchandise, a launch with a cargo of herrings (or *omulu*, as the fish is called here), and two small boats. The distance across from Pasoilske to Listni Nigni is about 105 versts, or about eighty miles, and we were eleven hours in getting over it. We had a head wind during

the night, and this, with two heavy boats in tow, impeded us considerably. The steamer herself carries no cargo, being wholly devoted to carrying passengers. Among others we had seven Polish political prisoners returning to Irkutsk from forced labour in the mines. They had been six years in Siberia, and would now be classed as "colonists;" that is, they would have to earn their own living, and be free to follow any profession they might choose, with but slight police surveillance. One of those on board, a Colonel C., was of great use to us as interpreter, none of the Russians speaking any language but their own, whilst two Poles out of every three you meet with here speak French. The *San Innocente* is kept in very good order, and the steward served us up the best-cooked dinner we had had in Siberia. There was a large number of Russian women on board as passengers, one-half of them having paintings of saints hung around their necks. It has not been my lot to meet anywhere a more superstitious people than the lower orders of the Greek Church in Siberia seem to be.

This steamer, they say, cost three years ago a million of rubles. There are two other steamers besides the *San Innocente* running upon the lake, and no doubt they are a profitable speculation. All cargo from China being brought to Pasoilske in one-horse carts, each cart bringing a load of from eight to ten cwt., is embarked in these steamers for Listni Nigni, and there is again put into carts, and in this way carried to Perm, whence it is sent by water to Novgorod, and thence onward by rail. The transit of cargo from Kiachta to St Petersburg occupies seven or eight months; from Pekin to St Petersburg must take a whole year. This trade overland has lately been a good deal curtailed, the trade between St Petersburg and China being now mostly conducted by sea.

The Baikal is 350 miles long with an average width of thirty miles, and is 1900 feet above the level of the sea: it is deep everywhere, and has been sounded to the depth of 200 fathoms. It is fed by two considerable rivers—the Little Angara on the north, and the Selenga on the east. Its only outlet is the Great Angara on the west, which empties itself into the Yenisei, and that again into the Frozen Ocean. The Baikal covers some 11,000 square

miles. The hills on the north side of it have now a considerable sprinkling of snow. Listni Nigni is built on the shore of the lake, and the hills behind it, covered with timber, rise to a height of some hundreds of feet. There were many craft on the stocks building at Listni Nigni, which looks like a thriving place. The Angara here issues from the lake, running in a broad stream towards and through Irkutsk, where it is joined by the river Irkut: it then flows on northward until it meets with the Yenisei, which it joins, and flows on with it until it disappears in the Frozen Ocean. Irkutsk stands some 1950 feet above the sea, and the level of the Angara may be fifty feet less. Irkutsk is in 52° 17′ north latitude, and 104° 16′ east longitude. The road from Listni Nigni to Irkutsk runs in its whole length along the banks of the Angara. It is macadamised and in excellent condition. There are two postal stations between the lake and Irkutsk, the whole distance being forty miles, which took us between five and six hours to accomplish, when we landed at the Amoor Hotel. Our first introduction to the hotel was not agreeable. A member of a dramatic troop living at the hotel, in a fit of drunkenness was playing extraordinary pranks at the moment of our arrival. He had broken to atoms everything that was breakable in his own room, and though nearly naked, he was making sallies into the courtyard, yelling like a demon and frightening the women out of their senses, putting his foot through every window within reach as he passed along. In this state, covered with blood streaming from his hands and arms, he ran amuck for a good half-hour among the people about, until at last the police made their appearance, and he was secured with a rope and carried off. In his tantrums he seemed to be still acting to such an extent that my friend set him down as an actor before he had heard what he was. The player disposed of, we settled quietly down in the room assigned to us. Our main difficulty now arose from the fact that not one person in the establishment, kept by a Pole, spoke a word of any other language than Russian, or I suppose Polish, which was equally unintelligible to us. A Polish gentleman (one of the 1866 political exiles, of whom there are some 500 in Irkutsk, and altogether, perhaps, some 15,000 round about in the neighbourhood)

was sent for who spoke French, and he kindly interpreted our wants and wishes to the hotelkeeper. Later on, another Polish gentleman, M. O., who spoke English, called upon us. He is a fine old gentleman, a landed proprietor in Poland, and he gave much valuable and interesting information about Siberia. He had passed some months in England, and seemed well acquainted with many of our leading agriculturists and agricultural implement makers—Mechi, Fisher Hobbs, Ransome, and Mr Lawes among the number. He was busy with the improvement of his estate when fate led him to take part in the Polish outbreak of 1866, which ended in his being sent to Siberia. He is now classed as a colonist, and his friends in Russia are doing their utmost that he might be permitted to return from exile. In the meantime his wife manages the estate, which, fortunately for him, belonged to her; had it been otherwise, it would have been confiscated.*

Tanning.—The birch-tree grows everywhere in Siberia, and to a large size. A liquor is distilled from the birch cut into chips, and is employed in tanning hides. The famous Russian leather is produced by the application of this liquor in the tanning process of the hide. It is also used for the purpose of mixing with tar to liquefy it. The oak is not known in Siberia, though it is abundant on the Amoor. The bark of the pine is also employed in tanning.

July 1.—A Pole, an engineer, who had been eleven years in England, and who had just received permission to return to Russia, called on us to-day to ask to be taken on in our carriage; but we think we are much better without him, though, doubtless, from his knowledge of the language, in case of emergency, we might find him useful on the road. We have considered that we know now, by our experience between this and Kiachta, what we have to encounter *en route;* and though our knowledge of Russian is very slender, still we know French and a little German, and we consider ourselves quite equal to the surmounting of any of the ordinary difficulties of travelling. This Pole and his luggage would add considerably to our weight, and probably necessitate a fourth horse. His knowledge of Russian too might be turned against us, if he were inclined to be disagreeable; and

* This Polish gentleman was shortly afterwards liberated.

should he turn out to be so, he would be a source of discomfort rather than of use to us. We have therefore determined —wisely, I think—to go on by ourselves. "Mejor aguantar el mal conocido, que el bien por conocer." Better suffer a known evil than change for uncertain good.

Irkutsk is a wood-built city of wide streets, and very open, containing a population of 23,000 inhabitants. There must be a dozen churches (all Greek), built principally by subscriptions raised among the inhabitants; one Latin church, and one Protestant chapel—this last for the use of the Germans who are here in the service of the Government, most of them in the army, I believe. Irkutsk can boast of a cathedral and an archbishop. We yesterday visited the archbishop's private chapel attached to his palace, the decorations of which are in good taste, and struck me as particularly chaste and appropriate. There were some half-dozen paintings, but it contained no graven images.

The Governor-General of Eastern Siberia resides at Irkutsk. The present Governor is General Kotsakoff; he had just returned to his post from Petersburg, bringing a young wife with him.

2*d.*—Irkutsk boasts of a museum, which I visited yesterday with M. O. The contents consist of some Mongol Bureat dresses; a few badly-stuffed birds; some mineralogical specimens, huddled together in dark corners where the light never penetrates; a seal from the Baikal; a wretched specimen of a stuffed horse from Thibet; a Shamey priest in the act of prophesying; a few antediluvian remains; a skin of a snake; a score or two of shells; specimen of plumbago (graphite) from a mine near Tungo,—the whole huddled together, and nothing named—a wretched attempt at a museum. Crossed the river yesterday, and went with M. O. to see the Governor-General's villa, whence a good view is had of Irkutsk; also visited some public gardens with him, which are not of much account. Saw a large herd of milch cows, of much better breed than those about Kiachta; some of them very good specimens, and among them some polled cattle that would have been admired even in England. The pasturage about Irkutsk is good, and the scenery pretty. At 6 P.M. we left, crossing the Angara at its

confluence with the Irkut by a bridge of boats, and the Irkut afterwards by a wooden bridge. We are now at Borkoba, twelve versts from Irkutsk, waiting for horses; waited seven and a half hours, and left at 2.20 A.M.

3*d.*—Arrived at Sukofskia at 3.40, and left at 4.20 A.M. Reached Talmingskiu at 7.20 A.M., and left at 9.20 A.M.; crossed the Angara by ferry at 7 A.M. First part of the road lined by forests on both sides; now, more cleared land, and a good deal of grain growing. Road excellent; arrived at Mulbingskia at 11.5, and left at 11.25 A.M. Arrived at Polovinia at 1.30 A.M. A great part of the road just passed crosses a plain carpeted with flowers, red, blue, and white, all mingled together; roses and yellow lilies abound. I think I have never seen any carpet of wild flowers to equal it. We have just completed a stage of twenty-nine versts in two hours and five minutes, and are again waiting for horses. Since we left Kiachta on 25th June, we have had constant fine weather, with the temperature ranging between 65° and 70° in the shade; and I am told the climate throughout the whole year is remarkably healthy. Siberia is never troubled with epidemics. Height of this station (Polovinia) is 2300 feet; a large village.

4*th.*—To save time we hired private horses yesterday. Our road lay through a forest the whole day. Some thousands of men and one-horse carts employed in repairing the old road, and in places making a new one, macadamising. Some rain to-day, and the road heavy.

5*th.*—We met with a little delay yesterday, but we have kept on night and day since we started from Irkutsk, and now, at 10 A.M., I find we are distant from that city 436 versts; but here, at Hoodoo Gelanskia station, we have again to wait for horses. Our road all night lay through a forest of cedars, pine, and birch, the latter predominating. Villages are met with every twenty to thirty versts. Crossed three rivers. We accompany the electric telegraph all the way from Irkutsk, as we did from Kiachta to the Baikal. There are two wires suspended on poles twenty-one to twenty-three feet high, and from eighteen to twenty-four inches in diameter, between Kiachta and the Baikal: afterwards the poles may not be more than twenty feet high, and of somewhat less

diameter. They have marked upon them very legibly the date of erection, and are numbered between every two post-stations, about thirteen poles in a verst, or one hundred yards apart. The oldest posts have 1863 as the date of erection, and many have been renewed in 1869. They are either of pine or cedar; the latter, I think, generally. The Government is now busy in carrying the wire on to the Amoor and to the port of Pasiette, whence it may be extended by a submarine cable of no great length to Shanghae. At the Baikal the line runs round the south-east end of the lake, and the traveller by steamer across the lake loses it until he gets to Irkutsk, where he picks it up again, and acknowledges it as an old friend. Temperature very pleasant. The forest is more or less cleared on both sides of the highway, and also more or less cultivated, sometimes to the distance of a mile or two on both sides, but more generally only to the width of a few hundred yards. There is so far no appearance of roads branching away from the post-road. Nor do I suppose there are any villages except those on the main line. Beyond the cleared spaces all seems a dense forest. The principal grain now growing is rye, which is in ear, and should be fit to cut in a fortnight or three weeks. Wheat is sown in May and reaped in August. There are no green crops, so far as I have yet seen. The plough in use is of the most primitive kind: it is drawn by a horse in shafts. There is a deal of work in progress everywhere, boat-building, bridge-building, and house-building, all in the most solid manner, as timber costs nothing hereabouts but felling and working it afterwards. Horned cattle and horses are very numerous. Since we left Irkutsk we have not seen a single cart with tea going westward.

Noon.—A minute ago there was no appearance whatever of horses, when a "man in authority" arrived at the station. He asked me in French how the roads were further on, so I told him, and added that I had been waiting for horses at this station for the last three hours. He at once called for the postmaster's book, and therein read a copy of our *padrosna*, talked for a minute with the postmaster, and said to me, as he left the room to get into his own carriage, which was already horsed, "On vous servirá tout de suite." An old lady who arrived at the station before us was grumbling

terribly. I can't help the poor old lady, and the genie who worked this sudden change in our prospects is already far on the road beyond her reach, whilst our horses are being put to. We reached Koorgaloviskia at 3.10 P.M., and Nigne Udinskia at 5.50 P.M., where we are again stuck for want of horses, and may have to wait for them until 10 P.M. This town is situated on the banks of the river Ida, and is one of the prettiest places I have seen in Siberia. There are some high hills to the west in the distance. It is a town of the second category. The road during the last stages is entirely through forest. No cleared land on either side. Sandy, and a declivity the whole way. The height here is about 1900 feet.

6th.—7 A.M., still at Nigne Udinskia waiting for horses, and no certainty as to when we may get them. A Russian colonel arrived here last evening and has departed; another arrived at midnight, and he also will have the preference over us for horses; so if these men keep arriving before horses accumulate, we may have to remain for any length of time. Both these colonels spoke French, and were very accommodating, except in the way of horses. Neither of them offered to give up his turn to be served in our favour. It has rained all night; slept in the tarantass, and not badly. Paid a ruble last night for a tough beefsteak and some tea.

7th.—We got our horses at 1.20 P.M., and right glad we were to be upon the road again. We are now at Koluchinskia, having done many versts since we left Nigne Udinskia at 1.20 yesterday (twenty-seven and a half hours). We have crossed two rivers, the Ida and the Berusinskia, both of course running north, as indeed do all the rivers in Siberia, for they all take their rise in Mongolia, to the south, where even the tableland is on an average some 3000 feet above the level of any part of Siberia I have yet seen. Height of the Berusinskia about 1200 feet. Whenever we come to a village, we meet with more cleared ground, and always some grain growing about it, though not much at any time, principally rye. The opening through the forest on this side of Irkutsk is only a few hundred yards wide, little more than for the road and the telegraph wires to pass. A carpet of flowers borders the road in all its length. The wild

rose is everywhere, and so is the yellow, the white, and the striped lily. The road has been very good lately. It has rained, but not much. Met some exiles being brought from Russia, not Poles, I think, and some troops going eastward. Passed a tea-caravan going westward. This village, Tornskia, where we are now changing horses, is nearly if not quite three miles long ; a single street, sixty yards wide, as indeed are nearly all the main streets in Siberia, towns and villages. Klatchefskia, 12.30 P.M. Since Tinskia we have changed horses four times, and have come 123 versts in sixteen hours. The road in excellent order all through, nearly if not quite equal to our own macadamised highways. Passed through a considerable tract of open pasture-country, but have seen very little grain. The aneroid tells us that we are now only 1000 feet above the sea. Kanzk, which we have just come from (forty-seven versts from this), is a district town of some little importance. Between Elonskia and Kanzk had a drunken driver, who threatened to capsize us more than once, and was otherwise very troublesome. We now suffer no detention for want of horses, and hope to reach Krasnoiearsk by noon to-morrow, or perhaps earlier. An uncommonly large rat abounds on this part of the road, burrowing in the banks on each side of it. It is a speckled brown on the back, with a very light brown belly, a large tail, so large that we at first took the animal to be a squirrel. At Kanzk crossed the river of that name by a floating bridge, a large river flowing northwards. The usual contrivance for crossing, by means of a boat anchored in the middle of the river, is in use here. Rebinskia, a large village, at which we have just arrived, 4.30 P.M.: it must contain 3000 to 4000 inhabitants, and it can boast of some good loghouses of two stories, but the stories are very low. A stream runs through it. Height 1400 feet. A good extent of pasture-land about it, and some grain growing. Vegetables are not much cultivated in this part of Siberia. The flora on the roadside very fine, and something new always appearing; some primroses and some red poppies have turned up to-day. All the poppies I had seen before to-day were either yellow or white. The foxglove is here, and the spurge is very fine. The country is well stocked with horses and horned

cattle. Eggs and milk always to be procured at the post-houses.

8*th.*—The electric telegraph wires, which we lost at the Baikal, we picked up again at Irkutsk, and have kept them as companions ever since, and shall continue to do so. No doubt they seem like a link binding us to home, though a long way from it. Weather pleasantly warm. Temperature in the shade 70°.

On the Yenisei river. We arrived here from Potoiskia station at 7.30 A.M., and are now being ferried across. The river must be a mile wide at this ferry, with a current of three to four knots an hour. The road from Potoiskia, which we left at 6.40 A.M., is excellent; and up to this point runs through a hill-and-dale country, with much more cultivation than I have hitherto seen in Siberia. The scenery fine, and the carpet of flowers on both sides of the road magnificent. We have brought the yellow lily with us now for more than a thousand versts. The highest part of the road is 1900 feet. At 10.30 we arrived at Krasnoiearsk, a district town of 9000 inhabitants, situated on the Yenisei, a river that carries with it all the small streams it gathers as it goes along, and ends by being engulfed in the Frozen Ocean. This town is sustained by money spent in it by the workers of the gold mines situated roundabout, but many of them hundreds of versts distant. It has one good street, and many respectably built houses, some of them brick.

10*th.*—There is a bank here, at which I changed some notes for small silver. No one in it could speak a word of any language but Russian. We are at the St Petersburg Hotel, where they possess no more knowledge of languages than at the bank; but by dint of inquiries we have found a German smith, who has repaired some breakages in our carriage, and has charged us twice as much as he should have done, five rubles; and a Russian gentleman, living in the hotel, has come to our aid with French. He tells me there are boats now that leave Tomsk every three or four days for Tumen, and that the water route is much to be preferred to the road. He advises me also to sell the tarantass at Tomsk, and to provide myself with a vehicle at Tumen to proceed thence to Perm, which he says is easily done, thus

saving the cost of our carriage from Tomsk to Tumen. This seems all satisfactory enough. This gentleman is from St Petersburg, and came to Siberia a year ago. He has a high opinion of the natural wealth, both mineral and vegetable, of the country, which only requires population for its development. He says that in St Petersburg generally the same erroneous opinion is entertained that is held in England, viz., that it is a cold, inhospitable country, containing nothing of value but its mines, worked by gangs of prisoners, instead of being what it really is, a country possessing a good climate, with a summer quite as long as it is in Russia proper, and the winter not at all more severe than it is at St Petersburg, with a soil of incomparable richness, manifested by the natural luxuriance with which it is everywhere covered, and by the rapid growth of cereals and splendid pasturage wherever the land has been cleared so as to admit of cultivation. Population and enterprise are what is wanted to develop its vast resources. As for the natural and varied beauty of the landscape, it surpasses that of most countries in which it has been my lot to travel. Height of the Yenisei at the ferry only 1000 feet. Warm at Krasnoiearsk ; temperature in my room at 9 A.M., 78°.

11*th.*—We are now, 7.30 A.M., at Tarutinskia, having made since 2.30 P.M. yesterday, when we left Krasnoiearsk, 149 versts, of which 100 versts of the road were through an undulating country cleared of timber ; indeed, a portion of it had no appearance of timber ever having been upon it, excellent pasture-land ; and wherever the plough was at work, it turned up a rich black soil. During the remainder of the distance, the road, as it generally is, was hemmed in by trees. The magnificent flora continues. The villages we meet with are larger as we come westward, containing, many of them, I should say, from 3000 to 4000 inhabitants. They are all pretty nearly similarly situated on the sunny slopes of rising ground looking to the south. A steep descent from the southern side generally ends at the bottom in a rivulet ; and on the opposite bank the village is sure to be found. They are all more or less built on the same plan, a wide street running through them from end to end ; and in very large villages, a few cross streets also. Height of the river we

are now crossing, on leaving Achinsk, is 1200 feet. Reached the station of Krasnoriechinskia at 1.50 P.M.; passed through a good breadth of open country in the last stage, much of it a fine black soil, under grain cultivation. There seems to be no green crops in Siberia. Wheat, rye, and oats are the chief crops, rye more particularly, which is now well forward, and ought to be ripe in a fortnight or three weeks hence. Made since yesterday 195 versts. Whilst waiting at the station, a thousand one-horse empty carts have passed, going towards China. Reached Bogotolskia station at 5 P.M., having done the stage of thirty-one versts in two hours and a half. The road leads over cleared land in its whole extent; pasture principally, upon which large droves of horses are feeding. Some hills in the distance covered with timber. This is a large village. Weather fine; temperature in the shade, 75°. Height, 1250 feet. Arrived at Bolshaiekosul at 6.30 P.M., having done the stage, sixteen versts, in one and a quarter hours.

12*th.*—At 5 A.M. we reached Suslova, where we crossed a river. The road for the last two long stages (sixty versts) is about as rough as any I have travelled over in Siberia. The villages hereabouts are large, but few and far between, pasture-land generally; little grain cultivation. To get to Tomsk we have now 234 versts to do, and we hope to be there by noon to-morrow. Weather cool and pleasant. At 1.40 we arrived at Bereculskia, having done the stage, twenty-eight versts, in two and a half hours. At 4.50 P.M. arrived at Pochitanskia, driven by a very unsteady boy, going along either at a snail's pace, or tearing over the road at full gallop, every moment threatening our now poor shaky carriage with destruction. Road middling, but little cleared land on either side of it. Rye the only crop growing. No such thing as a kitchen-garden in any village we have passed through, though the soil may be ever so rich. At 3 P.M. reached Paleonskia, twenty-two versts, which we did in two hours, partly over a rough road and hilly pasture-land. Height of this place about 1200 feet. Fewer flowers now line the road. The yellow lily, after having accompanied us for 1500 miles, seems to have become tired, and has remained behind. Neither have we any poppies with us, red, white,

and yellow; they have all been left behind. Crossed a river here by the ferry. A roughish time of it last night—thunder, lightning, and rain. Kept on the road nevertheless, and at 6 A.M. arrived at this station, Semilaognia, where we are twenty-nine versts from Tomsk. The road has been over downs, very undulating. Villages more numerous again, and the country more populated. Great traffic both ways in one-horse carts, with which we are constantly coming into contact. A chronic feud seems to exist between the post-boys and the one-horse carters, the former insisting on their right to the road, and the latter always passively disputing it.

13*th*.—Our axles very hot this morning, which shows what a high rate of speed we have kept up from the last station, about fourteen versts an hour. We grease our wheels, on an average, every eighty versts. At 7.30 A.M. we arrived at Tomsk in sixty-four hours from Krasnoiearsk, a distance of 554 versts. The whole distance from Kiachta to Tomsk, including 108 versts across the Baikal, is 2121½ versts. We have been eighteen days in coming, out of which we remained four days at Irkutsk.

15*th*.—We have been unfortunate at Tomsk in missing a steamer for Tumen, which left about two hours after we arrived, and all owing to our not being able to find any one who could speak a word of any European language but Russian, until it was too late. As we drove down to the river, we had the satisfaction of seeing the steamer moving away. It was very annoying, but cannot be remedied, and we must just wait as patiently as we can until the day after to-morrow, when, they tell us, there will be another steamer. In the meantime we are making acquaintances here. The first man we ran against who could speak French turned out to be French master in the gymnasium establishment, M. Tonnand, who asked me to call on Mrs C., an English lady, married to a Pole, who is at the head of the Government gymnasia here. So we called on her at once, and have since found both the lady and her husband to be of great use to us. Mrs C. is the daughter of English parents, but born in Sweden, and never having been in England. Her father was an officer in the Swedish army, whose name was Whitlock. Mrs C. came to Tomsk nineteen

years ago, with her husband, and has lived here ever since. We have engaged our passage in the steamer *Irtish*, and hope to start on 17th. A cabin for two costs forty rubles. Our tarantass we shall sell here before we start, if we can; and if not, we shall leave it to be disposed of. Tomsk is the largest town I have seen in Siberia. It is prettily situated on the river Tom, and has the small rivulet of Oshaika running through it. The capital of Western Siberia contains some 23,000 inhabitants. It is here that steamboat communication commences with Tumen, by means of the rivers Tom, Ob, &c. The traffic is large, and a steamer, towing one or more large barges laden with goods, leaves for Tumen every four or five days. The whole of the commerce between Russia, Siberia, and China passes through Tomsk, which makes it comparatively a busy place. There are many rich men here, some having acquired their wealth by working mines, others by commercial pursuits. A M. A. is said to be worth a million sterling. Of course he possesses the finest house in Tomsk. So costly indeed is it, they say, that the insurance company have refused to insure it against fire. The value of it, I suppose, is so great that the company don't choose to take so large a risk in one line. Queer stories are told about the manner of acquiring wealth here. Frequent failures are said to be one method adopted. My informant, in speaking of the people here, said, "Of course they are generally but the scum, and the descendants of the scum, of Russian society. They are so fond of cheating, that I believe, rather than have nobody to cheat, they would cheat themselves." There are many good brick buildings, and many houses are now in course of erection, but the bulk of the town is constructed of pine logs. The ground on which the town stands is irregular in height. Where I am lodged, the aneroid marks only 450 feet above the sea, which may account for the statement I have heard, that ague is prevalent at times. The streets are wide and unpaved, with a raised trottoir of wood (plank) at the sides. The neighbourhood is famous for its honey; and one may judge from the fact, of what the flora of the country must be, that some men keep as many as 3000 hives on their property.

16*th.*—I drove yesterday some five miles from town to see

a small establishment of bees. The hives are trunks of trees of different sorts of wood, standing upright about four and a half feet from the ground, on three small stakes driven into the ground some six inches above the surface. These trunks of trees are quite straight, and are hollowed out, some of them having an inside diameter of a foot, whilst others have a diameter of eighteen inches. A movable piece is cut out of the side of this trunk to enable the operator to get at the honey when the time comes for taking it. Cross sticks are placed for the bees to build their combs upon, and a hole through which they enter the trunk with their burdens is provided with a tiny bridge leading up to it, and with a tiny landing-place close to it, so that when several bees arrive at the same time, as was the case yesterday, they have a place to rest upon until they can enter into the hive. I am told the honey is taken by smoking the bees and rendering them half insensible, but unless occasionally, when the hive is very weak, the bees are never killed. These trunks of trees, with their occupants, are placed during winter in a sort of cellar underground, which is warmed sufficiently to keep the bees from suffering during the extreme cold, when the thermometer, I am told, often gets down to 30° Reaumur. These trunk-hives stand out in a half-cleared piece of land, in rows, about fifteen feet apart. There were only fifty-three hives in the small establishment I visited yesterday, twenty-three of which were more or less empty, the bees having been destroyed by unusually inclement weather in spring. The honey is sold in the market at six rubles the pood of forty Russian pounds, equal to about thirty-six English pounds, so we might call the price about sixpence a pound. What an idea it gives of the flora of this country, when we are told that 3000 hives are sometimes kept on one farm, producing probably some 60,000 lbs. honey in one season! Indeed, I was told that a pood or thirty-six lbs. honey is often taken from one hive: and this in what we have been taught to believe the least desirable country in the whole world to reside in. The mowing season has just commenced: I saw some men employed at it yesterday on the bee-farm. The herbage was very coarse, but the cattle eat the hay made from it greedily enough in the winter season, when they

can get nothing else. I have seen some handsome horses in Tomsk, about fourteen hands high, a cross between the Russian and the Siberian, price about forty rubles, or £6. Population is much wanted; the women even are employed in mowing; a day labourer gets 3s. a day in Tomsk, and does very little work for it. Drunkenness is the standing vice of the Russians: in Tomsk there are, I am told, 4000 public-houses. On an average, I was told, that from 500 to 1000 Russians pass through Tomsk weekly from Russia, among whom many may be set down as political prisoners. Some large buildings are now being erected just outside the town for the accommodation of these prisoners, that they might rest a few days before passing on into Eastern Siberia. The temperature seems to range here at present between 60° and 75° in the shade. Weather fine. Height of the river above the sea, 400 feet.

18*th.*—Tomsk is situated near the Tom: it is built on uneven ground, the highest part of it standing a good 200 feet above the lowest. Good views of the city may be had from many points within the city itself; and as the streets are wide, and the houses many of them handsome structures, each standing in its own compound, and the churches, of which there are a great many, are placed in commanding situations, and on the outside at any rate kept in good repair, many of these views are very picturesque. Tomsk is a thriving town, and efforts are being made to macadamise the streets—an expensive operation, in consequence of their great width. The wooden trottoir is raised a foot or two above the rest of the street. Besides the Greek churches, there are several Catholic chapels, and one Lutheran—this last only lately built, and not yet open. Drove out yesterday to a country place some eight versts distant; attached to it is a water-mill for grinding corn. The situation is pretty, on a small stream, from which the water is drawn that works the mill. The Tom, too, is only some 400 or 500 yards from the house. The place belongs to a miner, and in the summer is usually occupied by the Governor; but he is not there just now. There is a forest of birch-trees attached to, or forming part of, the property, through which the road from Tomsk runs. These trees stand very

close together for two or three miles, without any admixture of other trees, and many of them are beautiful specimens of the weeping-birch. The ground underneath is fairly carpeted with flowers, but poor when compared with what I have passed over further eastward.

19*th*, *Sunday*.—We were told yesterday that the steamer *Irtish* would start early this morning, so we slept on board last night; but it is now nearly noon, and there is no appearance yet of getting up steam. Besides ourselves, there seems to be but one cabin passenger, and some twenty or thirty men, women, and children, steerage passengers. We have discovered there is not much to be got on board in the way of eatables; so my companion, Mr G., has gone back to Tomsk (about two miles distant) to seek a further supply of bread, tea, and sugar. These Russians are queer fellows. If you want to wash, you must go to the pump, where the steward will draw and pour over your head, hands, and face as much water as you like, but no vessel is ever provided to hold water in which you may wash yourself. The dipper from the water-cask, or the dipper attached to the pump, is used for the purpose. I am not badly off for a sleeping-place, my cabin being twelve feet square and eight feet high, being the only private cabin the little steamer can boast of. Mr G. sleeps in the main cabin. Had our carriage, for which I paid 200 rubles to Mr Grant at Kiachta, been at all equal to the journey, we should probably have gone on by land to Tumen, but it is so rickety we could not trust it any further, so I have left it to be sold by Mr C., who has kindly undertaken to look out for a purchaser. We have received great kindness from Mr and Mrs C. during our stay in Tomsk, and their attention has made the time pass quickly.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Driftwood—Precautions against escape of exiles—Fishing—Villages—Birch-wood fuel—Hailstorm—Eternal card-playing—River Irtish—Birds—A seal—Farms—Tobolsk—A Polish gentleman amnestied—Bugs—The bishop—On the road again—Tumen—Corduroy roads—Crops of rye, oats, barley—Thriving villages—Passports—Polish exiles—Criminals—Treatment of exiles—"Colonists," their occupations—Tanneries—Wardropper's (a Scotchman) manufactory—Tartar town—Salmon—Windmills—Yekaterinburg—Mr Tate, engineer—Gold mines—Mr Wilkinson in charge of cotton-mills—Paper-mills—Ironworks—Great wealth in gold, silver, iron, and copper of the Ural—Mint—Gold mines of Berezov—Abolition of serfdom—Population—Tarantass—Divisorial line between Asia and Europe—Russian Church invented Purgatory in 1853—Lines of exiles, men, women, and children—Underground caverns—Perm—On board the *Permean*—Good larder—Warm weather—Steamboat company—Pine woods—Russian peculiarities—Polite beggars—Fish abundant, potatoes, not much fruit—Boots, no shoes—Cucumbers, staple food of Russians—The Volga—Nigne-Novgorod, the great fair—To Moscow by train—Vladimir—Old mode of ablution—The Kremlin, the Saviour's Gate, churches, monasteries, military works, artillery, large cannon, great bell, crown jewels—Fine view of city—St Petersburg.

19*th.*—We embarked on board the *Irtish* the evening before last, but did not get fairly away until 8 P.M. yesterday. At 5 P.M. we took one barge in tow, and carried her down the river clear of the shallows, and then returned for another; and it was 8 P.M. before we were fairly off with both barges in tow. We go through the water about four knots, and over the ground about eight. It is now noon, and we must be 120 miles below Tomsk. Height of river here above the sea, 350 feet. The range of temperature the last twenty-four hours, 70° to 80°. So soon as we were fairly under way, going down stream with both barges in tow, the captain rung the ship's bell, which was the signal for the crews and passengers to cross themselves and shake hands with each other; they might also have mumbled a short prayer for a lucky passage. Under similar circumstances, our fashion would have been three hearty cheers. At the place of embarkation the Tom must be three-quarters of a mile wide, and so far it has kept its breadth, with an occasional narrowing to half a mile. The banks may be some fifteen or twenty feet high, and the line of driftwood shows the river to be some seven or eight feet higher than it is at present. At the last

moment several more cabin passengers came on board; we are eight altogether now, I think. A cabin, which I thought yesterday was the captain's, has been cleared out, and Mr G. has taken possession of it. I went on deck at half-past two this morning, and found we were alongside the bank embarking wood (birch) for fuel. I fancied we were at first aground, despite all the crossings and prayers, and was glad to find it otherwise. The river is tortuous, but the general direction of it until we near Tumen is N. by W. As far as we have come, the trees extend down to the water's edge, and the only habitations we have yet seen are a few woodcutters' or fishermen's huts. Birch prevails. Wind north-westerly and weather cloudy.

20*th.*—So far to-day is but a repetition of yesterday. Fine weather. The boat moving along about eight knots over the ground, and the banks of the river low and covered with wood to the river's side. Temperature ranging between 65° and 72°. Height by aneroid, 150 feet. Stopped this morning for three hours opposite a small village to take in birch-wood. Mr G. deprived of his cabin to-day, to be occupied by two officers who have come to the steamer from one of the barges. The captain states that forty rubles (which we have paid) is the price of one cabin only; this is a doubtful statement. Bought some eggs to-day on shore and an old cock; the latter, which we are turning into soup, cost twenty copecks, and the former a copeck each. Very little disposition shown on board this steamer to help or do anything for passengers—that is, for English passengers.

21*st.*—The banks of the river still low; poplars abundant. passed many villages in which horned cattle and horses seem to be numerous. Stopped at eleven last night to replenish our stock of wood, and we have now one of the barges alongside giving us a further quantity. The current, I should say, runs here at the rate of four miles an hour, and our pace through the water may also be about other four miles. The temperature ranges the last twenty-four hours in my cabin between 70° and 78°. Weather cloudy, with a sprinkling of rain at one time this morning. The river over a mile broad in some parts, and in the narrowest never less than a quarter of a mile, and that only where two channels are formed by the

interposition of an island: the water very muddy; at Tomsk it was quite clear. The mud is no doubt brought down by the small streams that feed the Tom. I find that I shall soon tire of this inactive life on board ship, particularly as the behaviour of those who have it in their power to make us comfortable is boorish in the extreme, and of whose language I hardly understand a word. I already long for a renewal of postal land travelling, and intend to disembark at Tobolsk, and proceed from thence by land to Tumen. So far as I can make out, the distance is about 280 versts. Aneroid height of river, fifty feet only. This boat is 180 feet long and 23 feet beam, paddle. Amidships her deck must be at least from three to five feet higher than it is at the stem or stern, thus giving her the appearance of being hogged or broken-backed. At the bow her gunwale cannot be more than five feet above the water, and at the stern four feet, whilst amidships it is seven feet at least. No doubt this mode of building has been adopted in order to obtain a greater diameter for the paddles without immersing them too deeply in the water. She is of wood, and cannot draw more than three feet water, perhaps not quite so much. She has one mast and yard for the purpose of hoisting signals, and at the masthead figures a cross. Her engines are roughly made, and may be eighty horse-power, for, freed from the barges, they drive her through the water ten knots easily. The barges we are towing must be over 200 feet long, and, laden as they are, they show a side of more than eight feet clear. On deck they are railed round to the height of eight feet, and the oblong air or port holes in their sides are covered with an iron grating on the outside. They are often employed in bringing exiles from Tumen to Tomsk, and hence the meaning of this precautionary security. They are clumsy-looking wooden craft, with rudders ten feet wide, and require three men at the helm to steer them.

22*d.*—Stopped three hours this morning to take in wood. Passed several villages last evening, and one steamer towing a barge bound to Tomsk. A good many small fishing-canoes offering fish, but we did not stop for it. With little deviation, so far as we have come, the banks of the river on both sides are some ten to twenty feet above the present water-

level; and from the driftwood on the banks, I should say the river, from its greatest height, must have fallen about seven feet. The course of the river is very tortuous and very irregular, so that, although the banks are so low, they present varied scenery, but covered more or less all the way with wood. During the last twenty-four hours the river has widened out in many parts to full three miles. Range of temperature, 65° to 72°, and bright weather. Height of the river, 100 feet nearly below the index. We must be going through the water from five to six knots, the current running at the rate of four knots, so that over the ground we cannot be going less than ten knots. I was in error about the reason for dislodging Mr G. He was put out of his cabin to accommodate a servant of our only cabin passenger, who has the whole general cabin to himself, a very snobbish-looking individual.

23*d*, *noon.*—We have not stopped this twenty-four hours further than to haul one of the barges alongside to take from her a supply of wood. Our rate of speed continues, a good head of steam being kept up. No alteration in the character of the river-banks. Passed the mouths of what appeared to be large streams running into the Tom. Passed also many villages and several fishing-canoes. The weather continues very fine, with the temperature ranging between 70° and 80°. Aneroid, no alteration. Full moon. This is our fifth day out, and we ought to be now nearly, if not quite, half-way to Tobolsk, where we hope to leave this disagreeable boat.

24*th.*—Our monotonous journey continues, with the sole interruption of stopping to take in birch-wood fuel. We were at this work alongside the bank, where there was but a single hut, for nearly seven hours early this morning. Some rain has fallen, and a very heavy hailstorm. The weather looks still unsettled. Temperature, 70° to 80°. Aneroid falling. No change in the scenery. Some parts of the river through which we passed the last twenty-four hours have spread out to seven or eight miles. To all appearance we are now on an arm of the Tom, not so wide by a good deal as the river we have hitherto been upon. Fir-trees line a portion of the right bank of the river now, whilst only pop-

lars and willows are seen on the opposite bank. We failed yesterday in an attempt to obtain a supply of eggs from the shore, made whilst the boat was taking in a supply of wood. A steamer bound to Tomsk passed us early in the morning. She had in tow two barges, one of them with a number of passengers, probably criminals from Russia on their way to Eastern Siberia. Card-playing seems to be a national institution in Siberia. The crew and the steward of this boat usually pass three or four hours at it every day.

25*th*, *noon*.—Very warm to-day. Temperature in my cabin now 86°. We have had some rain and hail during the last twenty-four hours, with light and variable winds. We have now turned the corner, and are making our way against the current on the Irtish, taking us to Tobolsk. The borders of the river continue low, with an occasional highish bluff; finding bottom as we go along in some places with a long pole (which represents the sounding-lead and line) at eight feet. River very tortuous, and many sand-spits in it; the width considerably lessened. Aneroid gone down two-tenths. Stopped yesterday afternoon for a couple of hours, or rather hauled up one of the barges alongside, and took from her a supply of wood, partly fir and birch. This dreamy way of passing the time does not suit after having been for so many days accustomed to the break-neck devil-may-care driving of the Siberian yemshicks; during which, though the pace occasionally dangerous, the pleasurable excitement attending it pretty well drowns all fear.

26*th*.—We are now on the river Irtish, with a current against us of three to four knots. Our course has been for the last thirty-six hours south. This river must have joined the Obi thirty-six hours ago, when we first found the current against us, and with the Tom went off in a northerly direction to pour their waters into the Frozen Ocean. In the Obi, before we encountered this adverse current, we must have been going faster than I calculated on; indeed, the distance run shows that we must have been making something like 300 miles a day. Now, with a strong current against us, we are making five and a half to six knots at least; for the captain says, though we were 431 versts from Tobolsk this

morning, we shall arrive there at noon on the 28th. No alteration in the height of the banks of the river. All alluvial; not a stone to be seen anywhere; and evidently they are being extensively washed away every year. A good many islands in the river, and many incipient ones forming. Stopped this morning to take in wood, which occupied us fully four hours. Took advantage of the stoppage to replenish our larder by a purchase of eggs and milk. The average width of this river may be nearly half a mile; the banks thickly covered with the willow, the poplar, the alder, the aspen, and the birch. Wind right aft, which helps us. Temperature ranging between 75° and 80°. A good many women employed to-day in bringing wood on board—stout, strong-looking lasses all of them.

27*th*, *noon*.—Brought the barge alongside yesterday evening, and took from her a supply of wood, birch principally. Whenever we stop, the barges take in deck-loads of wood. In dropping the launch astern after we had done with her, by some mishap—probably by going ahead with the steamer too fast and too suddenly—the tow-rope broke, and caused us a delay of an hour. Small villages more frequent, and in some parts men and women on the strand, whose habitations are quite hidden from us. One party was busy, as we passed, hauling an extensive net. With the exception of an occasional hill of sand bordering the right bank of the river for a few hundred yards covered with firs, the banks more or less on both sides are about the same height as heretofore, say from ten to twenty feet, and covered with willows. For the fir tribe there must be rising ground. The only river-birds we have seen are ducks and sandpipers, and these not in great numbers. A few gulls, by-the-by, have also made their appearance. We meet with a cleared tract of land occasionally, and see a few ricks of hay; but in general, as far as the eye can reach, the whole country is thickly covered with timber. Fine weather; temperature ranging between 72° and 82°. Aneroid rising a little, showing the river to be about 100 feet above the index. Now and then we get bottom with our sounding-pole at eight feet on sharp bends where sand-spits have formed, but everywhere else there would seem to be deep water.

28*th*, *noon*.—Fine weather and a fair wind. A seal near the boat last evening. The country more populated. Farms are numerous and cattle abundant. Many patches of cleared land, and ricks of hay pretty plentiful. Here and there we pass a cliff (sand apparently) perhaps 150 feet high, generally covered with firs. The banks, however, on the whole, are low. Temperature ranging between 70° and 80°; aneroid, 150 above index. Very little difference in the general width of the river; it may be said to be about half a mile wide on an average ever since we entered it.

30*th*, *Tobolsk*.—No one but ourselves on board the *Irtish* could speak a word of any language but Russian, of which we knew very little. She was a steamer without either a clock, a watch, a chart, or a map on board. The captain and his crew were pretty well hail-fellow-well-met. The crew spent many hours every day playing cards on deck, whilst the captain did the same thing in the cabin when he could find anybody to play with, which he did occasionally by inviting on board his steamer three passengers from one of the barges we had in tow, when they invariably made a night of it, and sometimes two—playing all night and half the day besides. These Siberian Russians are queer fellows; even in their dress they are peculiar, wearing their shirts outside their other clothes. Our captain might always be seen with a red merino shirt on, reaching from his neck down to his heels; he was a large man, with the figure of a prize ox; and as he moved about the steamer with his red shirt on, did not look very unlike that animal covered with blood. The crew all wore shirts of Manchester small-pattern printed cotton over their other clothes, fastened round their waists by a leathern belt inlaid or studded with metal; and when not dressed in a shirt, they used to wear the everlasting grey greatcoat reaching down to their heels. All Russians wear long boots, the women almost as much as the men. There were two officers, passengers on board one of our barges, who used to come on board our steamer for a bout at cards occasionally with the captain and our cabin passenger. The one was a fat major, the other a young man, a doctor, perhaps, who usually wore the greatcoat; and from the peeps one got of the skin of different parts of his

body, I don't think I can be far out in saying that the great-coat was the only covering he wore.

August 1st, Tumen.—During a walk about Tobolsk on the evening of our arrival, we ran against some Polish gentlemen, one of whom—Mr Y.—addressed me in French. In a few minutes I heard from him that one of his countrymen, who had just been amnestied, in so far that he had permission to return to Russia proper, though not to Poland —M. I. M.—was about to leave Tobolsk for Russia, and that he would be glad to join us in the journey. A few minutes afterwards brought us face to face with the amnestied gentleman himself, and we were not long in arranging to travel together, and that we would start for Tumen at 2 A.M. We then went to our inn, put our traps all straight, and lay down in the vain hope of getting a couple of hours' sleep. I soon felt that I had some visitors about me, and Mr G. (who could usually sleep even with his head in a bucket of water) was very restless. We got on our legs and looked about; the wrappers we had over us and the pillows were covered with bugs! There were hundreds of them coming out of holes in the loose paper on the walls, and finding their way to our bunks. Sleep, then, was out of the question; so we remained up to await the coming of our Polish acquaintance. Sure enough, a little after one, accompanied by many friends, he made his appearance. We were to have had two carriages, as our luggage was too much for one; but the postmaster could only give us horses for one, the bishop and his retinue having a little before made a clean sweep of the stables. Well, what was to be done? Anything was better than to remain and be eaten up by bugs; so we determined to start all in one carriage, and take our chance of getting another at the first station on the road. Our friends went zealously to work to stow away the luggage, and they accomplished it; and we three got in on the top of it. At three o'clock we were away, and we travelled without stopping further than to change horses until noon to-day, when we came into Tumen after a ride of thirty-three hours, in which time we accomplished the 258 versts that separate Tobolsk from Tumen, notwithstanding the scores of bad and corduroy roads we

encountered. We have already hired a comfortable carriage to go on to Yekaterinburg, and paid our fare here for the whole journey—which is a great comfort to be able to do, instead of paying for the stage only on arrival at the station, which we have hitherto done. The distance is 306 versts, and we have paid for the whole affair forty-two rubles (about £5, 10s.) The road all the way between these two cities—Tumen and Tobolsk—lies over flat ground, and in wet weather must be very bad travelling; and hence the great amount of corduroy road, almost the only rough-and-ready mode easily adopted of getting footing over swampy ground where stone is not to be met with.

On leaving Tobolsk we crossed the principal arm of the Irtish, just where it sweeps round some high tableland towards the north, leaving its western direction. We came upon it once more on our journey, and twice we crossed the Tobol, which joins the Irtish close to Tobolsk, and with it flows away northwards until it becomes lost in the great river Obi, and ultimately in the Frozen Ocean. By this mode of landing at Tobolsk, and taking the land route to Tumen, we saved some three days at least, and the whole journey, though through a flat country, was interesting. The greater part of the land, for a considerable depth on both sides of the highway, was under crops—rye, oats, and barley; not a single field of wheat, I think. Indeed, the soil is very light and loamy, and better adapted for rye and oats than for wheat. Men and women—the latter in greater numbers—were employed reaping rye; and I could not but remark the nice tidy sheaves in which it was tied up, and the complete covering of the shook, protecting it from rain, by a large sheaf spread out over the shook with the heads of grain downwards. The rye was clean looking (the straw I mean), and of a beautiful golden hue; but all their grain crops—oats, barley, and rye—were very short in the straw, and otherwise light, the oats particularly so; not, I think, more than would be considered half a crop with us. They manure here for these crops. This is not the case in Eastern Siberia, though the rye I saw growing there three weeks ago was some of it six feet high. The soil, I should say, is very much richer or less exhausted in the east than hereabouts. Large

villages meet you now at every turn between this and Tobolsk, and comfortable-looking, thriving places they are. Tobolsk is an interesting town. The lower town is on a flat on the right bank of the Irtish, whilst the upper town is on tableland some 240 feet above the lower town, which of course it completely overlooks. There are two plank roads (the one with steps) which lead between high banks of earth to the upper town. In a public garden on the hill is a grey marble monument erected to Yermak some thirty years ago. The gardens are planted with birch, cedar, and fir, and other trees; the lime and the willow are there, and other trees also. Most of the streets in both towns are laid out at right angles to each other. The population is 13,000. It is an antiquated place, and very few buildings are in progress of erection. Its commerce now is little or nothing. I went to the police-office to get my padderoshna viséed, and had to wait there for at least an hour. The chief was not in the office when I arrived, but he came in a few minutes afterwards. My padderoshna was put before him; but what with bad pens and no ink in the stand, and the number of grey-coated gentlemen who had something to say before they were despatched, a long time elapsed before the copying into a book of the particulars of the document was commenced; and just as the great man appeared inclined to despatch me, a lady dressed in Parisian style walked in and asked if there was any letter for her. My heart sunk within me as I saw the chief take from a drawer of the table at which he was writing a bundle of letters, a hundred at least, looking very old and dirty. He was considerate, however, and he handed the letters to an old sergeant to look them over, who seemed to have considerable difficulty in deciphering the addresses. The lady was still waiting the result of the old sergeant's examination when I left the office. So the police-master and the old soldier formed the staff of the postal establishment in the once flourishing city and capital of Western Siberia! There are some fourteen or fifteen good-sized Greek churches in Tobolsk; and on the hill, towering over the lower town, stand the bishop's palace and the cathedral, the latter overlooking all other buildings. Some hundreds of Polish exiles reside in the town, and some thousands in the province. On look-

ing at them loitering about, half or wholly idle from necessity, I have often thought it a pity the Russian Government does not get rid of them by allowing permission for them to emigrate to China, India, or the United States, or anywhere else, in fact, with the exception of a return to Russia and Poland; but this, I suppose, might interfere with the desire the Government have of doing all they can to populate Siberia. All criminals, on their first arrival in Siberia, take a turn at the "Travaux forcés;" but I was told by some of the political prisoners that they seldom or ever did much work there. The last outbreak in Poland brought, they say, 36,000 of them to Siberia. My travelling companion's grandfather died an exile in Siberia; his father was here for many years; he himself has been here for five years an exile; and in all probability, he says, the same fate awaits his son (a boy of nine). We lodged in Tumen in a poor place kept by a Pole, and there we saw many of our acquaintance's friends. The Poles hold together in this land of their exile, and help each other all they can. When at the mines (on their first arrival), or employed on other "Travaux forcés," they receive an allowance of two poods of meal and three and a half rubles a month in money for their subsistence; but after three years they generally cease from forced labour, and are allowed their freedom under certain police restrictions, and are then called colonists, and left to find their own living. And so it is that you have men who were landed proprietors in their own country, here, in Siberian towns, keeping little huxter-shops, bakers, driving street-cabs, keeping hotels, brewing beer, making candles, photographers—employed, in fact, in useful business; but it is only those who have lost their all by confiscation or otherwise—who are, in fact, obliged to labour in order to live—who seem to work. Those who receive help from home do nothing. Some restrictions are placed upon Poles becoming teachers of languages or instructing the youth of Siberia, for which they are so much more competent than any Russians found here. Still a good many of them are employed *sub rosa* in that way. They are the only men whom I have found in Siberia who could speak any tongue but Russian; and so I have constantly been mixed up with them.

2d to 5th, Yekaterinburg.—Tumen is prettily situated on

the high banks of the Tura, and is the limit of river navigation for steamers from Tomsk in this direction. The distance between the two cities is about 3000 versts. It contains 25,000 inhabitants. The houses are still principally of wood, but the number of brick houses is increasing, and in a few years brick will entirely supersede wood in building, for the cost of bringing timber to the town, as the land becomes cleared everywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, daily becomes greater. Well-cultivated fields cover a large tract of land on the left bank of the Tura. Tanneries are in great number—small establishments, but in the aggregate they must turn out a large quantity of leather. The process, they tell me, followed of turning a raw hide into leather occupies two and a half months. The bark of the salix is used, as there is no oak here; the leather is blackened with tar from the birch. I visited a Mr Wardropper, who, with his family, has been established many years in Siberia employed in engineering operations and in building steamers. He had launched one steamer the day before we arrived at Tumen. She is of iron, 180 feet long and 120 horse-power engines, drawing, with fuel on board sufficient for one day's consumption, twenty-six inches water. Cost some £7000 or £8000. Mr Wardropper also built the *Irtish* ten years ago, in which I made the passage from Tomsk to Tobolsk. His son, with his wife and family (Scotch), are with him. He comes, he says, from Denny's yard in Dumbarton. They pressed us very hard to stay a day, but we had fixed the hour for starting, and were therefore inexorable. The Tartar town lies apart from the city, some miles away on the plain. The nelma, a species of salmon unknown in Europe, is found in the Tura. Tumen contains many handsome houses, and churches are numerous; several wide streets, unpaved, with a raised wooden trottoir. The views from many parts of the town, over the winding river and the cultivated alluvial flat, is extensive, for the town stands 100 feet at least above the river. There seemed to be no end to the number of windmills dotted over the plain. The little river Tyumenka runs through the town. M. M., an exile in Siberia, kindly accompanied me about Tumen, and I count on finding his brother, an exile, to do the same service for me at Yekaterin-

burg. We left Tumen at 7.30 P.M. on the 2d, arrived here at noon on 4th, nearly forty hours coming 306 versts. The road is rough for two-thirds of the way from Tumen, perfectly flat, but corduroy, which jolted considerably. Afterwards it got better, and we were enabled to travel more rapidly. It was not until we approached Yekaterinburg that we were sensible of any undulations in the road.

The grain is not so forward hereabouts as farther eastward; still, reaping rye had commenced, and no doubt will advance rapidly, as the weather is bright and warm, the temperature ranging in the shade during the past twenty-four hours from 75° to 80°. Many villages are met with on this line of route, and the quantity of cleared land is very much greater than I have before noticed anywhere in Siberia. Came upon the Puishma twice in the course of our route. Yekaterinburg, by my aneroid, stands 850 feet above the sea.

6*th.*—Yesterday visited Mr Tate, who was formerly in the employment of the Government here. He built their mint some years ago, as well as a machine-shop. He has now a machine-shop of his own, and is constantly employed in the construction of small steam-engines for the gold-washing establishments of the Ural. We go with him to-day on a visit to the mines. Yesterday we drove with Mr Tate to see a Mr Wilkinson (a Lancashire operative, I should say), who is in charge of a cotton-mill, prettily situated about four versts from Yekaterinburg, belonging to a rich Russian, M. Sebastian, and for the management of which, he told me, he receives a salary of 4000 rubles. The first mill erected was destroyed by fire about a year ago, and the present mill is just now coming into work; and we yesterday saw hanging on the trees in his garden the first piece of cotton cloth produced in the Ural. It was a piece of middling quality white shirting, twenty-nine inches wide. The cotton required to keep the mill agoing will come principally from Bokhara and Tashkend, and costs now 1s. a pound. He is prosecuting an experiment by buying up the rope (flax rope) and other old flax material, cleaning and carding it, to be mixed with his cotton fabric. He showed me some prepared for spinning, which really had a beautiful appearance. He seems sanguine that practically it can be made useful in the mill.

The neighbourhood of Yekaterinburg is studded with paper-mills and ironworks, the motive power being water, there being great abundance, and pretty-looking country-houses. Everything about the city bears the stamp of considerable wealth, the product of the gold, silver, iron, and copper mines of the Ural centring in this city, situated on the Isset. We are located at the postal establishment, where we have one good large room, for which we pay sixty-five copecks a day. We get our carriage and horses at the establishment, which makes it a convenient stopping-place for us. Our Polish friend, M. M., has gone on with two students from the University of Kasan. It would have been inconvenient for him to have remained two or three days at Yekaterinburg, as the police, who had been telegraphed as to his movements, were looking sharply after him, and raised difficulties as to his remaining. We may, perhaps, catch him at Perm. The work here of cutting rock-crystal into seals principally, and also into miniature statuettes, is much vaunted, and perhaps deservedly so; but I find this sort of work to be very dear. The topaz and the amethyst are the principal varieties of the rock-crystal found here. There are also jaspers of various hues. Among the varieties of silicious rocks, chiefly used for the purposes of sculpture, are the jasper, agate, jasper-breccia, and hard porphyry. The grey marble quarries are situated on the banks of the Isset.

7th.—I have been to-day with Mr Tate all over a large establishment, situated about three versts from the city, called the Verosetskey Works, belonging to M. Sakolof, for smelting iron ores and manufacturing or rolling sheet iron. I spent a couple of hours there, and witnessed the whole process. The ores come from a distance, and produce sixty per cent. of iron. The fuel used in smelting is wood, fir principally. The sheet iron is of a particularly good quality. The sheets measure four feet eight inches by two feet four inches, and are of an average weight of ten pounds. The great bulk of the houses in Yekaterinburg have the roofs covered with this sheet iron, painted green, which costs, when hammered as well as rolled, three and a half rubles a pood of thirty-six pounds; but when merely rolled, and not hammered, the price is two rubles twenty copecks. This paint is made by

grinding up small bits of malachite, useless for other purposes, and then grinding it a second time, and mixing it intimately with oil. My attention to-day was drawn to an iron roof, painted with this carbonate of copper twenty-five years ago, and which does not require repainting yet; it is still of a dark green colour. I also visited the mint; but the work is stopped. The copper coin for all Russia is coined in this mint. The old copper coin is now being called in, and a new copper coin to take its place is being issued. It is wholly of copper, without any alloy, which would seem to be a mistake; it should have been hardened. In the Government workshop we visited there were only four men at work, and they were all employed upon a small vase composed of four parts destined for the Emperor. The stone they were cutting was, I believe, hard porphyry; and hard enough it was, for one of the men had been employed in cutting the pattern, on a piece not larger than a teacup, a whole year, and still had much to do to it before it would be completed. This man was receiving seventy copecks a day for every day he worked, or forty copecks a day for every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included; so the little vase would cost some money by the time it was completed. Another man had been six months at work on a portion of the vase of similar size.

Beautiful weather. Temperature in my room this afternoon 83°; at five A.M., 70°.

8th to 11th. — On board the steamer *Permean* on the way from Perm to Nigne-Novgorod. On the 8th, at Yekaterinburg, I paid a visit to the gold mines at Berezov, distant from the city fifteen versts. At a village three versts before arriving at the mines we called on the director, who gave us some account of the working of the minés, and sent a man with us to instruct the managers at the different workings to show and to explain to us what was doing. The mines are situated on undulating ground covered with fir-trees of recent growth. The first mine we came to was a new one, from which a few tons of quartz had been taken; it lay in a heap at the mouth of the mine, waiting until a steam-crushing mill could be erected for turning it to account. We went down the new shaft by a good flight of steps, about

seventy feet deep to the fronton, which was about ten feet wide, and presented a mass of earth, in which were narrow veins of quartz. There was no gold, they told us, in the surrounding earth, nor did we discover any in our search through the heap of quartz that had been extracted from the mine. We saw, however, some rich specimens at the director's, taken from this mine, and great hopes were entertained as to the result of the workings. From this quartz-yielding mine we proceeded along a narrow road through the firs to a mine where preparations were being made for pumping water for washing the gold-bearing earth, and then we followed on until we came to where the double operation of digging and washing was in full swing. This digging was situated in a depression in the plain. From the surface—a deep strata of leaf-mould—down to the gold-bearing earth was a depth of about fifteen feet, and here the leaf-mould had been carted away, and the gold earth had been worked over a surface of about six acres, and the produce had been seven and a half poods (274 lbs. English) annually. There were, perhaps, a couple of hundred people employed in this digging, all free labour. The manager had some earth washed to show us the operation, and the quality of the pay-dirt; and it took only a small quantity of dirt and about five minutes' work for one man to produce a small teaspoonful of gold in grains. The director told me the gold as it came from the diggings was in purity as eighty-nine to one hundred. This granular gold is melted into bars, and despatched to St Petersburg in three sendings annually. Since the abolition of serfdom in Russia, the Government gets but a small return from these mines, the cost of working them being double what it used to be, the workmen earning now forty copecks a day instead of seventeen, which they formerly received: in fact, a pood of gold (thirty-six lbs.) now leaves net profit to the Government only about 2000 rubles. The truth is, that from these mines in the Ural Mountains, as well as those of Eastern Siberia, individual proprietors draw great wealth, whilst the Government derives but little advantage, and this result is attributable, in a great measure, to peculation; so that the Government, I am told, is about to transfer the working of the mines entirely to individual

enterprise. We were treated with great courtesy by the director of these mines and the managers of the several workings we visited, and returned to Yekaterinburg in the evening in time to get away for Perm at 10 P.M. Mr Tate, from whom I received much kindness, saw us off, and rendered us good service up to the hour of our departure. Embarked again in the tarantass we had hired at Yekaterinburg for five and a half rubles to take us all the way to Perm without changing. I really felt myself quite at home, for we had lived in a tarantass night and day for nearly two months, and I slept as soundly in it now over the roughest of roads as in the most comfortable bed in a good inn. The tarantass, too, it must be remembered, is not provided with steel springs, or any springs at all; and were it so provided, the springs would not last long over such roads, and with such helter-skelter driving, as is common in Siberia. It is merely the body of a carriage placed upon four ash poles, the ends resting upon the axles, connecting together the fore and hind wheels at a distance apart of about nine feet. This great distance between the axles of the carriage no doubt is the cause of a certain amount of spring in the ash poles, and this, with the help of pillows the Russians always travel with, and with which we travelled also, enables one to withstand the roughest of jolting without experiencing much inconvenience from it. Well, we started at 10 P.M., and for awhile travelled over level ground, but soon reached an undulating country, and then began to mount, until we reached, about 1 A.M., the greatest elevation of the road over the Ural Mountains, sixteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and seven hundred and fifty feet above Yekaterinburg. Here, within a stone's throw of the road, between the postal stations of Taletzar and Behmbrurkia, and between two pretty tall firs, the Russian Government has erected a pillar of between fifteen and twenty feet high, to mark the division between Asia and Europe. We stopped the carriage, and walked up close to the pillar, which is upon a brick platform, enclosed by a wooden railing; and as well as I could see at that early hour of a moonless morning, I should say the pillar itself was of grey marble. In placing the pillar, the Russians have no doubt arbitrarily chosen this spot, being the

highest point of the road; for some forty years ago, Mr Erman, who travelled through Siberia, and who gives a minute description of everything he saw, states that the division then between Europe and Asia existed some 48 versts further westward, between the two postal stations of Kirgirhansk and Grobopsk. But the Russians are now the lords of all this country, and they can change with the same facility the boundary line between Europe and Asia with which the Emperor, as head of the Church, by an "ordre de jour" in 1853 created a purgatory, a half-way house unknown before to the Russian Greek Church, in order that the prayers for the dead which had always been read in the church, might no longer be an illogical ceremony. The wide plain which extends around Yekaterinburg stands about 850 feet above sea-level. We travelled on over a very rough road during the whole of the 9th, and at rather a slow pace. The weather was intolerably hot, and the carriage the whole time enveloped in a cloud of fine dust. We were constantly meeting long lines of the one-horse four-wheeled carts universal in Russia; some conveying exiles—men, women, and children—towards Siberia; others laden with the products of Europe going in the same direction; and again, many laden with teas principally, but no doubt carrying other articles as well, the products of the East, making their way towards St Petersburg. There seemed to be but one man to every four or five carts. Harvesting in the Ural Mountains had just commenced, but as we travelled westward we found it much more advanced. I saw no wheat, and very little oats or barley, in this part of our route. Rye everywhere, and fair crops; the straw much longer than what we saw before arriving at Yekaterinburg. The hay harvest is just finished and put into small untidy ricks. It remains out during winter, and is cut and carted during that season to where it may be wanted. Many of the carts travelling towards St Petersburg with loosely-packed bales of cotton come from the south, Tashkend, and from that direction; others have hides and wool. The country passed through was alternately wooded and cultivated, and the villages large and numerous. On the evening of the 10th we passed through the village of Slatourst, situated in a depres-

sion some 650 feet above sea-level, upon the river Irgina. In this district, from a cliff some fifty feet high, gush copious rills, which, uniting at some little distance from their source, form no inconsiderable stream, which flows into the Irgina, and thence onwards to the Suilva. Erman says, "Nothing, in truth, but a very peculiar structure of the rock beneath the surface, can explain so abundant a discharge of water, in a place, too, where so little falls from the atmosphere; and the justness of this remark is confirmed by a variety of local circumstances. The inhabitants say that the ground on which they have ventured to set their habitations is undermined with caverns. Slips and sinking of the earth are here usual occurrences; and in such cases rills disappear and others spring up to take their places. Indeed, the ground here is so uncertain a possession, owing to its subterranean constitution, that the peasants no longer take the trouble to cultivate the treacherous fields around them, but ply their agricultural labours at a distance from the village, where the soil is less fruitful, but possesses more stability." Kungue, the next place we reached, is a straggling town, containing some well-built brick houses. The Suilva flows close by the town. We had hitherto travelled very slowly, and unless we increased our speed, it was very evident we could not reach Perm before midnight, or perhaps later; so we took the precaution, whilst there was yet time to make up the leeway, to bribe our yemshicks heavily, and in place of giving them for each stage ten copecks (3d.), we offered them fifteen copecks; this had the desired effect, and through intense heat and a cloud of dust we bowled along for the remainder of the journey at the rate of twelve versts an hour, and succeeded in arriving at Perm at 9.30 P.M., a little after dark. We put up at the Caucasse et Mercure Hotel, a great improvement upon everything I had met with since leaving Shanghae, and where was found a proprietor who could speak a little French. From him we learnt that a steamer would start at ten next morning for Nigne-Novgorod. A little reflection determined us to start by her, and to give up our first intention of remaining a day at Perm. After sitting down to a well-appointed table, and having partaken of a regular dinner—the first we had seen for a long time—we lay

down to rest, and at six in the morning I was again on foot, busily employed in washing and brushing, in order to put on a tolerable appearance, now that we were about to enter again, after three months' constant travelling, into civilised society. At ten o'clock this morning we found ourselves in a comfortable cabin on board the *Permean*, for which we had paid fifty-four rubles eighty copecks for our passage to Nigne-Novgorod, with a larder at hand from which we could supply ourselves with all necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. This state of things was a great change for us, and we did not fail to appreciate it at its full value. We are to arrive at Nigne-Novgorod, they say, on the 16th, the distance being 1320 versts. The temperature in our cabin now at noon marks 86°, and yet it seems a pleasant temperature. The great heat of the last two days whilst travelling makes me think so.

12*th.*—The aneroid at Perm showed the Kama to be 400 feet above my index-mark. The aneroid now at noon shows the Kama to be 250 feet above my index-mark, and the temperature has ranged for the last twenty-four hours from 76° to 86°. We are moving through the water at the rate of ten knots an hour, which, added to the current (two and a half knots), makes our speed over the ground twelve and a half knots. The *Permean* is an iron steamer, built in this neighbourhood some seventeen years ago; she is 190 feet long, quite a shell of a thing, drawing two feet water forward and three feet aft, with sixty horse-power engines; like the steamers on the Tom, she droops towards the bows one and a half feet, and towards the stern three feet. They tell me this mode of building imparts strength. She can carry fuel (wood) for half a day's steaming only. The *Permean* is one of twenty-one steamers running between Perm and Nigne-Novgorod, owned by the Caucasse et Mercure Company, who have besides fifteen much larger boats running on the Volga between Nigne-Novgorod and the Caspian Sea. The fuel for this boat costs seventy rubles a day, and the whole expense for a day amounts to 120 rubles. We have four cabin passengers besides ourselves, and perhaps a hundred of second and third class. The average breadth of the Kama so far is about half a mile, and in many places

we have found very little water over and above what we require to float in. It is now almost at its lowest point. In the spring it has twenty-four feet more water in it. We stop about four times a day on an average throughout the trip to take in wood and pick up passengers. We have passed many villages on both sides of the river, and a fair amount of cleared land, though generally the pine-tree covers the ground as far as the eye can reach. We have passed two steamers bound to Perm. At last we are out of the region of birch, and see little else now but pine. The captain tells me the channel of the river is constantly shifting. The Kama is navigable for steamers somewhat smaller than the *Permean* for 800 versts above Perm. These Russians have their peculiarities: they seem never to thin their hair; it is cut or clipped round, and looks as if the operator had placed a bowl on the victim's head to guide him in his work. If a man's waistcoat is buttoned over his shirt, the tail of his shirt is always left sticking outside his trousers, and perhaps over all. Though the thermometer may be at 90°, he wears a greatcoat. Boots he almost always wears: out of a hundred or more passengers now on board, there is only one of either sex whose legs are not encased in a pair of jack-boots, and that fellow can afford nothing better than a pair of bark shoes. I witnessed this morning a large amount of hair-combing going on on deck, and kept at a respectable distance from the operators. Their devotions, too, were performed with much gravity, for they are an orderly sort of people, unless when they drink too much brandy, which is very often the case.

13*th.*—The temperature the last twenty-four hours has ranged between 76° and 83°; and the aneroid now at noon marks a hundred feet above my index, showing that the river has a fall in the distance run since yesterday—about 300 miles—of 150 feet. We have bumped two or three times to-day, but never stuck fast; and as the bottom is sand, the steamer does not suffer. This steamer cost originally 40,000 rubles; and the captain tells me that last year she made a clear gain of the whole of that sum, and this year, so far, she has netted 25,000 rubles. The company is now building—in France, I think—a steamer of three stories, such as

are common on the rivers in the United States; she will be 260 feet long, and will draw only three feet water. The trade on the Volga and this river also is yearly increasing, for in this year only forty new steamers have been launched! The navigation on both rivers is closed by the ice some time in October, and opens in the spring, early in May, so that for six months the boats are laid up, and the officers are free to go where they like.

At most of the places where we stop to take in wood, the people come down from the neighbouring villages, bringing with them whatever they think they can sell to passengers. Usually the steamer runs alongside a hulk which is connected with the shore by a bridge, and on each side of the approach to this bridge the country-people range themselves, displaying whatever they may have brought for sale. The *pas* seems to be ceded by general consent to the beggars, for they are the first gentlemen you meet with on putting your foot on shore; invariably half-a-dozen are there waiting to salute you. They are the most polite fellows in the world; their bowing and scraping fairly puts you to the blush; it is almost adoration; and if you have a spark of compassionate feeling in your composition, they are sure to wheedle you out of a few copecks. Having run the gauntlet of the beggars, you find yourself between a double line of fire from people quite as eager to get your money as the beggars you have just passed through. Tempting fried fish—these rivers abound in fish. There are very fair-sized potatoes, boiled in their jackets, just as an Irishman would himself desire, bursting just sufficiently to show their mealy character. Bread equalling in whiteness any Parisian roll; besides which, of course, there is any amount of black rye-bread, the staple diet of the peasant. Russian dishes ready cooked, the names being unknown to me; and even on one occasion two roasted pigs were there to tempt the hungry passenger. There was always a poor show of fruit; cherries small and tasteless, very small green gooseberries, and some sour red currants. The wild raspberries were better, they were always abundant and eatable. I could buy for a penny as many as I could eat. Water-melons were there also by the boat-load; a good large one costs forty copecks; only worth

five copecks at the place of its growth, but three rubles in St Petersburg. Then there were sellers of honey-water and *kwas* by the bucketful—a very common drink in Russia; and honey in the combs in fair quantity. To all this may be added eggs, two for a farthing, butter and milk. Then, again, certain places at which we stopped could boast of their specialties. For example, at one place, boots of all sizes and descriptions were ranged along the beach in great quantity, and there were few of the passengers who did not invest in them. Strange, I have never seen a Russian wear shoes, unless the very poorest class, who wear bast shoes; leather shoes never. I have forgotten to enumerate among the fruits bramble-berries and black currants, and among the vegetables cucumbers, a staple article of food with the Russians; they eat them by the dozen raw, and without any condiment whatever—I had almost said by the bushel. Hazel-nuts too were abundant. The wood at these stopping-places was invariably brought on board on handbarrows by women, mostly dressed in Manchester prints. They were always clean and tidy, stout robust wenches, and very often with a Celtic cast of countenance. I am told they are paid sixpence each for about an hour's work.

14*th.*—The temperature has ranged to-day between 76° and 88°. The aneroid, after having gone somewhat below 100 above the index-mark at the confluence of the Kama and the Volga, stands now again at 100. Weather very fine. We came into the Volga at 6.30 last evening, and since then we have seen a score or two of steamers, mostly tug-boats with barges in tow, going down stream. I don't think we have more than a three-knot current against us here in the Volga, but when the river is full of water the current runs considerably stronger. All along the Kama we had more or less of high land on the right bank, and low on the left. Now in the Volga it is the reverse: the land is highest on our left hand, though it is in reality the right bank of the river, as we are now ascending the stream. This morning we stopped at a town, and remained there an hour repairing something that was broken about the starboard paddle. I went on shore with a Russian engineer to visit an old church, but found it so thronged that we could not get near the door.

It seems the 1st August (Russian style) is a great holiday in the Church, the anniversary of the birth or death (my companion told me) of the godmother of Christ. We met with a numerous procession, in which many women figured, carrying paintings. My Russian friend told me they were all widows, none others being eligible for such work. At midnight we stopped for three hours at Kasan.

16*th*, *Moscow*.—At ten o'clock on the morning of the 14th we arrived at Nigne-Novgorod, after a passage of four days from Perm; distance, 1320 versts. Weather fine, temperature ranging from 76° to 86°. My aneroid makes this hotel (M. Billet, La Ville de Hamburg) just 500 feet above the sea. Nigne-Novgorod we found a busy place. I counted 100 steamers in the port. The streets, on landing, were crowded with all sorts of vehicles moving towards the fair, which we reached by crossing the river Oka by a bridge of boats. The railway station might be said to be within the limits of the fair, or at any rate joining on to its western extremity. To that point we directed our steps on landing; and after depositing our goods and chattels, we hired a vehicle and drove through the hundred and one streets, now thronged with goods and people from all parts of the world, but which will be entirely empty when the fair has run its course. They say that Nigne-Novgorod, when left to itself, is a town of 40,000 inhabitants, but that during the fair it contains 150,000. In 1827 the number of people who visited the fair was estimated at 600,000. From the fair we drove to the upper town, overlooking the lower or business part of Nigne. It consists of good houses, generally with roughly-paved streets, but with convenient sidewalks. A two hours' drive satisfied us that there was nothing in Nigne worth remaining longer for; so with a Russian gentleman with whom we fraternised on board the steamer we took our dinner at the railway station, and started by train at 5 P.M., and arrived in Moscow at 8 A.M.; fifteen hours on the road, a distance of 400 versts. The carriages are comfortable, both first and second class—the fare, first class, being 12 rubles 30 copecks; and I paid for my luggage all over a pood (thirty-six lbs.), 65 copecks a pood. The country is quite flat between Nigne and Moscow, and a

large portion of it under cultivation. Much of the road runs through birch and pine forests. Many poor-looking villages are passed on the way, but only one town—Vladimir—is of any importance. The land is very light, sandy indeed, and the only grain crops grown are rye and oats, now being harvested. Indeed, the harvest by this time everywhere in Siberia and Southern Russia is finished, and the grain must have been got in in first-rate condition, for during the past two months we have only had two or three wet days. Everywhere in Siberia, if you ask for water to wash, a servant attends to pour it over your hands as you require it; or, as in many of the postal houses, an earthen vessel, or sometimes a tea-kettle, or a bronze vessel made for the purpose, suspended over a large copper pan, is always kept charged with water for the convenience of passengers who desire to wash their hands. This custom, it would seem, is as old as the hills, and we find it described by Homer!—at least, so says M. Erman.

The Kremlin is among the most remarkable features of Moscow. The crenellated walls that encircle it are approached through well-built streets. Watch-towers stand at every angle. There are many entrances to the Kremlin; but one of them, through a dark-vaulted covered way, named the "Saviour's Gate," contains a miraculous image, which the mass of the people regard with the profoundest reverence, and no one is allowed to pass covered. On the south and south-east, the hill on which the Kremlin stands extends to the cliff, at the foot of which the Moskva and the Neglina unite their waters. The extensive area within the walls is confusedly strewed over with churches and monasteries, military works and the ancient palace. Placed around three sides of one of the squares, some on carriages, but the greater part not mounted, are at least a thousand pieces of bronze ordnance, of all sizes and patterns. One handsome old cannon stands mounted at a corner. It must be about twelve feet long, of the same size from the butt to the muzzle, and calculated to receive a shell, a heap of which stand alongside it, of good thirty inches in diameter. It is indeed a monster. But the great bell, resting upon the ground at the foot of Ivan Tower, is a still more wonderful

piece of casting. It is over twenty-one feet high, and twenty-two feet at its greatest diameter. A large piece is broken out of it, and shows its thickness to be nowhere less than six inches, and nearly two feet at the lip or lower edge. It is said to weigh between 300,000 and 400,000 pounds, and is no doubt the largest bell in the world. It was probably cast in the reign of the Empress Anna, about 1730. Calculated at the present price of copper, the mass of metal in the "eternal bell" might be worth two millions of rubles, without regard to noble metals it may contain. A large bell in China, cast in 1403, weighs only 120,000 pounds.

The crown jewels—robes and crowns covered with precious stones and pearls—in an apartment attached to the royal chapel, may be seen for a few copecks. I yesterday drove out to an eminence on the high bank, at the foot of which run the Moskva and the Neglina, to enjoy fine views of the city and the extensive plain upon which it stands. I was repaid for the two rubles the drive cost me, particularly as I got into the midst of harvest operations, and reaping and threshing of oats and rye going on, at Sparrow's Hill, the name of the eminence from which the view is obtained. The temperature ranges here at present between 72° and 85°, and my aneroid says the hotel stands about 500 feet above the sea.

17*th and* 19*th*, *St Petersburg.*—On 17th I paid my bill at M. Billet's hotel at Moscow, and left by the 2 P.M. train for St Petersburg, where I arrived at eight o'clock next morning; eighteen and a half hours. The fare is nineteen rubles, with two rubles for a bed, if you choose to have one. In addition, I paid twelve rubles for the carriage of my luggage, at the rate of one ruble twenty copecks the pood of thirty-six English pounds. I am now comfortably lodged at the Hotel d'Angleterre, but hope to leave it to-morrow, of which there seems to be some doubt as to procuring a visé for my passport in time. A heavy thunder-storm here to-day, and torrents of rain, the first I have experienced for a long time. Temperature ranging between 70° and 80°.

SECOND TOUR.

THE UNITED STATES—SAN FRANCISCO—SANDWICH ISLANDS—NEW ZEALAND—AUSTRALIA—TASMANIA.

CHAPTER IX.

United States—Kentucky caves—Saltpetre collected—Fish and animals—Proctor's Cave—Chicago—Salt Lake City—Railway—Mormons—Argument for plurality of wives—History of Mormonism—Brigham Young—Hamilton—Silver mines, their wealth—Sacramento—San Francisco—Yosemite valley—Big trees—Sculptured granite—Calaveras—Big trees—Grisly bear attacks sheep—Mrs Parker—Sequoia and other trees—Age of trees—Forest fires—Geysers—Fruitful Napa valley—Quicksilver mines—Irrigation by artesian wells—The mint.

I LANDED at Halifax June 1st, 1870, and after a month's travelling in British North America and the States, I found myself on 1st July at "Cave City," about to visit the wonderful mammoth caves of Kentucky.

The road from Cave City to the cave is some ten miles long, and very rough. We got to the end of it at 9 A.M., having left the city (a settlement containing a dozen houses) at 6.30 A.M. On our way we were invited to inspect "Indian Cave," about a mile in length, but we declined. We had with us in the carriage a Southern planter, who was taking two school-girls, his sisters, to see the caves. On arrival at the Cave Hotel, we found a party only waiting for any passengers the coach might bring to start upon their peregrinations to the cave. The ladies were all dressed Bloomer fashion, in very bright colours; and our two fellow-passengers soon rigged themselves out in similar attire. These dresses are kept in the hotel for the convenience of visitors. The party we joined numbered thirty-three ladies and gentlemen—the staff of two large schools at Cincinnati—so our party made up the number to thirty-eight. We entered the cave at 9.30 A.M., and it was 7.30 P.M. when we returned. Where we entered, about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, is not the original mouth; this latter was blocked up centuries ago; or rather where the present mouth is caved in, and thus cut off about a mile of the original cave. This mile of cave is now called Dickson's Cave, and a voice in it is distinctly

heard at the present entrance of the great cave. This entrance is an opening wide at the top, getting narrower as you descend, and at a depth of fifty feet you turn into the mouth of the cave proper, and pass through on a level what is called The Narrows, a passage of some seven feet average height and fifty average width, until you come to the vats, built and used in 1812 for the manufacture of saltpetre. This was an operation of considerable cost, and shows the Americans must have had difficulty in supplying themselves with powder by ordinary means for carrying on the war in which they were then engaged with us. The wood used in building the vats is still sound, and on the floor of the cave the marks of wheels and of bullocks' feet are still distinct, both having been made in softish mud, which, after saltpetre-making was given up, hardened, and is now almost rock. Where the vats are is called the Rotunda, a room 100 feet high and 175 feet greatest diameter. Farther on we came to several small cottages built for the accommodation of persons afflicted with consumption. Next we came to the Methodist Church, eighty feet in diameter and forty feet in height. Next in order is Wandering Willie's Spring, a beautifully fluted niche on the left-hand wall. Then come Gothic galleries, which lead to the Gothic Avenue and the Grand Arch, leading to the Giant's Coffin, fifty feet high and sixty feet wide, the Giant's Coffin being twenty feet wide and eight feet deep. The Ant-eater, an efflorescence of black gypsum on a white ground. Farther on a group of figures is seen on the ceiling called the Giant, his Wife, and Child; still farther on the figure of a colossal mammoth may be seen on the ceiling. We next come to the Deserted Chamber, 100 feet in length, with a low ceiling, and following on, the Wooden Bowl Cave. Then we reach, having descended a flight of steps, Martha's Palace, forty feet in height and sixty in diameter; and Side-saddle Pit, over which rests a dome sixty feet in height. The pit is ninety feet deep. Close to is Minerva's Dome, fifty feet high and ten feet wide. The Bottomless Pit comes next; it is 175 feet deep. Shelby's Dome, sixty feet high, is directly over the Bottomless Pit. Then follows Reveller's Hall; and after passing several other places, all named, we come to the Fat Man's Misery, a narrow, tortuous avenue

fifty yards in length, cut out of the solid rock by the mechanical action of water. The lower part of the avenue varies in width from eighteen inches to three feet, and the upper part—that is, from the height of a man's chest to his head—from four to ten feet. A hall, appropriately named Great Relief, immediately follows Fat Man's Misery; it varies in width from forty to sixty feet, and in height from five to twenty-five feet. From the ceiling immense nodules of ferruginous limestone project.

We now pass the River Hall, which extends from Great Relief to River Styx, varying in width from forty to sixty feet. The Bacon Chamber on the right is decidedly curious; here is seen a fine collection of limestone hams and shoulders suspended from the ceiling as in a smoke-house. Forty feet below the terrace leading to the natural bridge is a body of water fifteen feet deep, twenty feet wide, and fifty feet long, called the Dead Sea. The River Styx is 150 feet long, fifteen to forty feet wide, and thirty to forty feet deep, it has a subterranean communication with other rivers of the cave. The natural bridge spans the River Styx, and is about thirty feet above it. We now come to Lake Lethe, 150 yards long, and from ten to forty yards wide, depth from three to thirty feet; the ceiling over this lake is ninety feet high. We crossed the lake in boats; disembarking, we enter the Long Walk, which extends to the Echo River, a distance of 500 yards; the ceiling is forty feet high, and the rocks which compose it present a striking resemblance to cumulus clouds; they are composed of white limestone. The floor is covered with white sand; it requires a rise of only five feet water in Echo River to overflow Great Walk; there are times when Great Walk is filled with water from the floor to the ceiling, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for the water to rise to the height of sixty feet in Lake Lethe. This great rise of water is produced by freshets in Green River. Echo River extends from Great Walk to the commencement of Silliman's Avenue, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The arch of Silliman's Avenue, through which we enter on embarking on Echo River, is seven feet high when we passed through in a large flat-bottomed boat, and, as we proceeded on our way, we had an average height from the water to the ceiling of fifteen

feet. At some points the river is 200 feet wide, the depth varying from ten to thirty feet. The ceiling is arched, smooth, and solid rock, more resembling a work of art than of nature. Upon landing, we enter Silliman's Avenue, one and a half miles long, extending from the river to the pass of El Ghor. Its height varies from twenty to forty feet, and it is from twenty to 200 feet in width. The walls and ceiling are rugged and water-worn. The objects of interest in Silliman's Avenue are—Cascade Hall, 200 feet in diameter, and twenty feet high. The Dripping Spring, a pool of water supplied from the ceiling. Stalactites and stalagmites are found at this point. The Infernal Region; the floor is composed of wet clay, and very irregular. The Sea Serpent, a tortuous crevice in the rock overhead. The Hill of Fatigue, hard to climb. The Great Western, an immense rock resembling the stern of the *Great Western*. The Rabbit, a large stone resembling that animal. Ole Bull's Concert-room, thirty feet wide, forty long, and twenty high. At the end of Silliman's Avenue begins Rhodes Arcade; it is 500 yards long, and from five to ten feet high. The walls and ceiling are incrusted with crystals of gypsum and carbonate of lime, of great and indescribable beauty; the floor is covered with white crystals of limestone. Lucy's Dome is next reached; it is about sixty feet in diameter, and over 300 feet in height; the sides appear to be composed of immense curtains extending from the ceiling to the floor. We now reach the pass of El Ghor; it is about two miles in length. The objects of interest in this pass are—The Hanging Rocks; they look as if they were on the point of falling and closing the avenue over which they are suspended; but no rocks from the walls or the ceiling have been known to fall since its discovery. The Fly-chamber; crystals of black gypsum the size of a fly project in great numbers from the ceiling. The Crown, six feet in diameter, closely resembles a crown. Corinna's Dome rests directly over the centre of the avenue, forty feet high and nine feet wide. Stella's Dome, 250 feet in height. The Chimes; when struck, these rocks emit a musical sound. We now come to Martha's Vineyard, the walls and ceiling of which are studded with stalactitic nodules of carbonate of lime, coloured with the black oxide of iron, and in size and

appearance resembling grapes. About 100 feet from this spot stands the Holy Sepulchre, a natural chapel about twelve feet square. Then we come to Washington's Hall; it is circular, and about 100 feet in diameter. We then pass through the Snowball-room, the ceiling being studded with white nodules of gypsum resembling snowballs. We now arrive at the most interesting part of the cave, Cleveland's Cabinet. It is a perfect arch of fifty feet span, and of an average height of ten feet in the centre, extending in a direct line about two miles; it is incrusted from end to end with the most beautiful formations of every variety. The base of the whole is sulphate of lime; some of the incrustations are massive and splendid, others are delicate as the lily. The points of interest in Cleveland's Avenue are—Mary's Bower, fifteen feet in height and forty in length; the walls and ceiling are covered with rosettes of gypsum. Rosa's Bower is immediately adjoining. The Cross consists of two crevices in the ceiling intersecting each other at right angles, and covered with flowers of plaster of Paris eight feet long. The Last Rose of Summer, about eight inches in diameter, is of snowy whiteness; it rests against the ceiling in the centre of the avenue, and is a marvel of beauty. Bacchus' Glory, an alcove three feet high and five feet in length, lined with nodules of gypsum in size and form resembling grapes. St Cecilia's Grotto and Diamond Grotto came next. At the termination of Cleveland's Cabinet we arrive at the base of the Rocky Mountains, some 100 feet high, and is entirely formed of rocks that have fallen from above. On the top of it is a stalagmite two feet high and six inches in diameter, called Cleopatra's Needle. From the summit of the Rocky Mountains we look down into a gorge seventy feet deep and 100 feet wide, termed Dismal Horror. Beyond the mountain we enter Crogan's Hall, which constitutes the long route; it is about seventy feet wide and twenty feet high. We had been six hours in the cave, and were now nine miles from the entrance or mouth; in returning we were only four hours, making in all ten hours, the whole distance travelled being eighteen miles. The temperature of the cave is always the same, summer and winter, 59° F., and it is perfectly dry everywhere, with the exception of that part called the Infernal

Region, for about two miles. Our party, men and women, did their work without suffering any fatigue.

The foregoing is scarcely more than a dry statement of the dimensions of the several avenues, domes, pits, &c. &c., forming the cave. I should find it impossible to describe the wondrous beauty of it. I must not, however, omit to mention one adjunct to our visit to the cave, which few persons are so fortunate as to meet with; I allude to the exquisite music, the result of the union of a large number of good voices among the school-teachers. The boats had to make two trips in carrying us all across the Echo River, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. I was among the first carried over, and in consequence was in a position to enjoy a treat which can be had only under similar circumstances, and in the Mammoth Cave. I never in my life heard anything to equal the sweet and thrilling music that came wafted to us from the river as the boat noiselessly approached the landing where we were waiting her arrival. There was a breathless silence among my party, and they all agreed that they had never heard anything half so beautiful. The voices of the singers were echoed and re-echoed over and over again, fainter and fainter, whilst we unconsciously strained our ears and stayed our breath to catch the last dying tone. It was a treat never to be forgotten. The route we had gone over is called by the guides the Long Route, so the next day we again entered the cave at 9.30 A.M. for the purpose of exploring the Short Route. On entering, we proceeded about a mile by the same route we pursued the previous day to the Deserted Chamber; here we turned off to the right, descended a flight of steps, and entered the Labyrinth, a narrow rugged causeway. A view of Gorin's Dome is now gained through a small natural window. It is about 200 feet in height, and sixty feet across its widest part. Next came Pensacola Avenue; in height it varies from eight to sixty feet, and from thirty to a hundred in width. A number of interesting objects are passed in this avenue—the Sea-Turtle, the Wild Hall, the Snowball-arched Way, the Great Crossing, Mot's Arcade, 150 feet long, thirty wide, and sixty in height. Angelico Grotto, the ceiling and walls incrusted with crystals of carbonate of lime, is a beautiful apartment. Spark's Avenue,

three-quarters of a mile. The objects in this avenue are—Bandit's Hall, sixty feet long and forty wide; Newman's Spine, Sylvan Avenue, about 300 yards in length; the Mammoth Dome, 250 feet in height; here are five large pillars cut out of the solid rock, called the Corinthian Columns. After passing many other interesting objects, we come to the Star Chamber, sixty feet in height, seventy in width, and about 500 in length. The sights and illusions of the Star Chamber are really wonderful. The Cloud Room is a quarter of a mile in length, and in height corresponds with the Star Chamber. Next comes Proctor's Arcade, a magnificent tunnel, a hundred feet wide, forty-five high, three-quarters of a mile long; the ceiling is smooth and the walls vertical. Wright's Rotunda is now entered; it is 400 feet in its shortest diameter; the ceiling from ten to forty-five feet high, perfectly level, and looks as if it had been plastered; the irregularity of the floor causes the difference in the height. The Fox Avenue, 500 feet long. We now enter the Fairy Grotto; it contains a countless number of stalagmites, reaching from the floor to the roof at irregular distances, and of most fantastic shapes, some straight, some crooked, some large and hollow, forming irregularly-fluted columns. What is called the Chief City is beyond the Rocky Pass, about 200 feet in diameter and forty in height. The floor in parts is covered with piles of rock, presenting the ruins of an ancient city. We now passed to the Temple, a vault covering an area of two acres, covered by a single dome of solid rock 120 feet high. From the Chief City to the end of the main cave is three miles. The main cave is terminated abruptly by rocks that have fallen from above. Retracing our steps, we enter the Gothic Arcade; two mummies, an Indian woman and child, were found in this grotto, sitting in an upright position in a niche in the wall. The Gothic Arcade is about forty feet wide, fifteen high, and two miles long; the ceiling is smooth and white, as if it had been carefully plastered. We now take in succession the Register Room and the Gothic Chapel; the former is 300 feet long, forty wide, and eight to sixteen in height; the ceiling is white and smooth. In the chapel are huge masses of stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Vulcan's Smithy follows, a room the floor of which is

strewed with stalagmitic nodules coloured with black oxide of iron, resembling the cinders of a blacksmith's forge. The Devil's Armchair is an object of interest; it is told that Jenny Lind rested in this chair on her visit to this cave. The Elephant's Head is a large stalagmite projecting from the wall. A rock projecting sixteen feet over a pit seventy feet deep is called the Lover's Leap. We now enter Elbow Crevice; the avenue is three to five feet wide, fifty feet high, and twenty in length. It is another Fat Man's Misery. Gateswood Dining-Table and Napoleon's Dome come next; this latter is fifty feet high and from twenty to thirty feet broad. Lake Purity is right under Vulcan's Smithy. The Gothic Arcade terminates half a mile beyond Lake Purity in a dome and small cascade. This was the end of our Short-Route exploration, perhaps five miles from the entrance of the cave. We now retraced our steps, and it was three o'clock when we returned to the open air, having been in the cave six hours.

Small eyeless fish, never above eight inches in length, and small cray-fish, also eyeless, are found in Echo River. Mute crickets, lizards, and a peculiar kind of rat, are met with in the cave, as are also bats in the winter season. On our first day's exploration we had a band with us, and some dancing took place in the cave. The ladies were so little fatigued by their explorations, that on both occasions they had a dance at the hotel after coming from the cave. Yesterday, on our way to take the train for Louisville at Glasgow Junction, we visited Proctor's Cave, situated four miles from the station. About three miles of this cave are open to the public. The stalactitic formations in it are very beautiful, and in endless variety. Mr Proctor told me that there were already known to the guides in the Mammoth Cave passages measuring together 250 miles. He had himself, he told me, travelled over seventy-five miles in this cave.

On reaching Louisville on the 3d, we saw the last of our pleasant companions. They took the boat on the Ohio for Cincinnati; we went to the Galt Hotel, and the next morning took the train for Chicago, where we arrived in fourteen and a half hours; and here we are at the Sherman

Hotel, in hopes of leaving at 10 A.M. on the 5th for San Francisco.

10*th*, *Salt Lake City*.—Chicago, which thirty-seven years ago contained only 400 inhabitants, including employés of the State Government and the military, now reckons 300,000 inhabitants, and is, I should say, one of the best-built cities of the Union. The streets are wide, and all at right angles, and many of them well paved. There are two public parks —one, Lincoln's Park, is prettily laid out, and neatly kept. As for churches, they are literally crowded together, and vie with each other in the costliness of their construction. I visited one of the large elevators. The proprietor told me they could take in in twelve hours 150,000 bushels of grain, and deliver or put on board ship 250,000 bushels; and all this work is accomplished by simple machinery, with the help of some half-dozen men. They weigh 800 bushels corn at a time by steelyards. The building is a great mass of wood and wooden shooting six stories high. There was no work going on in the killing and curing establishment, the weather being too warm for the performance of such an operation. What with the 4th July and the Sunday intervening, we could not manage to get away from Chicago until 10.30 on the morning of the 6th. We arrived at Ogden on the 9th, and two hours afterwards we were at Salt Lake City.

From Chicago to Omaha (492 miles) we rode in one of Pullman's sleeping-cars, and at Omaha we changed into one of Pullman's drawing-room sleeping-cars, with a dining-room and kitchen-car attached; so that from Omaha to Ogden we ate, drank, and slept "on board" the train. These two cars were handsomely fitted up, and extra strong in construction, the drawing-car having cost £5000, and the dining-room car nearly £4000. In the former twenty-four beds were made up, and there was a piano; in the latter, twenty-four persons dined. The whole affair was very complete and comfortable. Omaha stands on the Missouri river, 966 feet above the sea, and it may be said that up to Sherman, the highest point on the line (8242 feet), the rise is gradual all the way, the distance being 549 miles. All the way from Omaha to Wahaatch, a distance of 966 miles, with the exception of

some few points before coming to Wahaatch, the country is flat and uninteresting, though, to be sure, we had a glimpse of the Rocky Mountains in the distance, with here and there a patch of snow upon them; but from Wahaatch to Devil's Gate (fifty-three miles) the line runs through a narrow valley, with a river (the Weber) in all its course, with high picturesque hills and overhanging sandstone cliffs on both sides the whole way. Between Echo and Weber stations we passed a pretty large fir-tree standing alone, 1000 miles from Omaha, and called the Thousand-mile Tree. From Devil's Gate to Ogden (fifteen miles) there is a fall of 500 feet, and at Ogden the height above the sea is only 4340 feet, the distance from Omaha being 1032 miles, and from San Francisco 882 miles. Hitherto, on the main line, we have been travelling on the Union Pacific Railroad. At Ogden commences the Central Pacific Railroad, and extends as far as Sacramento, 138 miles from San Francisco; and over this latter distance the line is called the Western Pacific Railroad. We went this morning to the Old Tabernacle, a building in which between three to four thousand persons might find seats. We heard two Mormons, Bishop Rollo and Mr Carrington, preach—nothing very striking in either of them. The latter had lately returned from a mission to Europe; he abused the French people in unmeasured terms, and was not at all complimentary to any of the European peoples. In our cathedral towns, he said, great darkness prevailed, but still he had some hope that the deluded inhabitants might yet be brought to see the light, for some very zealous men were working hard there in the cause of truth. He supported the doctrine of a plurality of wives by a novel argument. He said, where there was one good Latter-day Saint among the men, there were many among the women; and as these were the only people that should marry, a great many women who deserve to have husbands would have to do without them unless a man was permitted to have more wives than one. A man, he said, did not necessarily take to himself more than one wife; he himself, he said, had been permitted by President Brigham Young to take a wife in Europe (he had already one wife), but he had not done so. Perhaps, he said, as he was an elderly man, that might have had something to

do with his determination to content himself with the one he had. The women part of the congregation tittered at this declaration, and I daresay the preacher was not far out in the conclusion he had come to. He was a fluent speaker, but assumed a good deal upon which to rest his arguments. In the afternoon we went to the New Tabernacle, a building erected four years ago, and capable of seating 13,000 people, we were told. Here we heard Elder Pratt, one of the Mormon great guns, who gave us the history of Mormonism, its commencement and its rise, and told us how it had suffered persecution at the hands of the Gentiles. In 1827, I think he said, it was that Joe Smith found the brass tablets with the written law engraved on them in a language which he only had the power of interpreting. It was not, he said, until 1830 that a translation of this written law was published, and at that time there were but half-a-dozen persons who supported the new creed. The number of converts increased, and when they were driven out of Illinois in 1847, the first batch of pioneers who accompanied Brigham Young to Salt Lake Valley numbered 147 persons, but they were soon followed by 100 more. Now their numbers in the territory of Utah alone reached 125,000! What stronger proof could be required of the truth of the doctrine held by the Latter-day Saints than this unparalleled success in the teeth of constant persecution? In support of the practice of a plurality of wives, he quoted extensively from the Bible to show that in olden times the practice had always existed among God's people; and he stated that the early Christians had been led away from the practice by following the forms of the Greeks and Romans of only taking one wife; but there was no warrant in Scripture for such a practice. He supported his argument by stating that in the census of the United States, taken in 1860, it was shown that Massachusetts contained 35,000 females between fifteen and thirty years of age beyond the number of males; New York, 61,000; and Pennsylvania, 30,000 more. If each man was only to take one wife, all these females of marriageable age must live and die in single blessedness. Could God ever have intended this? No. His commands were to go forth, increase, and multiply, and people the whole earth. How

could this be accomplished unless a plurality of wives were permitted? They were now threatened by the United States Government with pains and penalties if they did not abandon the practice of a plurality of wives. They were ready to suffer for the truth; they were supported by God, and they had no fears for the result of the conflict. Elder Pratt is a man bordering on seventy, and has the exterior of a hard-headed Scotchman; and I am told there are many Scotchmen among the Mormons. The service in both tabernacles commenced with prayer, then came a hymn, and the discourse or lecture followed, the service closing with prayer. Iced water was freely handed round among saints and Gentiles during the service. In the large tabernacle at afternoon service large piles of bread, covered up with napkins on the altar, at the commencement of the service, were uncovered, and broken into small pieces by half-a-dozen of the elders, put into handsome silver baskets, and handed round to the saints. This, I suppose, is called administering the Sacrament. On a raised dais or platform behind, and extending away on each side of the altar, were seated the elders, some of them in their shirt-sleeves, and numbering perhaps fifty or sixty. A very fine organ, forty-eight feet high, built in the tabernacle, stands behind the altar. The congregation was seated upon raised benches in the body of the building and in the gallery, which extends all along both sides and round one end. The ceiling, starting from the floor in the shape of a half circle, is without any support in the centre. I was told it was wholly of wood, tied together, and was seven feet in thickness and forty feet high. There is no ornamentation whatever in the building. Besides these two tabernacles there are many other places of worship, Episcopalian, Methodist, &c., in Salt Lake City; and within the square, enclosing an eighth of a mile in extent, in which the two tabernacles stand, Brigham is now building a massive temple of grey granite, 187 feet by ninety, which, if ever completed, will be a handsome structure.

The city is located in the Salt Lake Valley, some fifteen miles from the lake, which is a hundred miles long and forty-five miles broad. The streets are some 140 feet wide, and intersect each other at right angles, and have a plentiful supply

of water coming from the hills, running through most of them. Every house has a garden attached to it, and trees are plentifully mixed up with the buildings, principally of brick, and placed some with their fronts to the street, some with the gables, some close to the boundary of the street, others standing back many yards; in fact, there is throughout a perfect irregularity in the buildings, which is really charming. Brigham's house is a handsome building, with a spread eagle over the entrance gateway, and a beehive conspicuously placed on the summit of the roof, typifying industry. The city contains 25,000 inhabitants. The Jordan river takes its rise in Utah Lake, about thirty-five miles from the city, and passes within a mile of it. In its course it receives many tributary streams from the hills, and empties itself into the Salt Lake. It is a considerable stream of water, probably of an average breadth, where it passes the city, of 150 feet. Like its namesake in Palestine, it empties into a lake so salt that no fish can live in it, holding as it does in solution twenty-five per cent. of common salt. They say that the Salt Lake has undergone a permanent rise of ten feet within the last thirty years, which would seem to show that the fresh water that flows into it more than makes up for the waste caused by evaporation.

11*th*.—I had a good view of the city and the whole valley this morning from the roof of the New Tabernacle, which I was permitted to ascend through the kindness of a man in authority, an Englishman, who had been with the English army in Egypt. Hills encompass the city in three-fourths of its extent. They are at various distances, and the highest is 11,000 and odd feet above the sea. The city itself is about 4500 feet above the sea. The appearance of the valley put me in mind of the valley in which Damascus is situated, when entered by coming over the hills from the north; and it will be more like it still when the trees the Mormons have abundantly planted in it have attained a larger growth. Accompanied by some friends from the Townsend Hotel, I visited this morning His Excellency Brigham Young, who received us very courteously. He is in stature rather short, of a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and hardly looks sixty years of age, though in reality he is in his seventieth year. We also saw at the same time

George Smith, a cousin of the prophet. Our visit was cut short by the arrival of a dozen pretty American girls, who came to satisfy their curiosity by making the acquaintance of the great polygamist!

At 2.45 P.M. yesterday we left Salt Lake City, and at 8.30 this morning, the 12th, arrived here at Elko, where we have to wait until 5 P.M. to take the stage for the White Pine District, on our visit to the mines, distant about 120 miles.

14*th*, *Hamilton City*, *White Pine*.—At 5 P.M. on the 12th we took our seats in the stage at Elko for this mining district, an old-fashioned coach on leather springs, gaily painted, holding nine inside, though we were but six, drawn by six good-looking horses, and driven by an American. After one or two stoppages to pick up parcels, we got fairly off. Our fellow-passengers were three Germans and an Irishman. On leaving Elko we must have ascended pretty quickly 1500 feet. Afterwards the road was up and down all the way until we approached Hamilton, when, for the last hour, there was a considerable and constant ascent. Hamilton is nearly 8000 feet above the sea, and Treasure City, one and a half miles distant, and around which the principal silver mines are clustered, stands 1600 feet higher. Elko, whence we have come, is 5030 feet above the sea. We were twenty-one hours on the road, and changed horses ten times. On the whole route there is nothing to be seen but brush, sage everywhere covering the ground, the whole road very dusty. We had supper and breakfast at two of the stations, very well served up. Five Indians, armed with bows and arrows, crossed our track; but in this neighbourhood the Indians, I believe, are all friendly. We had one break-down which detained us half an hour. The road is rough, but nowhere dangerous. This mining district was only discovered a little more than a year ago, and there are already two cities of wooden houses, containing about 6000 inhabitants, and the mines are yielding silver ore of the value of 200,000 dollars a month, principally chloride-silver and argentiferous galena. The principal part of the galena is smelted here, and transmitted to New York and to Swansea in the shape of pig-lead. The free ores (the chlorides) are all, I believe,

crushed here, and the silver extracted by the quicksilver of amalgamation process. There are numerous smelting establishments and crushing-mills erected that do this work on toll, but the principal mines have their own particular mills. In bar-silver, the monthly produce, some 175,000 dollars, is sent to San Francisco and New York.

15*th.*—Under the guidance of Mr Benjamin, who has the control and management of the South Aurora Mine, situated at Treasure Hill, between the Eberhardt and the North Aurora Mine, we yesterday proceeded to Treasure Hill, and spent pretty nearly the whole day in visiting the work going on in the South Aurora and at the mill appertaining thereto, distant from the mine four miles, down a descent of two thousand feet, but as the crow flies only one and a half miles off, and in looking at the Eberhardt and North Aurora Mines, lately purchased by a company in London, but in which all work is at present suspended. In the South Aurora Mine the lode is of "any" width, and the work we saw going on there was simply quarrying, digging out big pockets of ore, and they have nowhere yet gone deeper than forty feet. They may go 2000 feet without risk of the mine being drowned. There are seventy miners at work, each earning five dollars a day, and they take out on an average forty-two tons ore daily, which is carried to the mill in "prairie schooners," or huge waggons drawn by mules and oxen. The ores vary, they tell me, from forty dollars up to 1600 dollars a ton, but the ordinary yield is sixty dollars a ton: the lode runs north and south, and the quantity of ore in sight is large. The whole forty-two tons ore is crushed at the mill day by day, and the silver produced is every other day run into bars, and sent off to San Francisco. We saw yesterday two bars sent off together, value 3500 dollars. The average yield of the mine at present, they say, is 65,000 dollars a month, of which, I am told, 40,000 dollars a month is profit. As the workings get deeper, short tunnels are driven in to meet them, and the ore is put into small cars and carried out on a tramway, and there put into the waggons for conveyance to the mill. The whole cost of mining the ore (blasting principally) is covered, it is said, by twenty dollars a ton. When we had finished at the mine, we proceeded to the mill, over a good road, a

distance of four miles. We passed on the way two waggons drawn by ten yoke of oxen and twenty mules, laden with fifty-four tons ore. The mill is what is called a dry mill, that is, the ore is crushed dry, and passes in that state through sieves or screens so fine that it comes through in an almost impalpable powder; it is then shovelled into large tubs filled with water; a jet of steam is introduced into each tub, and the whole is kept in motion by a 150-horse steam-engine until the quicksilver which has been introduced into the tubs becomes thoroughly amalgamated with the silver contained in the ore, when it finds its way into the lower part of the mill. Every two days' milling, after the quicksilver has been driven off in a retort, is melted into bars and sent off, as before stated, for San Francisco. The quicksilver costs here seventy-five dollars a quintal. The waterworks at Hamilton have been executed at a cost of 275,000 dollars; and the monthly cost of pumping by steam is 50,000 dollars; they supply the town and some of the mines with water. These waterworks do credit to the Hamiltonians, inasmuch as the place is hardly a year old yet. From the South Aurora Mine we went into the Eberhardt Mine; doubtless a good deal of fair ore has been extracted, but whether or not, on being re-opened, much rich ore will be found, is a question to be settled hereafter. The North Aurora Mine, which joins on to the South Aurora Mine, we merely looked into from the latter, from one of the workings we visited. Both mines are upon the same lode, as is the Eberhardt also. The Eberhardt and the North Aurora now belong to an English company, and have just been taken over by their agent.

July 28th, at Calaveras.—Big trees.—On the 15th we left the White Pine District, and after travelling all night with a drunken cheap-jack in the coach, who had been found such a nuisance at Hamilton that a subscription was raised to send him away, we reached Elko in nineteen hours, a distance of 120 miles, and in the evening took the train for San Francisco. Next morning we arrived at Sacramento. We got out here, and remained over Sunday, proceeding on Monday morning to San Francisco, where we put up at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. The next day we left San Francisco by rail for Stockton, on our way to the Yosemite valley, and to the

big trees. From Stockton, where the rail ends, the journey to the valley is accomplished by coach and on horseback.

We visited the Mariposa grove of big trees on the 22d, and on the 28th we reached the Yosemite valley, stopping on the way at the Great Dome which overlooks the Yosemite and the glacier rocks, from which a fine view is obtained right down into the valley. The view from the top of the Great Dome extends over a large extent of country, and is quite panoramic.

"The Yosemite valley is situated a little south of east from San Francisco, and is distant from that city 155 miles in a direct line, but by either of the routes usually travelled it is nearly 250 miles. The principal features of the Yosemite valley, and those by which it is distinguished from all other known valleys are—first, the near approach to verticality of its walls; second, their great height, not only absolutely, but as compared with the width of the valley itself; and finally, the very small amount of talus or debris at the base of these gigantic cliffs. These are the great characteristics of the Yosemite throughout its whole length; but besides these, there are many other striking peculiarities and features, both of sublimity and beauty, which can hardly be surpassed, if equalled, by those of any mountain valley in the world. Either the domes or the waterfalls of the Yosemite, or any single one of them, would be sufficient in any European country to attract travellers from far and wide in all directions. Waterfalls in the vicinity of the Yosemite, surpassing in beauty many of those best known and most visited in Europe, are actually left entirely unnoticed by travellers because there are so many other objects of interest to be visited, that it is impossible to find time for them all.

"In descending the Mariposa trail, a steep incline of 2973 feet down to the bottom of the valley, the traveller has presented to him a succession of views all of which range over the whole extent of the principal valley, revealing its dominant features, while at each new point of view he is brought nearer, and as it were more face to face with these gigantic objects. The principal points seen present themselves as follows:—On the left is El Capitan; on the right the Bridal Veil Fall, coming down behind the Cathedral Rocks; and

in the centre the view of the valley, and beyond into the cañon of the Tenaza fork of the Merced. The point of the Half Dome is just visible over the ridge of which Sentinel Rock forms a part; and beyond it, in the farthest distance, Cloud's Rest is seen. A general idea of the valley can be well obtained from this point and in one view; but as we ride up between the walls, new objects are constantly becoming visible, which at the lower end were entirely concealed. Of the cliffs around the valley, El Capitan and the Half Dome are the most striking; the latter is the higher, but it would be difficult to say which conveys to the mind the most decided impression of massiveness and grandeur. El Capitan is an immense block of granite projecting squarely into the valley, and presenting an almost vertical sharp edge 3300 feet in elevation. The sides or walls of the mass are bare, smooth, and entirely destitute of vegetation; it is almost impossible for the observer to comprehend the enormous dimensions of this rock, which in clear weather can be distinctly seen from the San Joaquin plains, a distance of some fifty or sixty miles. Nothing, however, so helps to a realisation of the magnitude of these masses about the Yosemite as climbing around and among them. Let the visitor begin to ascend the pile of debris which lies at the base of El Capitan, and he will soon find his ideas enlarged on the point in question, and yet these debris piles along the cliffs, and especially under El Capitan, are of insignificant size compared with the dimensions of the solid rock itself. They are hardly noticeable in taking a general view of the valley. El Capitan imposes on us by its stupendous bulk, which seems as if thrown from the mountain on purpose to stand as the type of eternal massiveness. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world there is presented so squarely cut, so lofty, and so imposing a face of rocks. On the other side of the valley we have the Bridal Veil Fall, unquestionably one of the most beautiful objects in the Yosemite; it is formed by the creek of the same name, which rises a few miles east of Empire Camp, runs through the meadows of West Falls, and it is finally precipitated over the cliffs on the west side of Cathedral Rock into the Yosemite in one leap of 630 feet perpendicular. The water here strikes on a sloping pile of

debris, down which it rushes in a series of cascades for a perpendicular distance of 300 feet more, the total height of the edge of the fall above the meadow at its base being 900 feet. The effect of the fall everywhere seen from this valley is as if it were 900 feet in vertical height, its base being concealed by the trees which surround it. The quantity of water in the Bridal Veil Fall varies greatly with the season; in May and June the amount is generally at its maximum, and it generally decreases as the summer advances; the effect, however, is finest when the body of water is not too heavy, since then the swaying from side to side, and the waving under the varied pressure of the wind as it strikes the long column of water, is more marked. As seen from a distance, at such times, it seems to flutter like a white veil, producing an indescribably beautiful effect. The name Bridal Veil is poetical, but strictly appropriate. The stream which supplies this fall heads low down in the Sierra, far below the region of eternal snows; hence, as summer advances, the supply of water is rapidly diminished, and by the middle or end of July there is only a small streamlet trickling down the vertical face of the rocks, over which it is precipitated in a bold curve when the quantity of water is larger. At the highest stage the stream divides into a dozen streamlets at the base of the fall, several of which are only just fordable on horseback. The Virgin's Tears Creek, on the other side of the valley, and directly opposite the Bridal Veil, makes also a fine fall, over a thousand feet high, included in a deep recess of the rocks near the lower corner of El Capitan. This is a magnificent fall as long as it lasts, but the stream which produces it dries up early in the season. In quantity of water, elevation, and general effect, this fall, hardly spoken of at the Yosemite, among so many grander ones, is far superior to the celebrated Shubback in Switzerland.

"Proceeding up the valley, we find on the same side as the Bridal Veil the prominent and massive sculptured pile of granite to which the name of the Cathedral Rock has been given. The Merced river occupies the foreground; the trees on the middle ground are pitch-pines, from 125 to 150 feet high; and those which seem to fringe the summit of

the Cathedral Rock like small bushes, are in reality firs and pines as tall as those in the valley, or even taller. Cathedral Rock is not so high nor so massive as El Capitan, nor are its sides quite as vertical. The summit is 2260 feet above the valley. Just beyond Cathedral Rock, on the same side, are the graceful pinnacles of rock called The Spires. These spires are isolated columns of granite, at least 500 feet high, standing out from, but connected at the base with, the walls of the valley. They are kept in obscurity, or brought out into wonderful relief, according to the different way the light or shadow falls upon them. The whole side of the valley along this part of it is fantastically but exquisitely carved out into forms of gigantic proportions, which anywhere else except in the Yosemite valley would be considered as objects of the greatest interest. From one point of view, these spires appear symmetrical, of equal height, squarely cut, and rising above the edge of the cliff behind, exactly like two towers of a Gothic cathedral. The next prominent object in going up the valley is the triple group of rocks known as the Three Brothers. These rise in steps one behind the other, the highest being 3830 feet above the valley. From the summit of this there is a superb view of the valley and its surroundings. The peculiar outline of these rocks, as seen from below, resembling three frogs sitting with their heads turned in one direction, is supposed to have suggested the Indian name 'Pompomposus'—which means, we are informed, leaping-frog rocks.

"Nearly opposite the Three Brothers is a point of rocks projecting into the valley, the termination of which is a slender mass of granite. This is called the Sentinel, 3043 feet above the valley, and is one of the grandest masses of rock in the Yosemite.

"From near the foot of Sentinel Rock, looking directly across the valley, we have before us one of the most attractive features of the Yosemite—namely, the Yosemite Fall, the vertical height above the valley being about 2600 feet.

"Next is the North Dome, rising to 3508 feet above the valley.

"The Half Dome on the opposite side of the Tenaya cañon is the loftiest and most imposing mass in the valley. It is

not so high as Cloud's Rest, but the latter seems rather to belong to the Sierra than to the Yosemite. It is a crest of granite, rising to the height of 4737 feet above the valley.

"Farther up the cañon of the Tenaya is the beautiful little Mirror Lake, an expansion of the Tenaya fork. It is frequently visited, and best early in the morning, for the purpose of getting the reflection from its unruffled surface of a noble overhanging mass of rock to which the name of Mount Watkins has been given.

"Farther up the Tenaya fork, on the right, is Cloud's Rest. The height has never been measured, but is probably 1000 feet higher than the Half Dome, or nearly 10,000 feet above sea-level.

"The Vernal Fall comes next, and afterwards the Nevada Fall, perhaps one of the grandest waterfalls in the world, whether we consider its vertical height, the purity and volume of the river which forms it, or the stupendous scenery by which it is environed.

"There are altogether 1141 acres of land in the valley proper, of which 745 are meadow, and the remainder a sandy soil a little more elevated, partly covered with a sparse growth of forest trees, and partly with pertinacious ferns. The elevation of the bottom of the valley above sea-level is in round numbers 4000 feet."

Calaveras.—I have spent all this morning (July 25th) wandering about in the forest among the big trees. The weather is delightful, with the temperature in the shade about 75°. The hotel is in the midst of the forest, I might almost say; for even the few cleared acres in its front are well studded with trees, pines principally, running up from 100 to 200 feet in height, the big trees around, all within half an hour's stroll of the house. There are in all, they tell me, ninety-three trees, from ten years' growth and upwards. In fact, you find the big trees here in all stages. There are the buried trees, brought to light occasionally by accident, which may have fallen thousands of years ago, and which are still found to be sound; there are some lying on the ground, which must have fallen hundreds of years ago, for other trees of the pitch-pine and the sugar-pine species of a hundred years' growth or more have grown up where some of these big

trees, now partly destroyed, must have covered the ground when they fell. There are many monsters partly destroyed by fire lying about; one of them—the father of the forest—measures 112 feet at the base, and can be traced 300 feet, where it seems to have been broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and might be fairly put down as having reached 450 feet in height. It is hollow, burnt out for a distance of 200 feet, for a great part of which two men on horseback may ride abreast. Then, again, you have some that have fallen of late years, which are being sawn into lengths of about seven feet, and then split up into pieces four to six inches thick, to be used as posts. This wood is said to be very durable; it is heavy, and full of sap when first cut up, but in time, when the sap has drained out of it, it becomes extremely light. The sap runs from it when fresh cut, like so much wine, and the wood has then a yellowish appearance, but loses it with the loss of sap and exposure to the action of the atmosphere, and then becomes red. Next you have the upstanding trees, the larger number averaging from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, and from 250 to 300 feet in height. After these come the giants of the forest, still in full vigour, though some of them have been partially burnt about the trunk. All these measure upwards of fifteen feet in diameter, eight or ten feet from the ground, and one I measured was twenty-one feet in diameter at that height from the ground. I think the largest standing sequoia in the forest—for it stands up still—is the tree that furnished the bark for the Sydenham Crystal Palace. It has been stripped to the height of 116 feet. Near the top a small green tree is seen, which has taken root in the body of the big tree, and seems bent (so vigorously it grows) upon coming to something. This bare tree is 327 feet high. I measured it round about ten feet from the ground, and found it to be sixty-one feet in circumference; and, with the bark on, it must have been twenty-three to twenty-four feet in diameter. This tree is called The Mother. Many, indeed all the larger trees, have been named. In 1853, one of the largest trees in the grove was cut down. It took five men twenty-five days to fell it. They worked with augers. The stump of this tree has been smoothed off, and a

room built over it, the tree forming the floor, on which thirty-two couple of dancers may find room. I found it to be, across the floor, nearly twenty-five feet in diameter, so that, with the bark on, this tree must have measured twenty-eight feet. In one tree now being sawn up, the bark is found enclosed in more than one place; and in one instance, a squirrel's nest was overtaken by the rapid growth of the tree, and enclosed well inside the bark. Where they are now sawing this tree, it is eight feet in diameter, and the centre of the concentric rings is only two feet from one edge, whilst it is six feet from the opposite edge. This peculiarity is accounted for by the fact of another tree having grown up very close to this one, and probably impeded the growth of this tree on one side. One hardly realises the full size of these big trees whilst they are standing; it is only when stretched upon the ground that one becomes impressed by their monstrous dimensions. The pines and the cedars growing round about the big trees are also very large, the former often attaining nine to ten feet in diameter and 200 feet in height. They are beautiful trees these growing pines, so clean in their growth, and as straight as an arrow.

Another grove of big trees, about seven miles from Calaveras, has hardly yet been explored. On the morning of 29th July I started with my landlord, Mr Perry, to pay it a visit. The road or trail is through forest all the way, over hill and dale. About half way we came to the river St Stanislaus, which we crossed on a bridge that had just been thrown over it. Clouds of dust ahead in the distance told us there was a stir among a flock of sheep (3300) which we knew had passed that way a day or two before, and we soon found ourselves in their midst. We then learned that a grisly bear had got in among the flock the night before, had eaten one sheep, pretty well "chawed up" three or four others, and had scattered the flock far and wide throughout the forest. When we came upon them, they were being gathered together from all points, and they kicked up, consequently, a considerable dust. This flock of sheep belongs to a Mrs Parker, a widow, who travels with the flock, accompanied by half-a-dozen children, from four to fourteen years of age. She is English, and came over young to California a few years ago

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from Australia, and married a Californian. She is still young and good-looking, rides the wildest of Californian horses, and manages her flock of sheep with much success. She brings them up into this wild region in summer; and when winter approaches, carries them back again to the plains in the neighbourhood of Stockton. In California they shear their sheep in early spring, and again in the autumn, and it seems to pay them to do so. A ride of three miles, after we got clear of the sheep and the dust, over a good trail, brought us to a small log-hut, occupied by Mr Smith, a man employed by Mr Perry to cut trails in the forest in the direction of the groups of big trees (for they are generally found in little groups), that they might be accessible to visitors. Mr Smith, as he was so introduced to me, is by trade a hunter, a tall bony American pioneer. He told me he was a month or two at a time frequently in this forest without seeing a human being, his only companion a dog. Guided by Mr Smith, we started to look at some of the big trees, of which they say there are some 1400 in the forest. In the Mariposa grove there are about 600; in the Calaveras, only ninety-three. This forest may be truly called primeval, the hand of man has done nothing here yet beyond "blazing," as they call it here, that is, chipping off a little bark from the trees in the line of trail proposed to be made, to guide the trail-maker in his work. Not a single tree has been cut down, and, notwithstanding, in the whole forest the ground is everywhere cumbered by trees of monstrous growth lying about. The sequoia is not the only big tree here; the sugar-pine and the pitch-pine, with many others, attain to great dimensions, the former in thousands averaging from five to seven feet in diameter, and from 150 to 200 feet in height, and many attain a diameter of from ten to twelve feet. Thousands of these trees, and of the sequoia also, are lying about in all directions, and in every stage of decay, the result of the work of ages; and there can be no doubt that layer upon layer of these monstrous trees lie buried beneath the soil, which has been accumulating silently in this forest for perhaps thousands of thousands of years. It is not until a tree is down, stretched on the ground, that you become sensible of its dimensions; and it is when you thus see

them that the sequoia seems of marvellous dimensions. We climbed up and walked over several of these monsters; it was always a difficult matter to climb up these huge prostrate bodies, and on one occasion we had to search for some time before we found a place that admitted of a safe descent. There is one fallen monster out of which the heart was burnt some three or four years ago, and you may now walk through it for about 150 feet, and in a great part of that distance there is room for three horsemen to ride abreast. Certainly the largest trees that I saw are some of those that are upon the ground, and which it was impossible to measure with any accuracy. I measured three of the standing trees from the ground somewhere between five and eight feet, and found them to be from sixty-six to sixty-eight feet in circumference; and one tree standing, but quite dead and barkless, measured sixty-eight feet in circumference at five feet from the ground. The fallen trees had frequently a crop of young sequoias growing upon them, the seed having taken root in the bark of the big tree. Very few of these big trees exist that have not suffered more or less from fire, and in many of them the trunk is burnt out hollow to the height of twelve to twenty feet, forming a space for three or four horsemen to take shelter, and they are still growing vigorously. Mr Smith has turned one of these burnt-out trees into a cabin, and a very spacious cabin it makes. A year or two ago some oxen died in the forest, and the carcase of one of them was afterwards found in the hollow of one of these big trees. The sequoia carries its size well up towards the top; they have most of them—that is, the giants of the forest—apparently lost their tops, and have therefore a flattened appearance, and in this way may be distinguished from the surrounding trees before anything but their top is seen. The theory is, that after losing their tops, the growth of these trees has gone wholly to swell the trunks. The Mariposa grove of big trees is situated about sixteen miles from the lower hotel south of it, in the Yosemite valley, and some five or six miles from Clark's Ranch, and at an elevation of 5500 feet above sea-level. It contains some 600 trees; the largest in the grove is called the Grisly Giant, which I measured, and found it to be ninety-nine feet in circumference close to the ground,

and sixty-five feet (I leave out inches) at eleven feet above the ground. This tree is much injured by fire, and no doubt somewhat thereby decreased in size, for which no allowance has been made in the measurement. The highest tree in the Mariposa grove is 272 feet; the highest in the Calaveras is 325 feet. The principal trees associated with the big trees in all the groves I visited, and which, indeed, are the only groves known, are the pitch-pine and the sugar-pine, the Douglas spruce and the bastard cedar; this latter very much resembles the big tree in its bark and general appearance. I was told by Mr Smith that he thought the average thickness of the bark on the sequoia was about six inches, but I have seen a piece from a tree in the upper Mariposa grove twenty-four inches in thickness. There is an absence in all the groves of a regular and gradually increasing size in the big trees. There are the big trees, perhaps of from 500 to 3000 years' growth; and there are the young trees, of from one to ten years' growth; but I saw very few even of the latter, that is, of about ten years' growth. How is this? Why, I should say, because the periodical fires that have taken place in these forests—for the signs of them in the ravages they have made are patent everywhere—must have destroyed them. Then how is it that the existing huge *Sequoia gigantea* has been permitted to attain its enormous dimensions? Why were they not burnt whilst young in their growth? Could it have been that man did not exist in these forests in the earlier days of the big trees? that there was no human being to light a fire there? Or was it that the ground was unincumbered with fuel, that is, with brushwood and dead trees, and consequently no extensive fire could at that time happen? Now the whole forests are covered with wholly-burnt, half-burnt, or merely scorched logs, and with such materials for feeding fires it seems almost impossible that many, if any, of the young trees now growing can sooner or later escape destruction. There is hardly a big tree in these forests that is not more or less injured by fire.

The rings of annual growth of the big tree at the Calaveras, over which a room has been built, counted by Professor Whitney where the tree was cut in two about forty feet from

the ground as the tree originally stood, showed it to be 1255 years old. Measuring at the same time the width of each set of a hundred rings, beginning at the exterior, the result was as follows :—

First hundred,	3·0 inches.	Ninth hundred,	7·3 inches.
Second „	3·7 „	Tenth „	7·9 „
Third „	4·1 „	Eleventh „	10·1 „
Fourth „	3·9 „	Twelfth „	13·0 „
Fifth „	4·1 „	55 years,	9·4 „
Sixth „	4·1 „		
Seventh „	4·6 „	1255 years.	80·0 „
Eighth „	5·6 „		

The Calaveras grove of big trees is 4759 feet above sea-level, and the south grove about 400 feet higher. The Mariposa grove, 5500 feet.

On the 30th July I returned to San Francisco, having been absent in the Yosemite valley and among the big trees for eleven days.

August 4th.—I visited the Californian geysers. To get there, we took a boat to Vallejo, twenty-five miles; thence we went on the Napa Valley Railroad for Calistoga forty-four miles, and there we slept. In the morning we took Foss's stage, and proceeded to the geysers, twenty-eight miles. Vallejo is situated in the bay of San Francisco. The United States Navy Yard is there. From thence to Calistoga the line runs through the Napa valley, highly cultivated and rich soil, the ride very pretty; some moderately high hills, not very far apart, enclosing the valley, as it were, in its full extent. The town, through which the line runs, is a remarkably pretty place, composed mostly of houses with large gardens or vineyards attached. Many of the wealthy Californians, I am told, are making this valley their country residence. The crops of grain were all gathered in when we passed through, and in more than one field we saw the threshing-machine at work, and the grain sacked up in others ready for removal to market. The valley is well studded with oak-trees and fruit-trees also. The river Napa runs through it. On starting from Calistoga, the drive for eleven miles is through a continuation of the Napa valley. This first stage towards the geysers we were driven by Mr Foss, with six horses attached to a *char-à-banc*, holding nine

persons including the driver; the rest of the route we proceeded in a four-horse *char-à-banc*, driven by one of Foss's coachmen, the road leading over hill and dale until we arrived at a height of 3200 feet above sea-level, and 2700 feet above Calistoga; we then began to descend until we arrived at the hotel close to the geysers, 1800 feet above sea-level. The first part of the road after leaving Calistoga was well studded with oak, having the appearance in many places of English park scenery. As we got higher, we found ourselves among pines, firs, maple, and for a great many miles the land on both sides was covered with a good growth of wild oats. We occasionally met with some pretty points in the hilly scenery; it can hardly be called mountainous. The ground, however, almost everywhere had a scorched or dried-up appearance.

Immediately on our arrival at the hotel we started to visit the geysers, which inflicted a walk under a scorching sun of about two miles. These geysers are situated in a cañon which gradually rises in all its length of about a mile from the hotel. The hot mineral water or steam jets, strongly impregnated, some with sulphate of iron, some with Epsom salts, alum, magnesia, sulphur, and, they say, cinnabar, issue forth on both sides of the cañon, occasionally with great violence, bubbling and boiling in all directions, and sometimes attaining to a heat, we were told, of 215°. The hissing and the subterranean noises indicated a source of great heat close at hand. Over one jet of steam a whistle had been established, and the whistling was heard for a mile or two in every direction. Less than an hour brought us back to the hotel, where we lunched, and, besides a dollar for the lunch, we were each (there were seven of us) charged a dollar for our one guide—a monstrous extortion. A four hours' drive brought us back to Calistoga, where we slept, and this morning returned to San Francisco.

8*th*.—On our return from the geysers we started off to pay a visit to the quicksilver mine of New Almaden, situated sixty-five miles south of San Francisco, near the head of the valley of San José, on an eastern spur of the coast range of mountains, and at the highest point 1700 feet above sea-level. San José, one of the old Spanish missions, is now a flourishing town. It contains, they say, 10,000 inhabitants. The

quicksilver mine is the only ore of consequence in the neighbourhood, so the town depends pretty much, almost indeed wholly, for support upon the rich agricultural surroundings of the valley in which it is situated. Corn and fruit are grown extensively; the vine flourishes and is largely cultivated, and brandy and wine are both made here. The streets are laid out at right angles; they are wide and paved, and kept in very fair condition. Handsome and well-stocked shops are met with in abundance. Very few of the old adobe houses remain. It is said the original owners and inhabitants of San José and the adjoining town of Santa Clara were, in some instances, summarily dispossessed of their holdings by the go-ahead innovating people who rushed like a flood into this country in 1849.

On the 6th we started from the hotel at San José for the mine in an open vehicle drawn by two horses, for which we paid twelve dollars, distant fourteen miles. The road is good (for California) all the way, and apparently quite level for about eleven miles, to the village of New Almaden, where the reducing furnaces are situated. From the village to the mine the distance is three miles, all uphill. As we mounted we saw the truck-loads of mineral coming down the precipitous slope from the mine to the furnaces on one line of rail, and the empty trucks ascending by another placed side by side. All around about the mine the hills are studded with pretty little cottages in which the employés and miners reside. One of the foremen, against whom we stumbled on leaving our carriage, at once offered to show us something of the mine; so after providing ourselves with candles, which we carried in cleft sticks, we entered the mine through a tunnel, and after several turnings came upon a place at which two Cornish miners were at work. The vein of cinnabar could be easily traced at this point in its ramification through the limestone rock, though at present not very rich. The colour is not like some I have seen, a bright vermilion, but of a brickdusty colour, and might very well be mistaken for iron ore. I was told that the rock extracted yields at present only five per cent. of ore, and the ore about three to five per cent. of quicksilver; the statements I received on this point

were somewhat contradictory. Most of the work done at the mine is paid for by the piece; the miners get five dollars the cargo of 300 lbs. of clean ore, and earn three dollars a day. The Mexicans who break up the stone and separate the ore from it are also paid by piecework. I was told there are now 400 men employed, and that the mine does not pay expenses; the deepest workings are 400 feet. There are thirteen reducing furnaces, but only two or three working at present. The process of extracting the quicksilver from the ore is very simple. The earthy part of the ore is made into adobes or bricks, and dried in the sun; in charging the furnace, a layer of these bricks is placed on edge at the bottom of the furnace, then a thick layer of ore as it comes down from the mine is put into the furnace, followed by another layer of adobes, and so on until the furnace is quite full. The adobes are formed of the poorest part of the ore, containing one or two per cent. of quicksilver, but they are useful in creating a draught through the whole mass of ore. The furnaces or ore-chambers are of different sizes, holding from fifty to one hundred tons each. When the ore-chamber is charged, the door is securely fastened up, and a fire is lighted in an adjoining furnace, the heat entering the ore-chamber through a perforated brick wall or partition, and thus permeating the whole mass of ore and bringing it up to a red heat, at which temperature the quicksilver contained in the ore escapes in the shape of vapour, and passing outwards to the condensing-chambers through other perforated brick walls, ultimately on cooling falls in the shape of quicksilver into a trough which extends the whole length of the building, and from thence finds its way into a large circular caldron, from which it is dipped up and put into iron bottles, holding each seventy-five lbs. I was told the mine at present was producing 2000 bottles of quicksilver a month, worth forty-five dollars a bottle, and that it ought to produce 10,000 bottles before the shareholders can expect much of a dividend. There was a time when Baron Forbes & Co. took 700,000 dollars gain yearly out of this mine, and afterwards the company took, I am told, two million dollars in one year. The ore may be said to be found in pockets more than in a continuous regular

vein. Two chimneys at the extremity of the reducing works carry the sulphurous and arsenical vapours far up the hill; they are cleaned once a year, and sometimes yield as many as forty-five bottles of quicksilver. The manager at the reducing works threw a piece of iron weighing perhaps a pound into the caldron containing quicksilver, upon the surface of which it floated like a bit of cork: it was a practical way of proving how light was iron compared with quicksilver. The irrigation, I am told, in the valley of San José is carried on by means of Artesian wells, which are very numerous, the water coming up to, or near to, the surface, and sometimes rising a few feet higher. Everywhere in California, and indeed in other parts of the States also, windmills were used for pumping water from wells, both for house and irrigation purposes.

9*th*.—We visited the mint, and witnessed the operation of turning gold-dust into bars, and bars into twenty-dollar pieces. The admixture of alloy (copper) in coined money is one-tenth part of the whole. The stamping-machine turned out eighty pieces a minute—it was worked by a woman. Last year the mint turned out twenty millions of dollars' worth of coin. The present mint is a very poky little place, and quite unfit for the purpose to which it is put; a large and appropriate granite building is, however, now in course of construction.

The officers of the mint were most civil, and showed and explained everything. In the afternoon we hired a team, and our host drove us to the Cliff House, where the sea-lions, protected by Act of Congress, gambol freely and securely over the face of some rocks, situated in the Pacific a few hundred yards from the cliff upon which the Cliff House is built. I counted fifty of these animals on one rock at a time; they were howling loudly, and in constant movement, tumbling into the water and again returning to the rock, fighting or playing constantly. A few old fellows were sound asleep on the summit of one of the highest rocks. They are very large some of them, and reach, they say, 5000 lbs. in weight. A drive of three-quarters of an hour, over an excellent macadamised road, brings you to the Cliff

House from San Francisco, and after gazing at these wonderful seals for half an hour, we started along the hard sandy beach, and turned towards the city by another road which led us past the old mission church, kept in good repair, and still useful. This is almost the only relic of the former San Francisco now left.

CHAPTER X.

San Francisco to Sandwich Islands—Honolulu—Hawaii—Kanaka women—Pali precipice—Volcanic ridges—Taro and sugar plantations—No *poi*, no man—Roving missionaries—Hilo—The Duke of Edinburgh—No rum allowed to be made—One-sided laws—Coffee and silk abundant—No more sandalwood—Great decrease in population, the causes—Volcano—Kilauea Inn, the crater, description of Pele's hair—Mauna Loa—Singing birds—Description of crater, eruption of 1868—Trees—Captain Cook—Natives, their rapid decrease—Increase of foreigners, half-castes, and Chinese—Government monarchical—Taxes—Social evil—Causes of native depopulation—Natives "thoroughly demoralised"—Sad picture in 1862, worse now—Missionaries in great numbers—Natives may have been taught religion, but are not moral—Missionaries rich in lands, flocks, &c.—People in power are Americans—Revenue and expenditure.

LEFT San Francisco, in the *Ajax*, on the 11th of August, for Honolulu. This steamer is very slow, and seven knots is about what she is equal to, though the captain says we are making nine and a half knots; if so, the extra two and a half knots must be due to some occult power.

16*th*.—We have made 1132 miles since we left. Temperature, 83° in cabin; weather fine. Nothing either dead or alive in sight.

21*st*, 2 A.M.—Entered the port of Honolulu after waiting outside an hour for a pilot, so our passage from San Francisco has been nine days and a half. A quieter passage we could not have had; hardly a capful of wind the whole time; not a single squall or a drop of rain. We have experienced no trade-wind, and the pilot tells me the wind has been southernly at and about Honolulu for a week. Meteors very numerous last night.

25*th*.—I have taken my passage by the schooner *Kate Lee*, bound for Hilo, in the island of Hawaii, and we are now waiting for a breeze in order to make a start. All day yesterday and to-day the deck of the *Kate Lee* has been crowded with Kanaka women-passengers, sitting about holding umbrellas over their heads waiting patiently for the schooner to go to sea. Happily for them, these people seemed to be

blessed with any amount of patience. Seeing there was no prospect of getting away, I hired a buggy, drove up the valley, and visited the Pali, the terminus of the valley that runs up for about five miles from the town and port of Honolulu. Everybody is expected to visit the Pali, which is nothing more nor less than a precipice, the ascent to which, 600 feet, is quite gradual, and from the summit you have a view of the sea on the northern side of the island, and over and up into a valley of some extent. The valley running up from Honolulu between two volcanic ridges of hills ends at the Pali, and is there very narrow. Every part about you is rugged and volcanic, and the view over the precipice—from which runs a steep road available for horses into the valley beneath—and over the ocean, is pretty enough. Still it is not of that imposing character visitors are led to expect before they have seen it. However, it is considered the thing to be seen by persons who come to Honolulu, therefore I hired a buggy, and, much against the grain, paid five dollars for it, with permission to drive myself five miles to the Pali. For about one-half of the drive the road is lined with pretty little wooden cottages, each with its garden and small ornamental plantation, inhabited for the most part by merchants and missionaries, and taro patches belonging to the natives, and there is also one sugar plantation, though it is but a small affair, belonging to a Mr Wood. The King's mausoleum and the Protestant and Catholic burial-grounds are also passed on the way to the Pali. The last half of the road is still waiting for the hands of man to do something to it; there is some scant herbage on both sides, and a row of hibiscus-trees, with a large yellow flower, for a quarter of a mile on one side; and for a mile and a half on both sides a dense growth of trees resembling the mangrove—a tree, however, which I have never seen unless on the banks of rivers. There are also met with a few cocoa-nut palms. The drive out and back occupied three hours, and by the time I had returned to Honolulu the trade-wind, which had been dormant for more than a week, commenced to blow, and at 4 P.M. the *Kate Lee* cast off her fasts, set sail, and was soon clear of Honolulu on her way to Hilo. We have been now twenty-four hours at sea, and are off the east end of the

island of Mauii, nearly half way to Hilo. The *Kate Lee* is about eighty tons burden, and is sailed with a crew of eight men and officers, the sailors of course being all natives. She has a full cargo on board, and a deck-load besides of salmon and Hawaian men, women, and children. We came out of Honolulu in company with the *Netty*, bound for Mauii, and have beaten her about five miles dead to windward in the twenty-four hours, though the *Netty* is considered the fastest little craft of all the Hawaian fleet of coasting schooners. We are now passing into the Hawaian Channel, having come through between Lanai and Mauii; the wind is very light, but most probably we shall soon have a stiff trade again. Our deck passengers seem all very happy, and are well supplied with their favourite food, made from the taro-root, ground and mixed with water to a consistency sufficiently stiff to admit of a good mouthful being taken up by plunging one finger into the calabash. They make also what they call two-finger *poi*, not quite so stiff. It would seem that this *poi* is a wonderfully sustaining food. The Hawaian is satisfied when he can get enough *poi;* upon it, and it alone, he will work and grow fat; without *poi*, he is never satisfied. Our little cabin is crammed with passengers. Four Chinamen, four white men—two of whom, I think, are roving missionaries—and Mr F., the owner of the *Kate Lee*, who was a fellow-passenger with me in the *Ajax*. As we passed Lahaina in Mauii, on the 27th, a boat brought off a large box of grapes, which were very acceptable. The box of grapes proved a Pandora's box for me, for by eating of the contents without stint—very irrationally, I admit—I made myself very ill. Arrived at Hilo the 30th August.

September 4th.—I was hospitably received at Hilo by Captain Tom Spencer, who has a sugar plantation here. He is an old American whaling captain, and was very fond of talking about the Duke of Edinburgh, who had visited Hilo not long before, and who took up his quarters with Captain Spencer. Of the Duke the Captain never tired of singing the praises. Captain Spencer's sugar plantation consists of about 400 acres under cane, which produces about 300 tons of sugar. Nearly the whole of the molasses goes to waste, a stringent law prohibiting the distillation of rum from it, in order to

remove temptation to get drunk from the native Hawaians. The sugar-planter in the Hawaian Islands works consequently at a great disadvantage with his sugar-producing competitor whom he meets in the markets of San Francisco and in Australia. The Legislature too, by its one-sided laws, interferes seriously in another way with the sugar-planter: they have not made a law which prevents the introduction of Chinese, but they discourage their coming; they call it slavery to bring them here under engagements to serve for three to five years, and they set their faces against it accordingly. They also set their faces against the enforcement of contracts made with the natives, which range from three weeks to three years, by imprisonment or otherwise; and as it is impossible to work a sugar plantation with men hired from week to week, or otherwise than by steady and regular labour, the planter in these islands finds himself considerably hampered in his endeavours to make a profitable business out of sugar-planting, which may be fairly considered the staple industry of the islands. Coffee and the silkworm have been both tried, and have been almost entirely abandoned. The gathering and shipping to California of an article called *pulu*, the silky covering of the tree-fern, used for stuffing beds, was a brisk business for a few years, and used to command from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. Many went into so profitable a business, and glutted the market. It would seem the article is not used much now, for the price has dropped to five cents, and nominal even at that. The sandalwood trade has come to an end long ago. There is a little rice produced. The taro of course is still cultivated extensively, but not as it used to be when the islands contained 400,000 inhabitants, but still extensively when compared with the diminished population of 50,000, and still diminishing, they say, at the rate of 1000 to 1300 annually, the deaths exceeding the births by that number; so we may infer from these figures that within sixty years the whole native population will have passed away. The causes of the rapidly dying out of these Hawaians, it is said, are—first, the uncontrolled sexual intercourse that exists among them; next, the habit of the women of constantly riding on horseback astraddle; and lastly, the dislike of

the native women to have children, which induces them to have recourse to every means in their power to prevent it.

To the other productions of these islands already enumerated we may add ox and cow hides and goat-skins. The *pulu* fern is found only on the island of Hawaii. The *ava,* the root of which produces a spirit, grows here; and the *ti* grows also on this island (Hawaii) in great abundance, the root containing a large percentage of saccharine matter; and a good spirit might be made from it, in quantity sufficient to pay well, but the Legislature has prohibited the distilling of it.

This cattle-and-milk ranch, at which I arrived yesterday from the Volcano House, sixteen miles, belongs to Mr Charles Richardson. There are some 4000 head of horned cattle upon it, and Mr Richardson milks forty cows once a day only, and makes ten to fifteen pounds of butter daily, for which, as well as his fat cattle, he finds a market at Hilo. The skim-milk goes to feed pigs.

12*th.*—The Volcano House stands on the edge of the crater of Kilauea, and 600 feet above the bottom of it. The distance from Hilo is twenty-nine miles. I came up to it with Mr Richardson, whom I met at Captain Spencer's. I had been ill for four days, after eating immoderately of the grapes from Maui, and was unfit to travel; so by the time I had ridden eight or nine miles I felt very tired, and suffered from a burning thirst, with no water to be had until we had advanced five miles farther on our way. I felt very much knocked up by the time I had accomplished these five miles; but now we found good drinkable rain-water in abundance at a native hut, and I pitched into it without stint. A mile and a half farther on we reached the half-way house, and there we made a halt of an hour, and had a cup of tea. I now felt very much better, and got over the remaining half of the journey without difficulty. The sun was intensely hot during the first half of the journey, and we had more or less rain during the whole of the last half.

The Volcano House stands just 4000 feet above the sea, and we found it cold enough there, wet as we were, to enjoy and properly appreciate a good fire made of wood piled up on a stunning pair of dog-irons. This inn is a great blessing

for travellers and visitors to the volcano. It is owned by a native, and managed by a Chinaman, and very creditably supplied with eatables and some drinkables, also with clean comfortable beds. The charge is high, however—five dollars a day. As I have said before, it is situated on the northern bank of the crater, and 600 feet above it, of which you have a perfect view from the paling in front. The inn is almost, if not quite, in the midst of jets of steam, issuing from cracks in the earth all round about it. Within a hundred yards of it stands a mound of sulphur, 150 yards long, from every part of which jets of steam are issuing, and close to it sulphur-baths have been established—good, they say, for the cure of rheumatic affections; and under the same roof is a hot spring of plain water, in which my thermometer stood at 180°. Mixed up with sulphur in this mound or hill are alum, ochre, and other matters. The woodwork of the Volcano House is coloured with this ochre, and, mixed with oil, it makes a good substitute for paint. On arriving at the Volcano House from Hilo, a view of the volcano of Kilauea bursts upon you without any warning. The old crater lies right before you, 600 feet below where you stand. It is perhaps five miles in circumference, and to the naked eye looks like a lake of quiet liquid asphalt. On closer acquaintance, however, you find that it is an irregular surface of hardened lava, full of cracks, through many of which liquid lava is quietly oozing out on the surface, slowly filling up the depressions it meets with. Beyond this old crater (I call it old, though it was the active crater only a few years ago), which may be a mile and a half to two miles wide, the eye discovers a higher bed, whence smoke, fire, and steam issue from a dozen or more mouths. This is the present crater or reservoir of the liquid lava of the volcano. To reach it you have to ascend, after crossing the old crater, up a sloping bed of lava for about a hundred feet, full of fissures. This new crater-site is more or less at the same height as the broad sloping bed of lava which encircles on three sides the old crater, a black ledge, one of the most striking features of the crater. It was formed after an eruption by the central mass of lava slowly subsiding, leaving behind, round the edges, a considerable portion, which, on cooling, retained its

position. The old and the new craters are partly surrounded by a wall of basalt, some 600 feet in height, enclosing an area of about nine miles. At night this old crater is dotted all over by ever-varying fires, as seen from the Volcano House, produced by liquid lava issuing slowly from the fissures in the bed, and gradually filling up depressions on the surface.

The morning after my arrival I descended with a guide from the hotel down the precipice in front, and proceeded to cross over the old crater. On the way we dipped up some liquid lava as it oozed from the cracks in the bed, embedding some coins in it. The liquid lava, on being dipped up, and thus separated from the flowing mass, hardened almost instantaneously, but took some time to cool. Leaving our coins to cool, and to be picked up on our return, we passed on over some very hot lava, and ascended to the terrace (if it may be so called) upon which the present blow-holes or vent-holes are in full operation. Most of these fiery furnaces, or rather these vent-holes, have small cones partly surrounding them, generally of the most grotesque shapes, formed, no doubt, by sputterings from the boiling lava beneath. Some of these vent-holes were not more that six or eight feet in diameter, whilst the surface opening of one of these boiling caldrons was not less than twenty-five feet in diameter. As well as I could judge, in none of these pits, which cover many acres of ground, was the boiling and surging mass of molten lava nearer to the surface than ten or fifteen feet. The noise was great in some of these pits, whilst in others the boiling operation proceeded very quietly. We occasionally got a whiff of diabolical exhalation, which was very stifling, though, for the most part, we took especial care to keep to windward of the vent-holes. I stood some time gazing into these wonderful caldrons, and employed in picking up some of Pele's hair, of which I found only a small quantity. This hair is an emanation from the lava pits, thrown up in the shape of light foam, from which it separates, and falls into the surrounding crevices, somewhat in the shape of spun glass.

The Volcano House stands about 4000 feet above the sea, the old crater 3400, and the present terrace, on which are the vent-holes, about 100 feet higher. During the great earth-

quake, and the eruption which accompanied it, the old crater, which was then of a conical shape in the centre, caved in, and the whole affair sank down considerably; whilst the great south lake, 1500 feet long and 1000 feet broad, which was at a somewhat lower level than the old crater, burst through a weak spot in the side of the mountain, and emptied itself of its contents, caving in and filling up from the surface at the same time. The present pits are now gradually filling with lava, and when the mass of lava becomes too weighty for the strength of the walls that enclose it, no doubt another fissure in the side of the mountain will be made, and another lava flow will be the result, carrying perhaps death and destruction in its course. I left the hotel at 9 A.M., and returned at 2, an affair of five hours. On the 7th, at Mr Richardson's, felt a sharp shock of earthquake.

On the 5th I started with a Kanaka as guide for the summit of Mauna Loa. Mr Richardson accompanied me as far as his ranch, kept by an Englishman named Ellis (a native of Plymouth), where we arrived at 10 A.M. Ellis lives at this ranch with his wife, a native, and has one pretty little child, a girl. Ellis had never heard a word about the war in Europe until he saw us this morning; such was the blessed state of ignorance in which he was living. After drinking a bowl of new milk, I took my departure at 10.30 A.M., with the guide leading a pack-mule laden with water and eatables to last for the three days we calculated we might be absent from Papapala; we also had a fair amount of wraps to protect us from the cold and rain. At 1.15 we reached our camping-ground for the night, and I am now watching the Kanaka busy making a cup of coffee, with which to wash down the bread and beef I feasted on an hour and a half ago, and the *poi* with which the Kanaka himself blew out his own hide pretty tightly. The camping-ground I find to be 7050 feet above sea-level; Ellis's Ranch is 3800. We are encamped just on the outer edge of the wood, beyond which, towards the summit of Mauna Loa, there seems to be little else than the bare lava. The *ohea* and the *koa* trees are growing around us, and a good deal of long tufted grass. In coming up, we passed over great quantities of nice wild strawberries now ripe. A few singing birds are here; one

called the manu has a musical note. The only wild animals in the island are dogs, cats, and goats, escaped from domestication, and now have taken to a wild life. By-the-by, there may be a few wild hogs also, but not many; the only wild animals we have yet seen are some goats. My Kanaka has rigged up a shelter for sleeping under, and as the weather is very fine, I doubt not I shall sleep comfortably enough. At daylight, or perhaps before, as there is a good moon, we start for the summit, they tell me fifteen miles distant.

At 3 A.M. on the 6th it was raining pretty hard at our encampment, and the prospect of a pleasure trip up the mountain was not at all increased by it. I had felt a slight shock of earthquake the previous evening as I lay on the ground; and on looking at my aneroid, which hitherto had not been affected by the weather one-tenth from the time of leaving San Francisco, I found it had fallen since the evening before four-tenths. At 4 A.M. I awoke my guide, Cavaga, freshened up the fire, which had got very low, and made some coffee. By daylight we had finished our breakfast, so we saddled our mules; and after securely fastening the pack-animal, which we did not take with us to the top of the mountain, we started at 5.30 A.M. for the summit of Mauna Loa. It was still raining, but not much. Five minutes after leaving our encampment, the *ohea*, very stunted in its growth, a free-growing heath, and some tufty-growing grass, formed almost the only vegetation. As we mounted upwards we first lost the *ohea*, but not until, a stately good-sized tree as it grows from the sea-level up to a height of some 6000 feet, it had dwindled down to a shrub of a foot in height. The *ohea*, a hardwood tree, seems to be one of the first trees you meet with on landing on the island, and the last you lose as you proceed up the mountain. I have seen it nearly, if not quite, three feet in diameter. The heath holds its own on the sides of the mountain perhaps up to 10,000 feet. You gradually lose it as you mount, but I think at that height it is completely gone; there is then nothing left to battle with the lava but a little dry grass; this at 11,000 feet has also disappeared, and the eye rests on nothing now but lava pure and simple. And what is this vast area of lava like? It is really hard

to say. I believe it is nothing but the simple truth to state that it is like nothing in the world but itself. It is sometimes likened, so far as the eye is concerned, to a boundless extent of field-ice jammed closely together, and forced up into a very irregular hummocky surface. I have seen such as this, and it is but a poor representative of the mass of lava on Mauna Loa. Perhaps if one could conceive what the Atlantic Ocean would be—if, after a heavy gale of wind from one point of the compass succeeded instantaneously by a gale from the opposite point, all motion on the surface being suddenly suspended—some idea might be got of the appearance of the surface of Mauna Loa, but a very faint one after all. There is one feature in our field of lava which is entirely wanting in both our similes. It arises from the fact that the lava is on an inclined plane to the extent of 1000 feet or more in a mile, a black broken-up surface into inequalities up to fifty feet in height, and into shapes so diversified that every imaginable thing in the world but itself is there represented. It is a complete conglomerate, so irregular that it is impossible to conceive how our mules managed to travel over it without an accident; and equally impossible is it to conceive how my Kanaka, the only man who had been twice before up the mountain, ever found his way back from the crater at the summit to the camping-ground, often enveloped, as we were, in thick fog with driving rain, and, so far as I could see, without a landmark of any sort to guide him, for 1000 horses might travel over that lava and not leave a trace behind them. As we rode towards the summit, all was bright and clear before us; it was only when we looked behind that we saw what was in store for us. The dense mass of clouds behind and below us had forced itself into every gulche on the side of the mountain, remaining compact and unbroken for an hour or more, and as the sun got higher and rose above the bank that seemed to bar its passage, it assumed an extraordinary and beautiful appearance. Before and above us all looked bright, clear, and sunny; behind and below we gazed upon a dense mass of clouds, dark and threatening, but beautiful to look at notwithstanding. This state of things did not last long; the

sun in vain tried to gain the ascendancy, but the mass of clouds kept close at his heels, and detached drifts of it soon drove past us before an increasing gale, accompanied by small rain. Now commenced a part of the spectacle not the least worth seeing—the formation of a series of rainbows, which started from our feet, and in a low arch stretched across our path almost within our reach, the rainbows forming whenever the sun gained a momentary ascendancy over the clouds, and then again as rapidly dissipated by the driving wind whenever the sun was beaten by the mass of moisture that followed it up as fast as it rose. This fight between heat and moisture, between the sun and the clouds, continued until we reached the vast plateau, somewhere upon which we had to find the crater we were in search of. Our course now became more tortuous, and occasionally it seemed to me doubtful whether or no the guide was quite sure we were steering in a right direction. At last we came to a dead halt, when we discovered, on looking about us, at some distance off, a heap of lava which had been piled up by this very guide on one of his two previous trips. He at once said we are still two miles from the crater; and after sniffing the air for a moment, he went off like a hound on the scent, and in half an hour the black wall forming the inside of the farthest off side of the crater came in sight. In a quarter of an hour more we were standing upon the brink of it.

We had been five and a half hours from our camping-ground, and had travelled over probably, with all its twists and turns, about twelve and a half miles of lava. We were now standing on a rough surface of tableland, with irregularities rising in some places fifty feet, but averaging perhaps fifteen feet everywhere around us. So extensive is the plateau that it cuts the horizon in every direction, and we could see nothing beyond it. Yes, we did see the top of Mauna Kea just above the rim of the crater. My aneroid, which had been affected by the change in the weather to the extent of five-tenths of a degree, marked 15,000 feet; so after allowing for the standing correction, and the local correction for the change in the weather, it made the edge of the crater, which seemed to be the highest point of the mountain, 14,100 feet above sea-level.

Commodore Wilkes of the American navy made the crater to be fifteen miles in circumference, and 700 feet deep; height above the sea, 13,760 feet. With the exception of one broken-down place, the walls of the crater seemed to be vertical everywhere. Jets of steam were rising from six or eight cracks in the bottom of the crater, and smoke from one aperture, which was hidden by a ridge or hill 200 feet high projecting into the crater. Large quantities of sulphur were visible in the bottom of the crater. All round the side, as far as I walked, was a great crack extending some 50 to 100 yards from the edge, ready to break away and precipitate some thousands of tons of lava back into the crater with the first smart shock of earthquake. The brim of the crater was everywhere very rugged as we neared it, and we met with large quantities of pumice-stone of a greenish-yellow colour, and some quite glassy in appearance. From a bottle hung on a pole stuck in a crevice near the edge of the crater I extracted a piece of paper on which was written that Judge Austin and two other persons had visited the crater on 21st May last, having ridden the whole distance; they were the first party who had ever done so. I was the second, and so I recorded on the same piece of paper before replacing it in the bottle.

The weather was bright and clear during the two hours I was there taking luncheon, picking up specimens, and gazing on the scene of desolation spread out, and by which I was surrounded in every direction. At noon we mounted our mules and turned their heads homewards. We had hardly done so when Madame Pele, vexed perhaps at our short visit, or at our having dared to visit her dominions at all, treated us with a sharp shower of hail, which very soon turned into driving rain, and at times a thick mist, which stuck to us during the whole four hours we spent in descending to our camping-ground. In such weather it seemed very undesirable to remain in the open during the night, so we determined to push on towards Ellis's Ranch. It took us an hour to gather up our traps and load our pack-animal, so that it was past five before we left the camping-ground. Cavaga proved himself, as indeed he had done before, a first-rate guide. He traversed the distance, partly in the dark, between the camping-ground and

Ellis's Ranch, without any trail to guide him for a great portion of the way, with the confidence of a man riding over a turnpike road, and after two and a half hours' ride he announced that the ranch was in sight. It was a joyful cry, and a great comfort to have the shelter of Ellis's roof. This good Samaritan, assisted by his Hawaian wife, busied himself at once in preparing a cup of tea, which, with the addition of bread and butter and oceans of new milk, was soon set before me, and I did not do it scant justice. After a tolerable night's rest, somewhat broken by hungry fleas, I rose early, refreshed, partook of some breakfast—milk, tea, and bread—and at six started for Papapala, reaching that place in an hour and a half. We had done the journey so quickly that Mr Richardson, as he saw us ride in, doubted that we had been enabled to reach the crater. Those who had been up before had invariably on their return passed the night at the camping-ground, and consequently had never reached Papapala before noon the next day. To us it was reserved to shorten the route by pushing on to Ellis's Ranch the same night. I passed Wednesday, the 7th September, under the hospitable roof of Mr Richardson, taking it easy after my trip up the mountain. In the afternoon a messenger arrived from Waiohina, bringing me a note with the information that the schooner *Prince*, bound to Honolulu, had arrived, and was about to proceed on to Kealakeakua Bay, and that I might catch her if I pushed on at once; so at 6 A.M. next morning I was in the saddle, and at 10.30 reached Waiohina; dined, and took fresh horses, and was away at noon for Kealakeakua Bay, distant sixty miles. My guide was mounted on a mule, I was on a horse.

The first twenty miles of the road was a raised causeway about five feet wide, over a bed of lava, old as the hills, with stunted trees growing on both sides. The flow of lava from Mauna Loa at the great eruption of 1868 crossed this causeway at right angles, and destroyed the road for a length of about two miles, following on and entering the sea four miles south of Waiohina. This flow destroyed in its course a considerable amount of good land; among other properties, that of Captain Brown, who with his wife and family barely escaped with their lives. This recent lava has a white glossy

surface, which it will lose as it grows older. The causeway runs as straight as an arrow, and we travelled over it in all its extent (barring the innovation on the part of the 1868 flow from Mauna Loa) at a canter. Afterwards the road became more broken and difficult, and our pace was consequently much slackened. A great part of it runs through a dense forest, growing up amongst boulders of ancient lava, the larger trees—consisting principally of the *ohea*, the bread-fruit tree, the candle-nut tree, called by the natives *kukui*—being literally covered with vines, the whole forming a thoroughly tangled forest, with a good sprinkling of flowers, including a beautiful very large blue convolvulus. There were also numerous singing birds. The first part of the road runs along on the side of the mountain from 1000 to 2000 feet above the sea; the latter part passes through and across a succession of gullies, and terminates by a long descent into the bay of Kealakeakua, where Cook lost his life. When about twenty miles from the bay, we overtook the letter-carrier and the policeman of the district, both going our way, and soon afterwards we stopped at a native house with these two worthies, and laid by for a couple of hours. The policeman had seen the *Prince* at 4 P.M. becalmed, and he thought she could not reach Kealakeakua Bay before the evening of the next day. At Waiohina I had dined at noon, and now at midnight I felt pretty hungry, but could get nothing to eat; the good woman of the house, however, got up and made a cup of coffee. At 2 A.M. we were again in the saddle. The night was brilliant, and the moon at the full; and just as the moon was setting, and the morning-star had got well above the horizon, we arrived on the height overlooking Kealakeakua Bay, and there, coming round the point, we saw the *Prince* making the most of the light land-breeze then blowing. This sight gave us fresh energy, and we pressed our steeds to the utmost of their power. It was a neck-and-neck race between the schooner and ourselves. At 6.30 we reached the beach, the schooner not having yet got into the bay; so I turned my attention to procuring something to eat, and I was directed to a house where two white men lived. They turned out to be Germans, both invalids, and there for their health. One of them at once claimed acquaintance with me. We had been

fellow-passengers on board the *Ajax* from San Francisco. He at once placed before me all he had in the house, a large jug of fresh milk and a tin of crackers, to which I was not long in doing ample justice. My meal finished, I chartered a canoe and put off for the schooner, which had brought up close inshore on the opposite side of the bay where Cook lost his life, about one mile distant. It was a great relief to me to get on board her. I had ridden eighty-five miles on two horses in twenty-four hours, including stoppages. Two miles before arriving, my guide's mule quite gave in, and he was obliged to dismount and drive the animal before him. My horse held out better, but for a considerable part of the road towards the last I could get nothing out of him beyond a tired walk, and that only by dint of applying the whip and spur. However, I was now on board the schooner, and for a time, at any rate, all my troubles had vanished. The *Prince* had to remain here all day taking in wood. I employed myself on the rocks on shore, hunting for shells and coral, to perpetuate the remembrance of my visit, but I did not find much of either.

On the stump of a cocoa-nut tree, about four feet long, close to the beach, were nailed two sheets of copper, with inscriptions commemorative of Cook's visit and death. They had been placed there by the captains of the *Calypso* and the *Imogene.* Lying on the ground were either two or three more sheets of copper with inscriptions on them, which had either been torn off the stump, or had fallen off. The natives have a great fear of meddling with them, or they would have taken them away long ago. The first inscription is: "Near this spot + fell Captain James Cook, R.N., the renowned Circumnavigator, who discovered these Islands, A.D. 1778. Her Majesty's Ship *Imogene*, Oct. 17, 1837." The second is: "This sheet of copper and cap put on by *Sparrowhawk*, Sept. 13, 1839, in order to preserve this monument to the memory of Cook, by Montresor, Capt. of the *Calypso.*" A monument of stone and mortar, erected not far from the stump of the tree a few years ago, under the auspices of the British Consul at Honolulu, for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of Cook, has been entirely destroyed. An old Englishman, named John Yates, who

has a cattle ranch on the top of the hill that overlooks the bay, told me that Cook's flesh had been burnt on the high ground where his ranch stands.

The *Prince* remained fast to a Government buoy in this bay until 2 A.M. of the 9th, and then, with a light land-breeze, got under way, and proceeded on to the ports of Kuamoo, Keanhou, and Kailua, picking up passengers, some cargo, and taking on board the mails. This last service of taking the mails is obligatory on all vessels employed in the coasting trade of these islands, without receiving any remuneration.

We got clear of our last port at 1 P.M., and soon afterwards it fell dead calm, and the current was running so strong along shore, a considerable swell heaving in at the same time, that we had to hoist out our boat and tow with all our strength far more than an hour to keep the good schooner *Prince* from drifting on a projecting point of land which we passed very close indeed, carried along by the current at the rate of four miles an hour. Soon afterwards we took the trade-wind very strong, and ran across the channel towards Mauii, with two reefs in our mainsail. We were becalmed a few hours under the island of Lanai, and took a strong trade again about 10 A.M. on the 11th, and at 5.30 P.M. we arrived at Honolulu. Our deck passengers—men, women, and children—among whom there was one woman whom they said was a hundred, must have been glad indeed to get on shore, for they were constantly drenched with heavy spray. They are, however, the Hawaians, a most patient and uncomplaining people, and I never heard from one of our passengers a single murmur or complaint.

Had a long interview yesterday with Dr Judd, who accompanied Commodore Wilkes in his surveying expedition in 1841 to the top of Mauna Loa, and to whose assistance the success of that expedition was probably due. Dr Judd was Prime Minister here when I visited Honolulu in 1844. He remembered having received fifty bags *huano* from the ship in which I was passenger, and also by an incautious application of that article he had (he said) killed a thriving young plant of sandalwood which he had growing in his garden. He recounted with wonderful minutiæ several disagreeable

incidents which happened during his journey to Mauna Loa with Wilkes, but I did not find his memory (he is now nearly eighty years of age, if not quite) at all tenacious with regard to other particulars connected with that trip, in which he took a very prominent part, when the party remained three weeks encamped near the crater of Moakua-weo-weo. They did not know the way up in those days; they went on foot, and were a week in reaching the summit from Kilauea. It struck me as characteristic (only of the individual, I suppose, not of the species), how well the old gentleman remembered the little bickerings he had had with the Commodore, whilst he had forgotten entirely many interesting details of the journey about which I questioned him, and of which I had previously read an account in Wilkes' work. The Doctor expressed a strong desire to see the crater of Mauna Loa once more. Notwithstanding, however, the road being better known nowadays, I think the old gentleman, with nearly thirty years added to his age since he first went up, would find the ascent and descent of the great lava mountain more than a match for his strength.

23*d*.—The total population of the Hawaiian Islands in 1866 was 62,959, showing a decrease in the native part of the population since 1860, six years, of 8901, and an increase of foreigners of 1621. The half-castes in 1866 numbered 1640; the foreigners, exclusive of Chinese, 4194.

Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, is the principal town of the islands. The district contained in 1866 a population of 13,521, showing a decrease in six years of 789, wholly among the natives. The number of foreigners in 1866 was 1851, showing an increase in six years of 812.

The form of government is a constitutional monarchy. The King is assisted by a Privy Council of State. The King's Cabinet consists of Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Interior, Minister of Finance, and the Attorney-General of the kingdom.

The Legislative Assembly consists of the nobles appointed by the King and of the representatives of the people sitting together.

The Legislative body shall assemble biennially and receive compensation for their services.

The King appoints the nobles, who hold their appointments during life. Their number should never exceed twenty.

The representatives shall never be less than twenty-four, nor more than forty, selected biennially. Qualification, twenty-one years of age, know how to read and write, understand accounts, a resident for three years, own real estate of the value of 500 dollars, or have a clear income of 250 dollars a year. Qualification of voters, twenty years of age, one year resident, to have paid his taxes, possessed of 150 dollars in real property, or of a leasehold property of the value of twenty-five dollars annually, or of an income of not less than seventy-five dollars a year from other sources, and be able to read and write.

The judicial power of the kingdom is vested in one supreme court, and in inferior courts. The supreme court consists of one Chief-Justice and two associate justices.

The annual property-tax is a half per cent. on all real and personal property. There is a tax of so much a head on all horses and dogs. One licence for the sale of opium brings in 11,000 dollars a year. There are half-a-dozen or more licences for retailing spirits, 1000 dollars a year each. Traders licences are 150 dollars a year. The social evil is licensed here. Any man found cohabiting with a woman not duly licensed is subject to a fine of thirty dollars, and the woman to a similar fine; that is, if she be over twelve years of age; if under twelve years of age, then the man may be imprisoned. I am told that cases of this sort are every day brought before the police court. It is made penal for any person to bring any woman under twenty-five years of age from any of the Hawaiian Islands to Honolulu without a licence from the Governor.

The sugar-planters are prohibited by law from turning their molasses into rum.

The causes that are still operating towards the ultimate extinction of this people—the returns showing year after year an excessive proportion of deaths—are patent enough.

The following passages are from a letter addressed by the present Minister of the Interior to the late R. C. Wylie, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in 1862:—

"As to the excessive proportion of deaths to the number of the people, venereal diseases are the chief causes, and especially the syphilitic poison, the great body of the people being contaminated with it either by direct contagion or hereditary. It meets the physician everywhere; he cannot walk the streets of the town or move about the country without seeing it in its most loathsome form. Let him enter the native cottages, and he will frequently find its victims awaiting death to relieve them from its tortures. He sees it in the new-born child; he sees children of all ages suffering from it, in many cases in its primary forms. Go where he will, the medical eye detects it, and if death is not produced by it directly, the constitutions of many are so enfeebled that they succumb to the first attack of sickness; and, in fact, its ravages are so universal as of itself to account for the decimation of the people. Another cause of this decadence is that a very large proportion of the children that are born die within a few months, the mothers, especially the younger ones, being often unwilling to look after them. They feel an infant to be a burden; it prevents them from travelling about, and interferes with their pleasures; consequently it is handed over to the care of the grandmother or other relative; it is deprived of its proper nourishment, or gets it at uncertain times; it is fed on cow's milk or *poi*, or sweet-potato, or other improper food. The result is the child is puny, even if born with a healthy constitution, dies of marasmus or an attack of diarrhœa, or other disease comes on which soon carries it to the grave. Should the mother suckle it, or wish to do so, in a majority of cases the milk is unwholesome or scanty, often suppressed altogether; but with the best milk in the world, on the part of some parents, should the child be attacked with any of the diseases common to early life, it dies from very slight causes, owing to the want of proper nursing, of which the natives are quite ignorant, and want of proper nourishment, which perhaps the friends are unable or unwilling to purchase, and if obtained, they do not know how to prepare. I may as well refer here to the crime of feticide, which I believe to be prevalent even with the married. Natives have described to me the mode of proceeding, and have named women who have practised it time after time. From the dangerous character of the operation it must often result in the death of the mother as well as in the destruction of the child. Why is it that so few children are born among the native population? This is the important subject. The causes should be thoroughly investigated. Are they avoidable. I believe so; and if measures can be devised to obviate them, there yet may be hopes for the preservation of the native race. I believe the principal ones to be the very early period of life at which sexual intercourse commences. I need not explain to you, a physiologist, that sterility must be the inevitable result.

"The evil is doubtless greatest with the females, but the virility of the male must also be impaired. The practice of polyandry amongst the females, especially among the young ones, is almost universal, and in itself would be sufficient to prevent conception; but, combined with the last-mentioned causes, the evil is immensely increased. The riding on horseback is another most formidable cause. Should conception take

place, the practice almost always causes the expulsion of the fœtus in the early months. The women know well its effects, and it is doubtless resorted to systematically in many cases. I have previously mentioned that young married couples do not wish for children; they will tell you so. Put the question to a healthy pair why they have no children, and they will reply, 'We do not wish for them, if we had them we must stay at home, now we can go wherever we please and enjoy ourselves.' I might state other causes, but I forbear. It will be sufficient for me to say, if a woman brings an infant into the world, there are plenty of her own sex able and willing to instruct her in the best means to avoid such a misfortune for the future. I consider the above to be the principal reasons of the rapid decrease of the native population, and it is my conviction that the decrease will become greater within the next few years. The evils are increasing daily; numbers of old persons, and persons of adult age, must necessarily be removed shortly in the course of nature; disease of all kinds is doing its deadly work, and there are few growing up to fill the gap. *The people are thoroughly demoralised.* I use the last word in its widest signification. Villages containing a number of families have not a child born to them, or if one or two should see the light, death seizes them within a few months. I frequently found this to be the case whilst engaged in my vaccinating duties. Settlements are vanishing in all directions, others reduced to one or two houses, and the destruction of cottages is universal throughout the country. You may ride for miles and hardly meet a human being. No new villages appear to show that the people are merely migrating. Doubtless a number of those who disappear from the country parts find their way to Honolulu or other seaports, and this is the reason, I believe, why you who live at Honolulu fail to realise the true condition of things in the rural districts. You see the people around you keeping up their numbers, and you do not know that they are recruited at the expense of the remoter districts, the head devouring the extremities. Should you be determined to attempt a remedy for the evils with which this unfortunate country is afflicted, it should be done at once; there is no time to lose; half measures will be useless. The cant cry of remedying them by education must necessarily be a failure, as before the leaven can work the nation will have disappeared from the earth."

What a sad picture is the foregoing, drawn by the Minister of the Interior in 1862, of the state of morals among the native population of the Hawaian Islands! His foreboding of a continual decrease in their numbers, so far as the time will permit, has been more than realised, for it has been shown that between 1860 and 1866 the decrease amounted to 8901. The first missionaries (Protestant) came to these islands in the year 1820, and ever since very few years have passed without seeing some accession to their numbers. The missionaries have, in fact, had the field to themselves since

1820 for fifty years, and a more docile people, or a people more easily swayed for good (or for evil perhaps also), have never been subjected to missionary power than the native Hawaians. How is it then, one naturally asks, that after nearly fifty years of subjection to missionary government, we find a decrease in the native population in forty-three years of about 85,000 souls, that is, from 142,000 in 1823, to about 57,000 in 1866? and also that Mr Hutchinson, Minister of the Interior, should be driven to declare in 1862 that the "people are thoroughly demoralised;" using, as he declares, this last word "in its widest signification"? How is this? Have we not a right to expect that a knowledge of Christianity should have done something for the morals of this people? that the morality of their lives should have improved upon what it was when Cook first came among them, which it can hardly have done, since Mr Hutchinson declares they are now "thoroughly demoralised"? The missionaries are a legion in these islands, if one may judge of their numbers by the number of churches and comfortable missionary establishments one sees everywhere. They ought to be quite equal to the work they have to do, one would think. When Cook visited these islands he believed the population to have been 400,000; now it has dwindled down to perhaps less than 50,000, and with an almost certainty of entire extinction in less than fifty years more, unless the penal laws which have lately been enacted to oblige them to be moral should prove to be more efficient for the object than so much missionary teaching and preaching. But no, we cannot hope for any such result; these people are doomed, and in half a century more they will exist only in memory. What has been the treatment to which the natives have been subject, and which has brought about so lamentable a result? Is it that their teachers have thought if they made them religious, morality would be sure to follow? if they fitted them for entry into the next world by indoctrinating them into the mysteries of the Christian religion, their duty to themselves and to society in this world might be safely left to their own management? Whatever the notions of the missionaries might have been, their treatment of the natives has been a dead failure so far

as results are concerned. Their last state is worse than their first—they are now "thoroughly demoralised;" and so convinced is the lay Government of this, to save the still existing remnant of these people, that at the last moment they have enacted penal laws in the vain hope that, by such a procedure, they may be enabled to arrest the threatened annihilation—as if penal laws were ever found to make immoral people moral!

These in reality thoroughly demoralised people are outwardly very religious; they go regularly to church, and religiously abstain from all kinds of work on Sundays; so much so, that last Sunday week, when I arrived from Hawaii, I was coolly told by our Chinaman steward that I should have to leave my carpet-bag on board until the next day, for no one would dare to carry it for me to my lodgings on a Sunday! The French Roman Catholic missionaries in these islands are, I am told, a very devoted and earnest set of men. They go much more among the natives than other missionaries, attending to their temporal as well as to their spiritual wants, looking after them in sickness, and helping them in times of scarcity; they know no superfluities, no luxuries, scarcely indeed the common comforts of ordinary life.

The Protestant missionaries, on the contrary, are all comfortably located; some of them are rich, possessing lands, and herds, and flocks. They no doubt turn this little kingdom of the Hawaian Islands to good account for themselves and their families.

The men in power, too, filling Government situations, must find this tiny kingdom a comfortable retreat. There is here pretty nearly all the paraphernalia of a European kingdom. There is a Minister of Foreign Relations, a Minister of Finance, a Minister of Interior, and an Attorney-General. There is a supreme court with a Chief-Justice, two associate judges, with a clerk and an assistant-clerk. There are five circuit judges. There is a Collector-General of Customs, a Postmaster-General, a Registrar of Conveyances, a Superintendent of Waterworks, a Superintendent of Public Works, a jailer, a harbour-master, and two pilots. All these offices have what are called good salaries attached to

them, and are nearly all filled by Americans principally.* Then there is the Privy Council of State, the Cabinet, the Bureau of Public Instruction, the Bureau of Immigration, the Governors of the eight islands that form the group. When one reads over this formidable list of offices created for the government of a group of islands containing a population not exceeding probably to-day 50,000 souls, and lessening day by day, and not equalling that of many of our country towns, one is apt to exclaim, Surely many of these offices might be rolled up into one, and the duties attached to them performed by very many fewer persons than are now employed? The duties of the three ministers, for example, might they not be fulfilled by one good working man? Can it be necessary to have three men salaried to do the work of the Foreign Office, the Finance Office, and of the Interior, for a kingdom containing a population of about 50,000 souls? The revenue amounts to about half a million of dollars, and the expenditure to about the same amount, a pretty large figure for a Lilliputian kingdom, with no public debt, no army, no navy to keep up. I beg the King's pardon, he has an army, 100 men, commanded by a colonel; and a navy too, consisting of one merchant-steamer, now about to commence running between the islands, one tug-steamer, and one steam-dredge. There is also a little sailing schooner, which I believe is the King's own property. The establishment consists of an admiral, paid, I am told, by the King himself. The native population is very poor, and may be considered highly taxed—ten dollars a head. The present King goes in for the "almighty" dollar; he owns cattle, estates, and fish-ponds, from which he draws a good revenue, and I was told he did own a butcher's shop in Hilo for the sale of his own fat cattle, but he was shamed out of it, and obliged to shut it up. He is a very fat man, about forty years of age, and is said to be a good deal under the influence of an old native woman whom the public call a sorceress. His Majesty may be seen any day driving a pair of horses in an open carriage about Honolulu, dressed in a dirty

* Who knows but the taking of the Fiji Islands under British protection may not soon lead to the United States doing the same good office for the Sandwich Islands?

white jacket and a Guayaquil hat, accompanied by the admiral. He gets for himself some 22,000 dollars a year out of the half million revenue of the kingdom.

25*th.*—I went to church to-day to hear the music, presided over by Mrs Dominus, wife of the governor of this town; in this I was disappointed, for the morning was wholly occupied by an examination of school children, probably Sunday-school, to the number, perhaps, of a couple of hundreds. Of course I did not understand a word of what I heard, but I could not but remark that the children answered the questions put to them very glibly; several of them made speeches which evidently gave satisfaction to the congregation. The singing, of which we had a considerable amount, I thought very good. One of the first things that strikes a stranger arriving at these islands, is the soft voice possessed by the natives, and possibly some day or other we may see a Wyhine figuring as prima donna on the boards of the Opera House in London. More unlikely things have come to pass. After the examination was concluded, two clergymen, outsiders, mounted the rostrum to say a few words in English to the children. I cannot say much for either of them; what fell from them was very vapid, and certainly not at all to the point. In talking this morning to a clever lawyer here, he said the King's whole thoughts are bent on amassing wealth, though he has neither wife nor child to provide for. As I said before, he fattens cattle on his own estates; slaughters and sells them in Honolulu. He is constantly speculating in salt or *poi*, or some other article of general consumption, and every day becomes more miserly.

The revenue of the kingdom of the Hawaian Islands (the population of which in 1866, including foreigners, was 62,959) for the two years ending 31st March 1870, amounted to 834,112 dollars, derived from the following sources:—

	Dols.	Cents.
Customs, import duties,	362,735	96
Licences, trade,	104,767	68
Internal taxes,	166,506	76
Fees, stamps, and perquisites,	23,389	70
Government realisations, rents, wharfage, post-office,	120,368	25
Miscellaneous receipts,	19,686	6
Fines, penalties, and costs,	36,658	24
	834,112	65

Expenditure for the two years ending 31st March 1870:—

	Dols.	Cents.
Civil List,*	50,000	...
Permanent Settlements,†	24,000	...
Legislative and Privy Council,	15,900	...
Judiciary Department,	76,862	50
Department—Foreign Affairs and War,	88,438	...
Department of the Interior,	455,923	35
Department of Finance,	127,730	24
Attorney-General's department,	94,040	45
Bureau of Public Instruction,	92,135	...
Miscellaneous,	11,673	99
	1,036,703	53

* The King, 45,000 dols. ; the Chamberlain, 5000 dols.
† Queen Emma, 12,000 dols. ; Kalama, 4000 dols. ; Kekuauava, 8000 dols.

CHAPTER XI.

New Zealand—Auckland—Grahamstown—Gold mines—Wages—Too many drinking-places—Strong men—Fresh-looking women—Delicious climate—Volcano of Tongarero—New Plymouth—Nelson—Birds—Animals—Church and chapel—Vegetation—Pictou gold mines—Wellington—The Governor's hairdresser—Hutt valley—Wages—Maories—"How-How"—The religion of the men—Natives fast dying out—Causes—Christchurch—Blunt clergyman—Aurora Australis—Museum—Trout-hatching—Skeletons of extinct birds—Wool-working—Flax-mills—Immigrants wanted—Artesian wells—Southern Alps—Farms and sheep-runs—Eels—Whitebait—Forests—Gold-diggers of Hokitika—Waimea and Canary diggings—Plymouth Brethren—Jade found—California (Chinese) pump—Rivers become torrents—Fine farm, prize bull and ram, sheep cheap—Bound for Melbourne—Oamaru rich in grain and wool—Dunedin—Scotch Free Church—Rich gold mines—Fine lands—Railway.

I EMBARKED on the 28th September on board the *City of Melbourne* steamer, bound for Auckland, arriving there October 17, after an eighteen days' passage. Fine weather all the way. Distance from Honolulu to Auckland 4080 miles.

On the 19th October I took a steamer at Auckland, and, after four hours' voyage, found myself at Grahamstown, the offspring of the Thames diggings, which were commenced three years ago. After depositing my bag and umbrella at the Governor Bowen Hotel I sallied out to look at the mines. My underground exploration was limited to visiting the works of the Golden Crown, in which there are some sixty men employed. The lowest point reached on the quartz reef in this mine is eighty feet below the sea-level; and, although not further than a hundred yards from the sea-shore, there is very little water in the mine; that is, no more than they require for washing the crushed ore in their battery, as the crushing-mill is called here. This reef at the lowest level is about four feet wide, though it varies very much. There are twenty stamps at work in the mill, crushing daily some twenty tons ore, of which the produce varies from one to three ounces a ton. The Golden Crown is said to be one of the best, if not the best, mine of the district. In 1868 and 1869 it paid in dividends to the shareholders

£53,000, and it is now considered to be worth nearly, if not quite, £400,000. The Long Drive is another very rich mine, and at present is paying a monthly dividend of from forty to fifty pounds on shares that might be bought in the market at £500.

The total value of gold exported from New Zealand up to December 1868 is £17,000,000 sterling, of which two and a half millions came from the Thames diggings. The miners' wages vary from 30s. to 40s. a week. The range of hills behind Grahamstown must be some 700 to 800 feet high, the spurs through which the quartz reefs run reaching almost down to the sea-shore. The face of these hills is thickly studded with holes or short tunnels, the work of prospectors, most of which are now abandoned. The number of mines being now actually worked in the Thames district cannot exceed seventy, and all worked by companies. Miners' cottages dot the face of the hills everywhere to the height of four or five hundred feet, and when lighted up at night have a very pretty appearance. There is no mine in the district deeper than 350 feet. The Golden Crown produced from 1st July 1868 to November 1869, 29,000 ounces of gold. The average yield of the Thames may be put down at three ounces per ton; of the Victoria gold mines twelve pennyweights; Nova Scotia, one ounce, one pennyweight; California, one ounce, two pennyweights.

Auckland has some 45,000 inhabitants. There are some good buildings in the town, of brick and stone, but the houses generally are of wood. Miserable hotels abound there, but not a single moderately comfortable house in the place. Saloons and drinking-bars are met with at every turn. I walked up the main street in Grahamstown a distance of 400 paces, and counted within that range twenty-one drinking-saloons: verily the miners earn their money like horses, and, as the saying is, spend it like asses. Auckland has certainly a nucleus of houses forming streets which might be called a town, but generally otherwise the place consists of very small wooden buildings spread over a large area. The site of the town is good, and the port is magnificent—large enough to hold all the ships in the world. I stayed at the Waitemata Hotel, and paid for bed and board six shillings a

day. Coming from California, the hotel charges and price of labour seem very low. Your board at the hotels is well enough, but your lodging is signally incomplete and destitute of comfort. At Grahamstown (at the diggings) there are two hotels infinitely superior to anything to be met with at Auckland. Adjoining on to Grahamstown is the town of Shortland, which sprang up when the reefs were first commenced to be worked; it is now, with the decadence of the gold fever, a dead letter; the money spent in building it being as completely lost as if it were thrown into the sea; at least so they tell me. There is one thing that cannot escape the most casual observer; the whole population seems composed of strong athletic young men and of healthy fresh-looking women, the latter very few when compared with the number of men. The children are pictures of health, a vast change from the poor pale little things, children of white people, whom I left behind me at the Hawaian Islands. The climate here so far is delicious, and I am told the present weather is a fair sample of what might be expected for the next six months.

On driving across from Auckland to Onehunga, six and a half miles, to embark for Wellington, we found a considerable extent of hedgerow covered with roses and furze in full bloom. So far as this latter is concerned, I might have been riding over a common at home; the scenery looked very English.

21*st.*—Embarked on board the *Airedale* for Wellington. On our way down took a Prussian schooner in tow, and cast her off when clear of the heads; the volcano of Tongarero shining brightly. The port of Manukau, down through which we passed from Onehunga, is the port for which H.M.S. *Orpheus* was bound when she missed the bar at the entrance and went on the reef some few years ago.

22*d*, *morning.*—Anchored off Taranaki, or New Plymouth, half a mile from the beach. The boats employed here in landing goods and passengers are somewhat like those employed for the same purpose at Madras. We received several passengers here. New Plymouth consists of houses straggling over a mile or two of ground; at least from the steamer we can see nothing like a street. The country

about here is very fertile. Around Auckland there is a large variety of ornamental pines growing, and among them the Norfolk Island pine is very conspicuous for its beauty; that is, when there is not too great a length of bare stem between the whorls of boughs; when this is the case, the tree lacks much of its beauty. I saw some of these pines fully 100 feet high.

24*th.*—We got into Nelson yesterday morning after a smart run during the night, when the little *Airedale* rolled as she was said never to have rolled before; the wind nearly aft, and the sea on the quarter. I landed for a run before breakfast, and went to the top of Signal Hill (250 feet high), and there I heard the skylark singing merrily, and watched it soaring aloft, just as it does on a fine summer's morning on B. Common.

The skylark was brought here four or five years ago. English pheasants abound, and also about Auckland and on the hills there are deer. Horned cattle, and pigs, and rats were, they say, the only animals in the island indigenous to it. Surely these animals also must have been brought here at some time or other? The Creator of all things, if He created any animals for this island, would never have held His hand at a rat or a pig, or even a bull. He could not have behaved so stingily to a country so well adapted for the support of all animals now found in temperate climes. No; these animals must have been brought here some time or other by ships, about which we know nothing.

Sunday.—After breakfast I walked to the town and went to church. On the way I asked a little girl which was the Episcopal church. "Don't know," she said; "I goes to the Wesleyan." I found the church, nevertheless; a long, narrow building, a rail across the middle of it separating the free seats from the others; and the free seats are at such a distance from the preacher, or at least most of them, that hearing is out of the question. The distance to the church from the port must be nearly two miles. The town is regularly laid out in a plain, on three sides of which are high hills sending their spurs right down into it. The sea is seen on the fourth side. There are many trees and shrubs mixed up with the houses, and flower-gardens every-

where. Nelson, I am told, is famed for its fruit and its flowers; nevertheless, the man at the signal staff complained that the fruit was dear, and that he never could buy a dozen of peaches under one shilling, though at that price he admitted they were fine and large. Eggs, 1s. a dozen in summer, and 2s. 6d. in winter; beef up to 7d., and mutton at 3d. the pound. An estate near the Signal Hill was staked out into quarter-acre lots for building upon, and was selling at 20s. and 30s. a foot frontage, a pretty high price for land in New Zealand. The town contains about 5000 souls, and has but little trade beyond supplying the West Coast diggings with what they require; there is little or no cultivated land about it. In the evening we steamed out of harbour with a considerable accession to the number of our passengers. Nelson is a bar harbour, with nineteen feet water on the bar at spring-tides. Only one ship in the port.

26*th.*—We were eight hours in getting to Pictou from Nelson, the water like a mill-pond all the way. Pictou is situated up at the head of Queen Charlotte's Sound. We made a short cut towards it by coming through the French Pass, which is very narrow, hardly as wide as the *Airedale* is long, instead of passing outside and around D'Urville Island. We were two hours and a half in steering up Queen Charlotte's Sound, after rounding Cape Jackson, before we reached Pictou. It seemed a place stowed away at the head of the sound, in order that nobody might find it, so snugly is it located. There was a rush of gold-diggers to Pictou from the Otago district some two or three years ago, and it was that circumstance that gave an impetus to the erection of houses there. The gold, whatever there was of it in the neighbourhood, was very soon all taken away, and with it the diggers went away also, leaving the place in a worse condition than they found it. Now you might buy town lots for six pounds that cost sixty during the gold fever. Inland from Pictou is situated Blenheim, now the seat of the provincial government, as Pictou once was. Alas! poor Pictou. The Government-house is now inhabited, the sole occupant being the policeman! The Pictouians do not lose heart, however; they are now looking to obtain a share of the loan

lately raised in England by the colony, with which to build a railway to Blenheim, to bring down the produce from thence for shipment; and certainly a finer harbour than Pictou does not exist anywhere. Even now there are a good many people scattered about in small wooden houses, but how they subsist seemed to me a wonder. I asked an old Scotchman whom I met with a small keg of beer in a wheelbarrow, how the people in Pictou managed to live? "Oh," he replied, "they live as the flies do." The place at present, he said, absolutely produced nothing for export, and beyond a few garden vegetables, nothing at all. I discovered afterwards, however, that there was a saw-mill, or perhaps two, in the neighbourhood, and that an occasional shipment of sawn timber took place. The situation of the town is picturesque.

27*th.*—We remained at anchor until midnight, and then proceeded out of the sound by Tory Strait, and at 6 A.M. yesterday we steamed into Nicholson, the port of the town of Wellington, the capital, or at any rate the seat of the Government, though in point of population it ranks only third or fourth among the towns of New Zealand. This also is a magnificent port, completely landlocked, and equal to holding any amount of shipping. The town is built with some regularity, the houses mostly of wood. Even the Government-house, now being built, an edifice of some pretensions, is of wood, as are also the Roman Catholic and Protestant cathedrals. The population is about 25,000. The town extends from the water-side up to the foot of some moderately high hills, but has no such country-houses around it as are to be seen at Auckland. In fact, it is a dead-and-alive place this Wellington, and not at all to be compared to Auckland, either in its buildings, its situation, or its commerce. It has one advantage over Auckland, it can boast of better hotels. I have just read a certificate, handsomely framed, in the window of a barber's shop, informing the public that the fortunate occupant had just been appointed hairdresser to the Governor! What next? News received yesterday of the destruction of the town of Lyttleton by fire; went to see a celebrated conjuror, half the receipts being given for the relief of the Lyttleton sufferers.

Got on the top of her Majesty's royal mail-coach yesterday and paid a visit to the Hutt valley, which is about seventy miles in length and about two miles wide in its broadest part. The road is very good, and extends for about six miles along the base of the hills; and here it reaches what may be called the head-waters of Port Nicholson, and enters the valley. The principal part of the land is under pasture, and not quite cleared of trunks of trees. I saw but little under the plough, although there is, I believe, some grain grown. The ploughed land I did see was under potatoes and pease. I am told the land, which is good soil, lets in this valley from £2 to £4 an acre, and cannot be bought unless at a price that seems to me to be exorbitant—from £25 to £100 an acre. The Lower Hutt, which has a rise of some eighteen feet in eighteen miles from the head of the harbour, is often flooded, the water in heavy and continued rains pouring down in torrents from the high hills which extend on both sides of the valley in its whole extent. One meets with not more than half-a-dozen well-built wooden houses in the valley; the rest are mere shells. I got into conversation with some men working on the road, breaking stones and keeping the road in order. Those employed in breaking stones earned 3s. the cubic yard, and in a long day's work they could break three yards—thus earning 9s. a day; the others (day-labourers) earned 6s. a day, and have very little broken time during the whole year. They said, however, the road surveyor was very irregular in paying them, and just now was owing them five months' wages. This was hardly right in a country where money is worth ten per cent. interest.

A little French Catholic priest with whom I travelled on the top of the coach, in talking about the Maories, among whom he passed a good deal of his time, said the new religion, as he called it, the "How-How," had many followers, and that he thought there were very few among the natives now that were sincere Christians; and further, that he believed it would be found to be a difficult, if not a hopeless, task ever to make the bulk of the natives embrace Christianity. The "How-How" religion was based upon some portion of the Old Testament, and was greatly dis-

figured by a belief in witchcraft. The worship of idols was extinct among them, and they all now believed in a God. There were few missionaries among them, for the Maories, he thought, had lost much of the respect they at one time had for them; they had been told so many different stories, that they now put but little faith in anything foreigners told them; they had now re-entered into themselves, as it were, and depended more upon themselves in the matter of religion than they had done, as well as in all other matters. They were fast dying out, he said; and this he attributed to the wearing of warmer clothing than they had been accustomed to, and to the excessive use of ardent spirits, and in some measure to a change of food; and, Sir George Grey adds, to the want of excitement in which they formerly lived, consequent upon a state of warfare in which the different tribes were always engaged among themselves. My friend the priest had been a long resident in the country, and part of his duty was performed in the Lower Hutt, where he administered once a month to the spiritual wants of the few European Catholics (English and German principally) who reside there. The native trees have pretty well disappeared from the valley, and here and about Wellington ornamental trees from Australia—the blue gum principally—have been planted, and grow very fast. I have not observed a single Norfolk Island pine here. It blew a gale of wind yesterday from the north-west, and so it is doing to-day, but from the opposite direction—south-east—accompanied by torrents of rain. Temperature in my room 52°.

I embarked in the *Omea* yesterday, and arrived at Lyttleton, the port of Christchurch, at 5.30 P.M. next day, Saturday, in time to catch the last train for this place, Christchurch. The train was very full of passengers, who had come down to look at the havoc made by the fire, which on the night of the 24th had destroyed two-thirds of the town of Lyttleton, built principally of wood. I am at a comfortable inn, the Clarendon. Yesterday, being Sunday the 31st, I went to St John's Church, and heard Mr Hoare. The first hymn brought the village of B., in the old country, to my mind, ancient and modern, "Thy will be done," the most beautiful, I have

always thought, in the book. This church, St John's, of stone, like the church at Nelson, is long and narrow, "como el alma del Biscaino"—like the soul of the Biscayan; the tail of it below the font is appropriated to stragglers and strangers. You can hear in St John's from the free seats something of what the preacher is saying; at Nelson you could hear nothing, and in so far it is better than the Nelson church; neither have you a notice staring you in the face as you have at Nelson, addressed to the free-seat sitters, stating that the churchwardens will turn you out if you should be heard to laugh or make a noise! On reading this notice it occurred to me, the clergyman and the churchwardens might be aware there was something ludicrous in the manner of performing the service. In the evening I went again to hear Mr Hoare. He speaks very plainly to his congregation; he told them that the church had now been open for five years, and that he did not think, though the church was well filled, that he had ever during all that time seen twenty-five persons in it who had come there to worship, or who joined in the responses, and he evidently set down those only as worshippers who joined in the responses, the loudest of course being the most devout. It may be doubted if the test he applied be a good one. The whole service is chanted, and the music very good. He told his congregation he would give up the chanting if they desired it—indeed, that he was ready to make any alteration in the manner of performing the service the majority of the congregation desired. He bluntly accused his hearers of attending his church because it was considered in Christchurch to be the fashionable church. He offered to teach his hearers how they might join in chanting the responses, if they would come to church one day in the middle of the week. Mr Hoare is no doubt a very earnest man, but as I walked out of church after listening very attentively to all he said—and I heard it all, for I was not in the free seats—I made up my mind that his was not the sort of preaching that was likely to do much good. Bullying does not do, either in the pulpit or anywhere else.

When we were at anchor at Pictou there was a grand display of Aurora Australis, of the deepest rose-colour, such as

I had only once before seen in the Aurora Borealis; it lasted for many hours on the night of 24th inst.

Nov. 1st.—I visited the Museum, the Public Gardens, and what are called the Acclimatisation Gardens. On entering these latter I found the superintendent busily engaged in extracting from some very offensive garbage maggots to feed some young trout not very long hatched. I went with him to see the operation. The youngest trout were in some small boxes, forming steps one above another, the bottoms of which were covered with a thick layer of rough gravel, and into these boxes was introduced a stream of water, passing from box to box, running through the whole number, and forming a pool underneath. Some of these trout were nearly six weeks old, and were a little over an inch long, whilst others were very much smaller. They attacked the maggots greedily. The superintendent told me they grew very fast when fed upon maggots in addition to anything else they could find for themselves in the water. These, he told me, were the first fish that had been hatched from the ovum of trout, hatched and reared in a pond in the garden, from ovum brought from Tasmania. In the pool under the boxes there were a great many, and in the pond I saw one a foot long, two and a half years old. The Avon, a river from ten to twenty yards broad, runs through the gardens, and some hundreds of trout have been put into it, and are supposed to be doing well, although it is not quite certain that many of them may not have fallen a prey to the eels that abound in the river. The Public Gardens are adjoining the Acclimatisation Gardens: it is an establishment of only some eight or ten years, but from the growth of the plants it would seem to be very much older. Everything, or nearly everything, in these gardens is foreign, and principally from England, and do remarkably well; there are eighty acres, and the soil is light and sandy. The Museum, which is situated in the gardens, is a new stone building just opened, and contains shells, minerals, and geological specimens, more particularly illustrative of New Zealand productions. There is also a collection of birds and animals, and several skeletons of extinct birds, among which is a moa, ten feet high. It is a creditable establishment for Christchurch, but too

small, I should think, for it is pretty full already. The bones of a moa, not a complete skeleton, were lying about the floor, and it is said the bird, when alive, must have stood fourteen feet high.

3*d.*—Yesterday I took a ramble hardly into the country, but at any rate out of Christchurch, about three miles. There I came upon a craft discharging timber: I should as soon have thought of seeing a live moa. On inquiry I found she was on a little river called the Heathcott, and had come up from the Bay of Akalon, distant by the river, with all its twists and turns, about twenty-five miles. This craft was not above thirty tons, but the skipper told me he had been up in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. At the point where she was discharging was the end of the navigable part of the river. A little further on I found some men washing what they called skin wool. The wool was first put into a large wooden box, and there washed with soap and hot water. The soap was used principally to get the grease out of the wool. From this box it was put into large buckets and washed in the river. Still further on I found a flax-mill at work driven by steam, that is, crushing New Zealand flax. The long flags were passed once through between a pair of small rollers, and then carried to a man who stood on a board across a running stream, who washed them, and immediately afterwards they were taken away by another hand and spread upon a grass field to dry. This drying operation generally consumed two or three weeks, and the flax was then brought back to a mill, and after undergoing the double operation of scratching and hacking, was considered fit for making cordage. The man who was employed in washing told me that the greater part of the flax found growing in the neighbourhood of Christchurch had been cut, and would not be fit to cut again in less than three years. They found, he told me, a much better market for the prepared article in New Zealand for making cordage than in England. This man had been two years in New Zealand; he had been a clerk in the Great Western Railway Office at Paddington, and on arriving here and finding nothing to do in the way of quill-driving, he had stripped off his coat, and was now earning by the sweat of his brow 6s. a day, and was

putting by money; for his board and lodging cost him only 10s. a week.

The *Merope* arrived from London a few days ago, bringing some 260 emigrants—seventy girls, forty young men, and thirty-one families. The whole of them found immediate employment at the following rates: Families, with rations, £40 to £50 a year, and without rations 30s. a week. Single men, £20, and rations for six months; boys, 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a week, and rations. Female domestic servants —cooks, £25; general servants, £16 to £25; housemaids, £15 to £20, all with board and lodging. On talking to the head-waiter in the hotel about the rates of wages obtained by these female servants by the *Merope*, he said the wages were very low, and that they would not remain over a week or two at such rates. The girls in the hotel, of whom there must be a dozen at least, get from £20 to £30, and of course live in the hotel.

Christchurch is well supplied with water. The evening of my arrival, I was surprised to see the water running to waste in a dozen different parts of the town from upright two-inch iron pipes, most of them with taps, and I thought it strange, seeing, as I believed, the water could only be had from the nearest range of hills, which is at a considerable distance from the town. I found, however, on inquiry, that every one of these iron pipes represented an Artesian well, the water coming from a depth varying from 20 to 200 feet. Anywhere in the neighbourhood water is certain to be found within those limits. The pipes are driven down after the fashion of the Abyssinian wells, but it happens that the plan of driving the pipes was in practice here long before the Abyssinian war was thought of.

Instead of having the lower end of the first pipe driven, pierced with small holes to admit the water when reached, as I have seen practised in England, the end of the first pipe here is plugged with a piece of wood in the shape of a boy's top, point downwards; and when water is reached, which it seems the workmen can tell by placing the ear to the pipe, a sort of iron chisel, in lengths screwed together, is let down on the inside of the pipe until the plug is reached, and with the chisel the plug is split and driven out, and the water of

course rises. The water does not rise everywhere to a uniform height, but by partially closing with the fingers some of the two-inch pipes, I have seen the water driven up to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet. The two-inch pipes, and there are some of even three or four inches, stand generally about five feet above the ground. I left Christchurch on the morning of the 4th by the mail, drawn by four horses, for Hokitika. I had the box-seat. The weather was fine, and the atmosphere so clear that it seemed as if a man with a good long arm could have placed his hand on the snowy ridge of mountains called the Southern Alps, extending in a long line right across our path ; for although our road took us in a straight line to them, for we drove right at them, it took us seven hours to reach the lower snowless ridge that extends along the foot of the snow-clad higher ridge, distant from Christchurch fifty miles. After this, the mountains closed upon us, as we kept rising gradually until we reached 3200 feet at Porter's Pass. The first fifty miles, on leaving Christchurch, was over the Canterbury plains, apparently a dead level, though not so in reality, but the rise is so gradual that it is imperceptible.

For some miles out of Christchurch the land is enclosed, and the road runs between hedges principally of English gorse, now flowering gloriously, and scenting the air with its perfume. The remainder of the fifty miles was an open treeless plain, covered with bunchy long grass, over which we drove here and there and everywhere without confining ourselves to any particular line of beaten road. The whole of the fifty miles is occupied by farms and sheep-runs. Leaving the plain, our road continued for twenty-five miles through a thoroughly alpine country, the treeless hills, among which we sped our way over a good road, rising to a height of from 1000 to 6000 feet, and presenting a great diversity of scenery. In this stretch we passed three lakes, picturesquely situated at the foot of almost perpendicular mountains, containing, however, no other fish than eels, some of which, they say, have been caught weighing ninety pounds. In one of the lakes, Pearson the coachman averred he had often seen them in warm sunny weather basking on the shore, and that they quietly "skedaddled" into the water as the coach ap-

proached. In another of these lakes, Grassmere, the story goes that there is a monstrous eel which has defied all attempts to capture it, though it has been constantly seen for years past, so large that they set it down as weighing 400 pounds! So that if nature has not been very bountiful in supplying the lakes and rivers of New Zealand with a variety of fish, she at least cannot be charged with parsimony in stocking them with good large eels, for they abound everywhere. Besides eels, the only fish here are a bull-trout, scarce and never eaten by foreigners, and whitebait, which is very abundant in the rivers and in the sea. We reached Cass, seventy-six miles from Christchurch, at 6 P.M., and remained there until early next morning. This is the half-way house between Christchurch and Hokitika. We waited for the mail to come in from Hokitika until eight o'clock before we sat down to supper, but it did not make its appearance. At nine I went to bed in a room in which there were two beds, and was soon fast asleep. An hour afterwards the landlord knocked me up to admit another traveller; the mail had arrived quite full, so there was an occupant provided for every bed in the house. I wished the landlord and the traveller both at the d——l, though I did not venture to tell them so. At daylight I was up, and had the first turn at the washhand-stand, and when my "chum" turned out, I told him he would have to get some more water. He hesitated for a moment, and then commenced washing himself in the water that held a fair amount of dirt from my skin, saying, "Oh, this water will do very well; you have not made it very dirty!" Every man to his liking, thought I, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow. At 5 A.M. we were on the road again, which led us now among higher mountains clothed with trees, principally the beech, called by our countrymen here birch, which perhaps it is more like than it is like our English beech. The hills nearest to us had but little snow on them, whilst those at the back were covered well down the sides. We passed through one very narrow dark glen with vertical hills on both sides, and then onwards through a great diversity of mountain scenery until we again reached 3000 feet in height, having lowered our altitude between Porter's Pass and Cass 1000 feet. From this point we descended the Otira Gorge,

a precipitous descent of three miles, varying in width from 20 to 100 yards, with a noisy torrent rushing down on one side of it in all its extent, and numerous waterfalls streaming down the well-wooded and precipitous mountain-side, presenting a beautiful spectacle as they wended their way among the trees they encountered in all their course. This gorge is cut through among the very highest of these Southern Alps, reaching to an elevation, some of the peaks, of perhaps 9000 feet. This mountain scenery is very grand, and the interest of it greatly heightened by the numerous turns and twists of the gorge. I thought at the time I had never seen any mountain scenery, taken as a whole, that pleased me more than these Southern Alps, the whole extent, from where you leave the plains until you get pretty well out on the western side, reaching to about fifty miles. Clear of the mountains, the road runs through a rolling country, both sides lined by a densely-tangled forest, in which there is some very fine large timber, and a great variety of it, most of the trees clutched, as it were, in the folds of enormous climbers. Barring the immediate vicinity of the rivers one meets with, the forest scenery continues the whole way to Hokitika, and makes an exceedingly pretty drive of some twenty-five miles, for the road is as good as any turnpike in England.

This west coast has not a single tolerable harbour in all its length, and was therefore a sealed book to Europeans, until the gold rush towards it took place five years ago. Hokitika now may have a population of 4000, and, with the mining districts in the immediate neighbourhood, there may be a population of 6000 in all. To supply this population with spirits, wine, and beer, there are in the town of Hokitika alone, in one street principally, 171 public-houses. There can be no doubt that the bulk of the gold produced at the diggings is bartered away for drink by the hard-working men who find it.

To-day I have had a trip to Stafford, and to the Waimea diggings. To the first place I had the advantage of a tram-way, and to arrive at the latter I had to walk a couple of miles after reaching Stafford, about twelve miles from Hokitika. The tramway for the first five miles keeps along

the beach, and then turns a little inland for the remainder of the journey. We have come through a tangled forest, almost tropical in appearance, so many and such huge climbers abound in it. There is also some fine timber, the red and the white pine attaining a diameter of six or eight feet, and occasionally, I daresay, even more. Stafford is a miner's town, of wooden huts; even the branch banks, which have followed the gold-diggers from Hokitika, are very small wooden buildings. As I emerged from Stafford, facing for the Waimea, I asked a robust Irishwoman whom I encountered, how long it would take me to walk to the Waimea? She replied, "That 'dipinds' upon how long you stop on the road." "But," I said, "I don't intend to stop on the road at all, but go right through." "Oh, then in that case it will take you," she said, "twenty minutes." I asked, what was the distance? She replied, "Two miles." "Then," I said, "I can't walk it in twenty minutes, for that would be at the rate of six miles an hour." "Oh, faith," she replied, "I can walk it in twenty minutes, and you ought to be able to do so too." So after that away I went, and although I stepped out, putting my best leg foremost, it took me over half an hour to reach my destination.

At the Waimea the diggings are met with in all directions around the town. The whole region has evidently been at some time or other covered with water, probably the bed of a river. It consists of small boulders, and sometimes big ones are met with, gravel and mud. The washing of this conglomerate is accomplished by directing a strong stream of water upon it through a hose, and which is supposed to carry away with it all the gold contained in the mass. The stream passes on and enters a wooden shoot, which may be fifty feet long or more, the upper end for some twenty feet perhaps has a bottom of three-inch plank thickly perforated with one-and-a-half-inch auger-holes. In passing over these holes the stream deposits in them all the gold it contains; or if any very small particles of the precious metal should escape into the stream after it has passed through the whole length of the shoot, they are intercepted by a bed of stones and gravel placed at the extremity of the shoot. These bottoms are removed every two or three weeks, and the gold

collected. The process is very simple, and certainly very rough and ready. One claim I visited, worked by four men, produced, they told me, from £16 to £30 worth of gold a week; and another claim, worked by Italians, produced sufficient gold to give each man four pounds a week, clear of all working expenses. The work done here at present is, however, but a mere trifle compared with what was done five years ago, when the rush brought thousands of miners from other districts: where there were thousands then, now there are but a few hundreds. The water required by these miners is principally supplied by companies, who invest in what they call a race; that is, a line of wooden shooting conducting the water from some source among the hills, of sufficient elevation and sufficiently abundant for the purpose. These sort of investments are never made unless with the almost certainty of getting back the amount expended in eighteen months, for it is considered imprudent to calculate on the diggings in any particular locality lasting a longer time.

8th.—Yesterday I walked out three miles to the Canary diggings, situated in the opposite direction from Hokitika to those I visited to-day. At the Canary diggings they are working over again earth which has already once before undergone the operation, the present produce giving from £2 to £5 a week wages. Here the gold-bearing earth is in a sort of great quarry, the bottom of which is some sixty to eighty feet below the surface. To a point on the surface a strong stream of water is brought by means of shooting from a considerable elevation in the adjoining hills. This stream turns a wheel at one working I visited (the Great Western) forty-five feet in diameter, and at another, close by (the Victoria), a wheel of fifty feet in diameter. By means of these wheels the earth is drawn up an inclined plane in trucks holding half a ton each to the spot where it is emptied into a shoot, and thence washed down into an iron cradle placed immediately underneath, perforated with holes two inches in diameter, and which is kept in a constant jogging motion, the earth remaining in the cradle sufficiently long to have the gold it may contain washed out of it, and which of necessity falls down through the holes in the bottom of the cradle, and from thence into a box under-

neath. At the Great Western about 150 tons dirt is washed daily, working from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. There are only seven men forming this company, and they seemed to me to be doing very hard work. The man attending to receiving and emptying the trucks is a Scotchman, a fine stalwart fellow from Dumbartonshire ; indeed, all the men I saw at the Canary diggings were Scotch. This man, with whom I conversed for a long time as he proceeded with his work, was a simple-minded Christian, and one who evidently thought a good deal about his soul. He had been reading lately some of the Plymouth Brethren tracts, which had made some impression upon him, and he asked me what I thought of the sect. It was but little known, he said, when he left home. Nothing would surprise me less than that man should some day leave the Church of his forefathers and join that of the Plymouth Brethren. When the dinner hour arrived (noon), and the work was suspended for an hour, I accompanied my friend to his wooden hut, and he gave me a piece of jade or greenstone which had been found in the workings, a common occurrence in this district. The overseer or manager at the Victoria diggings, which is worked by a company of forty miners, also gave me a piece of jade. This jade is a very close-grained hard stone, much used by the Maories for making weapons of war and farming implements before iron came within their reach, and as it takes a high polish, it is also worked up to a considerable extent by and for them in the present day into ornaments for personal wear. It does not seem to be found at all in the Waimea district, and I don't learn that it has ever been found in the Canary district otherwise than in isolated pieces among the gold-bearing dirt. The manager pressed me to stop and partake of his mid-day meal, tea and bread and butter, of which there seemed to be a plentiful supply upon the table, but I was in a hurry to get back to Hokitika, and I declined. The diggings here are kept free from water by the use of the Californian pump, worked by the big water-wheel that draws up the trucks of dirt, and by means of which the gold is afterwards washed out of it. This Californian pump, as it is called, is a very simple contrivance for drawing water from the diggings, and it was first

introduced by some Chinamen into the Californian diggings, where it is now used extensively. The road to the Canary diggings leads along by the shore and the river from Hokitika, with a good deal of dense tangled forest on either side of it, and many patches of cleared and half-cleared ground, mixed up with drinking and eating houses for intercepting a share of the produce of the gold mines before it reaches the branch banks established in the town for receiving it.

The useful timber in these forests is the red and the white pine, but the former is a much more durable wood than the latter. The *totora*, a native tree, grows to a great size, and so does a beech-tree, or something like a beech, called by foreigners a birch. I have seen the red pine and the beech some five to six feet in diameter. I am told the *totora* reaches twelve feet in diameter sometimes, but I expect that will be when measured close down to the ground. The fuchsia grows into a good-sized tree, and the wood of it is used by cabinetmakers. The giant tree-fern abounds hereabouts—many of them, I should think, full thirty feet high. Water is an expensive item for the miners at the Canary diggings; the Great Western establishment pays £11 a week, and the Victoria £15. There are only some five or six establishments such as these two at the Canary diggings, and the whole, I believe, or pretty nearly the whole, are conducted on the same principle, what they call here the cooperative system. The owners of the water-race seem to have the best investment on the west coast.

11*th*, *Christchurch.*—At Hokitika I awoke on Tuesday morning at 4 A.M.; it was raining in torrents, and had been doing so all night. The coach was to start for Christchurch at 6 A.M., by which, before I turned in, I had arranged to take passage, but seeing what the weather was, and knowing what it had been all night, I made up my mind to wait for the next coach, for I was quite sure that the rivers, with the weather we had had, would be too much swollen for the coach to pass; with this resolution I turned from the light, and went off fast asleep. At half-past five the boots called and said the coach was at the door, and so quite mechanically, forgetting at the moment the resolution I had come to an hour before, said, "All right!" turned out, and dressed forth-

with. Well, by the time I had come properly to my senses, I saw that I was doing a foolish thing, going off in such weather that the coach would have to return from the first river, for as I had the box-seat, I was surely in for a wetting. The coach, carrying the mail, was of necessity obliged to start, and make the attempt to proceed. So at six we were off, and at nine we were back again, having found the Arahura too big even for what they call the punt to be brought from the opposite side, the punt being a conveyance for taking horses and carriages across the river when it is too high to be forded. These rivers on the west coast are nearly all mountain torrents, and when the rain subsides they fall as rapidly as they had previously risen. At six the next morning we started again with a fairer prospect; the weather had cleared up immediately after we had returned from the river, and now the morning was very fine. The punt took us across the Arahura all right, and we proceeded on without obstacle, fording several streams without much trouble until we came to the Taipo; there we had to leave our carriage and to pass the river on a tiny suspension bridge, and embark in another carriage, which we found ready for us. There was another bridge which we also had to pass over, spanning a portion of what is now the dry bed of this river. It would seem that the engineers of New Zealand have been rather unfortunate in fixing upon the proper spot for throwing bridges over shifting streams; for at the Selwin, I am told, they made a similar mistake in building a railway bridge, and had consequently to erect a second bridge, the first being useless. Soon after leaving the Taipo we met the coach coming from Christchurch, with which we exchanged horses and driver, and proceeded on to Cass Station, where we arrived at 9.30 P.M. Here we remained until 1 A.M., when we got under way again, and at 1 P.M. we reached Christchurch, having been upon the road driving twenty-nine and a half hours, a distance of 150 miles.

13*th*.—Paid a visit to a farm a few miles out of Christchurch, consisting of 200 acres, all of which, with the exception of eleven acres under barley, oats, and mangolds, is laid down in grass, permanent pasture, from English seed. There was one field of fifty acres I admired very much. There was a

portion of the 200 acres, but a small portion, mown annually, for it would seem the fields are never bare of pasture here, unless fed down very hard indeed. I saw a handsome bull which had just taken a first prize at the agricultural show held here, and three handsome young bulls, yearlings; one had also carried off a first prize at the show. I saw some fine milch-cows in the fifty-acre paddock, all in excellent condition, indeed quite fit for the butcher. There were some handsome rams on the farm—one had taken a first prize at the show—and a good-looking flock of ewes and lambs, the lambs running with their mothers as fat as butter. The ewes, after the lambs have been taken from them, and got into good condition (shorn, of course, for they will shear ten pounds wool), may realise about 11s. each, their weight being about twelve stone. The price usually put by the butcher on fat sheep, when buying, is 1¼d. a pound. Mutton is selling here now, hind-quarters at 2½d., and 1½d. for fore-quarters. Beef is cheap in proportion. A hundred sheep for boiling down were sold off this farm at 1s. 6d. each! and they are sometimes sold as low as 6d. each! This farm is worked by two Scotchmen, whose joint wages amount to £200 per annum, besides which they have milk allowed them, one and a half pounds butter each a week, and a fat hog once a year. They do all the work of the farm, with the exception of shearing the sheep, and this costs 15s. a hundred. They rarely have anything the matter with their sheep; one per cent. will cover the annual loss. The owner of this farm has been in New Zealand twenty years. All he had when he made up his mind to leave home was a couple of hundred pounds and a young wife. He spent a good deal of what he had in getting out here, and the only venture he brought was a barrel of boots, which realised him a large profit. On arriving at Auckland, he had the forethought to have made a very small portable wooden house, which he brought to these plains and erected with his own hands, living in the meantime, he and his wife, under a tent. That was twenty years ago: I am told that he is now worth £100,000, and a highly respected and useful member of society. The little house he brought from Auckland, and put together with his own hands, is still standing in Christchurch. This gentle-

man is now living in a very nice house, with conservatory and greenhouse, in the neighbourhood of Christchurch, with some fifteen acres of paddock and pleasure-grounds attached. In one corner of the property is a cottage in which his father and mother are living—he brought them from England some fifteen years ago—the one is eighty-four years of age and the other seventy-four.

I talked with several of the men stationed along the road between Christchurch and Hokitika keeping it in order: they don't break their necks by hard work, that is quite evident, and still they get 9s. a day wages on the west end of the road, and 8s. on the Canterbury end. No man in this part of the world makes longer hours than from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M., with time between for breakfast and dinner.

The town of Christchurch is situated on the Canterbury plains, seven miles from the port of Lyttleton, with which it is connected by a railway cut through Banks Peninsula, the tunnel being one and three-quarter miles long. The streets are all perfectly straight and wide, but in many instances not running quite at right angles to each other. The major part of them have a small stream of water running through on both sides. Indeed the water supply is unequalled by that of any city in the world, for almost every house of any size has a full supply of the very best of water from an Artesian well of its own, obtained by driving iron pipes to a depth of from fifty to a hundred feet, and at a cost of from £6 to £16. Of course all public squares and places from whence the streets radiate are supplied with fountains and basins, at which the carts employed in watering the streets are filled by means of a small Californian pump: it works well, and is a cheap and effective contrivance. In some places the water through a pipe of three-quarter-inch bore screwed on to a larger pipe would rise some fifteen or sixteen feet, but the greater number of the pipes in gardens stand about five feet high, with a rose screwed on to the end; and where I have seen open pipes, a strong stream runs over usually two-inch pipes.

The houses are principally built of wood, and never more than two stories. Some of the churches, and the Government buildings, as well as the banks and a few private stores, are

of stone. St John's Church is a very creditable edifice, and the hall of the Provincial Assembly, though small, is very handsomely decorated in the interior, at a total cost, I am told, of £10,000; rather an unwise outlay, seeing that many people think the affairs of the provinces will soon be managed by simple municipal institutions, the central Government taking to itself the bulk of the legislation now emanating from the provincial assemblies.

Evidently the engineers, in laying out the city of Christchurch, calculated on its becoming some day of colossal dimensions, and did their work accordingly. The streets are wide and the squares numerous, and the former may be extended to any required length. The river Avon runs through it, a river varying in width from ten to twenty yards, and planted to a considerable distance on both sides with the Australian blue gum-tree, weeping-willows, and poplars. Whitebait is abundant in the Avon, and boys may be seen all day long catching them in hand-nets, and selling them at sixpence a quart. Smelt is also caught in this river, and occasionally a flounder is taken in it; eels of course abound. The river runs pure and clear, no sewage being allowed to empty into it; and as the town is on a flat, all sewage matter has to be removed in carts, which is done everywhere once a fortnight, and in some way or other without creating any nuisance in the public thoroughfares.

Christchurch is only some twenty feet above high-water mark. With regard to its remarkable supply of pure water, I am told that in and very closely around the town the stream rises from five to fifteen feet above the surface in two-inch pipes, but as you proceed from the city towards the mountains, the ground rising a little, it no longer hardly comes to the surface. The first water was obtained by a brewer some nine or ten years ago, who bored for the chance of finding it, and it was some time before any other attempts were made. At last a blacksmith thought he would try, and invented the driving system, instead of the boring system, which had been practised by the brewer. The blacksmith being successful at a depth of seventy feet, then others tried; and so, long before the Abyssinian war was undertaken, there were hundreds of these wells existing in Christchurch. An

expenditure of from £8 to £10 secures this great boon in any part of Christchurch or its immediate neighbourhood.

On the 15th November I embarked on board the *Tararua*, bound for Melbourne. Our first halt was at Timaru after leaving Lyttleton, an open roadstead, but the beach was quiet, and we had no difficulty in landing. A breakwater, put up some two years ago of ill-made artificial stone, has been completely washed away. The back country is rich in grain-producing land, and in sheep-runs also; so the future of Timaru is looked forward to with great hope by the present settlers. It is but the skeleton of a town yet, though there are a few good shops in it; population about 1200.

Oamaru, the next place we stopped at, is very prettily situated on the slope of a hill; it is an open roadstead, and the beach at present is bad for the discharge or loading of cargo. A contract, however, has been entered into for a breakwater to be run out from a bluff forming the southern boundary of the port, 1400 feet, the stone to be artificial, and in blocks of thirty tons each. The depth of water may be from three to five fathoms, and the cost of the work £28,000. This is a rising town, the country in the vicinity being rich in grain and wool. Timaru is in the province of Canterbury; Oamaru, with its 1500 inhabitants, is in the province of Otago. The weather was rough when we arrived in the roadstead, and we lay off and on all night, and with difficulty next morning landed what cargo we had for the place, and took on board some grain and wool. I did not land here. We got away at noon, and at noon the day afterwards we anchored at Port Chalmers, a commodious harbour, and immediately afterwards we embarked in a river steamer, and proceeded forthwith to Dunedin, nine miles distant, to which place—the capital of Otago—a railway is now being constructed from Port Chalmers. Dunedin is the most populous town of the province, and contains 13,000 inhabitants. It is built upon a belt of land backed up by hills rising to an elevation of 600 feet, and running at right angles to the bay, from which the town presents the appearance of an amphitheatre, the houses rising tier above tier to its very summit. They are all, or the principal part of them, built of white freestone, easily

worked, and hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. Dunedin possesses many fine public edifices and private houses, and some public gardens laid out about a year ago promise to be a useful and pleasant adjunct to the city. This province of Otago was first settled in 1848, and owes its origin to the Scotch Free Church Association, the first band of settlers arriving at Port Chalmers in March 1848. The province now contains some 50,000 inhabitants, and is the most populous province in the colony. A handsome Presbyterian church is now in course of construction, of white freestone. The very elevated and chaste steeple is already finished, though the body of the church is not yet roofed in. The province owes its rapid increase in wealth and population greatly to its extensive and rich gold mines, discovered in 1861, as well as to its great extent of fine pastoral and agricultural land. I visited the Museum, which contains little beyond a collection of minerals and other specimens illustrative of the geological formation of the province. We got away from Port Chalmers at 4 P.M. on the 18th, and at six next morning steamed into the "Bluffs," where we landed some cargo, and took on board some wool. The town is comprised of half-a-dozen houses. There is a railway from it to the town of Invercargill, eighteen miles distant, with only one train a day. There are some rich gold diggings in the neighbourhood. At Port Chalmers there were four vessels waiting for cargoes for Europe, but at the "Bluffs" there was but one vessel, the *Chile*, from Liverpool, laying outside the harbour, waiting for a fair wind to enter the port.

I found on the beach some six or seven different sorts of shells; generally in New Zealand there are but few shells on the shores. Invercargill contains 2000 inhabitants. At noon (Saturday) we left the port. On the following Thursday (to-day, the 24th) we arrived at Melbourne, after a tolerably rough passage.

CHAPTER XII.

Melbourne—Geelong—Launceston—Hobart Town—Rail and tram — Sykes, the Yorkshireman—Van Diemen's Land Company—Forests—Penguin silver mine —Penguins—Good lands heavily timbered—Hampshire Hills—Walaby steaks —Badgers—Hyenas—Surrey Hills—Opossums—Kangaroos—Middlesex Plains —Gad's Hill—Mersey—Rail to Launceston—Gold mines at Nine-Mile Springs —Industry gold mines—Racecourse—Black Boy mines—Description of Hobart Town—Hobart, Golden Gate, and other mines—Farming depressed in Tasmania —Melbourne—Meat-curing works—Railway—The stinking Yarra—Californians should have Tasmania—Ballarat—Pay-dirt—Clunes gold mines—Stinking factories at Melbourne—Vested rights—Heavy protection duties—Sydney, description of—Newcastle collieries—Paddy's Market at Melbourne—Launceston —Railway opened—Excess of females in Tasmania—Bendigo and other diggings—Galle.

December 4th.—I yesterday paid a flying visit to Ballarat. It is a large and growing town, wholly, it would seem, supported by its rich gold alluvial and quartz-crushing gold mines in its immediate neighbourhood. We only remained there a couple of hours, so I shall say nothing about the place until I have seen it again; but Geelong we had a good look at. It is a prettily situated town, on the shore, almost at the entrance of the great bay (Port Philip, within the Heads) upon which Melbourne also is built. For awhile Geelong was the rival of Melbourne, and promised at one time to be what Melbourne is now, but it got beaten in the race, and whilst its competitor has made gigantic strides towards wealth, Geelong has gone back, and house property which was bought for £1800 fifteen years ago is now not worth more than £300; and in this proportion has been the decline in the value of all property, land, and sites for building, as well as in buildings all over Geelong. It is a splendid port, and water sufficient for the largest merchant vessels. There were four loading wool when I was there. There are some capital sea-bathing establishments, which before very long will bring many people to Geelong as a fashionable watering-place. Its position, too, as regards Ballarat, and being on the road, to a large extent, of sheep-runs, cannot

fail to ensure to it some progress, notwithstanding its failure in its competition with Melbourne for the first place in Victoria as the chief of commercial cities.

Visited Williamstown, which may be called part of Melbourne, lying opposite to and close to Sandridge. All large vessels discharge and take in their cargoes at one or other of these two places, there not being water enough to allow of their coming up the river closer to Melbourne. Craft drawing fourteen or fifteen feet water come up at high tide, which rises only some two or three feet. Several fine ships were loading wool at Williamstown, and "dumping" or pressing the bales, after coming from the country, into smaller compass by steam power, going on in stores and on the open wharf close to the shipping. A graving-dock is being constructed at Williamstown by the Government, of basalt, called blue-stone here, thirteen cubic feet to the ton. Length of the dock in all, 480 feet; calculated to take in vessels of 400 feet long; breadth, above ninety feet, and fifty-five feet in the bottom; depth, thirty-three feet. The bottom of the dock is twenty-five feet below the bottom of the harbour. Williamstown is nine miles from Melbourne, by a circuitous railway; as the crow flies it is only three and a half miles.

I left Melbourne for Launceston in the steamer *Derwent* at 10 A.M. on Monday, and arrived there on the 6th, twenty-four and a half hours coming 276 miles. Launceston stands second in importance among the towns of Tasmania, Hobart Town being the capital. It is situated at the head of the river Tamar, just at the confluence of the South and North Esk, forty-five miles from Bass's Straits (opposite the southern coast of Australia), into which it empties itself. The distance across the straits is about 100 miles. The Tamar is a winding river, and there is a channel in it deep enough in all its course at high water for vessels drawing fourteen feet. On both sides the country is hilly and clothed with timber, and at every turn of the river very eligible building sites present themselves. There is some cleared land, but not much, and some comfortable-looking farmhouses, and a gentleman's country seat here and there. I am told the land is poor on both sides of the river. The town itself is prettily situated, and regularly built, as are indeed all

these young towns. Two small vessels were loading grain and wool for London. Between Launceston and Circular Head, the north-western extremity of the island, two little steamers are kept constantly running, and do nearly all the coasting work. They call, after leaving Georgetown, a port on the Tamar inside the Heads, at Port Sorrell, the Leven, the Mersey, the Forth, the Penguin, Emu Bay, and at Table Cape; with the exception of the Penguin and Emu Bay, all the other places are the mouths of rivers, being navigable for a few miles only for small craft, except the Mersey, in which there is seven to eight feet water at high tide for seven miles from its mouth. A railway from Launceston, forty miles to Deloraine, is about to be opened, and a tramway from the latter place to the Mersey is in course of construction.

Soon after I arrived at Launceston I went to the post-office, thinking that there, if anywhere, I might find some one capable of deciphering the address sent to me from England of a man whom I had helped to send to this colony many years ago, but the post-office officials were inadequate to the task. This morning, when I came down to the wharf to embark for Circular Head, whilst waiting on the wharf for the time of starting to arrive, a little man sidled up to me and said, "Going to the Mersey, sir?" "I am," I said, "and I am not; I am going further afield—to Circular Head." "My name, sir, is Lyons. I keep an inn at the Mersey, where you will find comfortable quarters had you been going there; my son will be a passenger with you in the boat." Forthwith I entered into conversation with the little man; many people began to gather about our little steamer, the *Pioneer*, some to proceed on in her, others, their friends, came to see them off. Everybody who approached seemed on the best of terms with my new acquaintance; and it bethought me, seeing that they were every one of them people who seemed to know all about Tasmania, to produce my unintelligible address, and to try if any of them were equal to the task which had been found too difficult even for the post-office people. Several confessed their inability to read the writing of D.'s correspondent at B., and I had all but put back the troublesome address into my pocket,

when a sharp Yorkshireman appeared upon the scene. Now or never, I thought; this is my last chance. The H. D., South Banks, Tasmania, was intelligible enough; but there was another word, the key to the whole address, between South Banks and Tasmania, which had puzzled us all. We had made it out to be Droked or Dromed, but there was no such place in Tasmania, so it could not be either of them. Then what was it? The Yorkshireman looked steadily at it for a good five minutes, and then he exclaimed, "Avoca!" To be sure it is Avoca. We all saw now that it was Avoca, yet nevertheless the deciphering of the word showed great sharpness on the part of Mr Sykes, for that was the Yorkshireman's name. Well, when we had fairly started, I found Mr Sykes had remained on board the *Pioneer*, so I scraped acquaintance with him. "You did me great service," I said, "by unravelling that crooked address for me, which had defied even the practical men of the post-office to decipher." "I am glad of it," he said, "but I must tell you I have had some practice in such matters. I was once postmaster of a district in this neighbourhood for six years." "Oh," said I, "then that accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut." Well, I stuck to Mr Sykes, and he gave me a deal of information as to the relative value of land on the north-west coast, and I was sorry when he left us at Port Sorrell. I am writing now in my room at Mr Lyons' at the Mersey, to which I have come for the chance of getting a better night's rest than I could hope for on board the *Pioneer*.

9*th*, *Circular Head*.—We got away from the Mersey at 8.30 yesterday morning, with a fresh breeze blowing from the west right in our teeth, and arrived here at midnight, stopping on the way at the Forth, the Penguin, Emu Bay, and Table Cape. At this last-named place we took on board a constable in charge of two young women who had committed some small crime, and were being sent to Circular Head for trial. The *Pioneer* is a twin-screw steamer of fifty-one tons burthen, cost £4000 in Melbourne, where she was built; she is owned by a company of some twenty shopkeepers, farmers, and merchants living along this coast, and she pays, they tell me, a good percentage on the money invested. Besides the *Pioneer*, there is a small paddle-wheel steamer also running

between Launceston and Circular Head, upon which the owners of the *Pioneer* make war to the knife.

8th January 1871.—After remaining at Circular Head and in the neighbourhood, where the Van Diemen's Land Company have large possessions of valuable land, I left on horseback for Launceston with the view of seeing somewhat of the country between Circular Head and Launceston, a distance of 200 miles. Our first night after starting we passed at Table Cape, forty-three miles. The road for twenty miles lay over sandy beaches and through scrubs alternately; then we crossed Rocky Cape, Breakneck Hill, and the Sisters, probably some 700 feet high, and again descended to the beach; so it was still alternately scrub and beach until we reached the end of our day's journey. A dozen miles of our journey were made through a dense forest cumbered with fallen trees. On the Sisters grows a peculiar and beautiful species of *Banksia*, the leaf long and serrated; it grows into a good-sized tree, and produces a cone studded with wooden nuts as hard as iron, and so firmly attached to the cone that they are separated from it with great difficulty. This nut contains the seed, of which I found some of last year's growth still on the trees. In the days when Tasmania was a penal settlement, a convict who was lucky enough to discover any valuable natural production, on making it known to the Government, was always rewarded. They tell a story of one of these gentry, in passing along this coast, coming upon the *Banksia* I have mentioned, of which he gathered some cones, and took them to the proper authorities, declaring he had gathered them from some noble pine-trees, of which he had discovered an extensive forest. The cone being perfectly new to the authorities, they believed the convict's story, and rewarded him for his luck by giving him a ticket-of-leave.

There is a good inn at Wynyard, where we passed the night, and the next morning rode on to Emu Bay, twelve miles, the road almost all the way being over a sandy shore. Burnie, the township of Emu Bay, is pleasantly situated on the west shore of the bay, commanding a fine sea view, and is one of the most healthy spots on the north-west coast. It forms part of the Van Diemen's Land Company's property,

which here extends inland in one continuous block by the road for some fifty odd miles, and contains 210,000 acres of probably the best land, taken as a whole, in Tasmania; and a little farther on the Company possesses another block, called the Middlesex Plains, containing four square miles, or 10,000 acres.

The western point of Emu Bay, extending from the Company's ruined wharf for a good half-mile seawards, is composed entirely of columnæ basalt in its most perfect form, in some parts quite covered at high-water, and in others standing up above high-water mark some twelve to fourteen feet. These columns or pillars, isolated in blocks, look as if they were the work of the hand of man, built up of slabs, some square, but principally five and six sided, from one to two inches in thickness, and from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter. A good portion, however, of the point is an even platform, quite flat, of columnæ basalt. The columns look as if they had been driven down like so many piles, and cemented together in many places with molten iron, but generally so beautifully fitted into each other that there is no room for cement. I do not know what this rocky cement is, but it is also found in places, covering the face of columns in thin plates, with the perfect appearance of iron. I should call it an oxide of columnæ basalt. No columnæ basalt can be more perfect in form. It exists in many parts of the coast between Port Dalrymple and Circular Head, but nowhere else, I believe, in so perfect a form as at Emu Bay. At Law's, where we first drew rein on entering Emu Bay—a very good house, but a very bad inn, or rather no inn at all at present, for Law has been bankrupt lately—we found Mrs Law in bed, and Law himself with one arm in a sling. We walked on to Mr M.'s, where we were hospitably entertained during our stay at Emu Bay.

On New-Year's Day we witnessed a great gathering of the children of the district, and many of the grown-up people also, on the occasion of a feast given to the Sunday-school children, to whom prizes were distributed by the clergyman of the district. The assemblage was a creditable one for Emu Bay, and included children of all denominations. Population is scanty in this part of Tasmania; the Emu

Bay division, the coast-line, extending from the Blythe to the Cam, containing only 471 souls.

The next day after our arrival at Emu Bay we visited the Penguin silver mine, twelve miles, partly along the beach eastward of Emu Bay; the road is good all the way, and the seaward views from many parts of it quite put me in mind of the Corniche road between Nice and Genoa. The shaft, sunk to a depth of sixty-three feet, is just above high-water mark. Nevertheless, with the assistance of a single horse working only a few hours in the week, the mine is kept free from water. From the bottom of the shaft they are now driving in both directions, following the reef under the sea, and also towards the hills. A good deal of quartz is being brought to the surface; some of it, of which I took samples, looks rich, but until submitted to assay I can't say much about it. There were only two men working in the mine when we were there, owing to the races then going on at Emu Bay.

The rocks at Emu Bay are visited by penguins, and four years ago a pair of these birds took to making a nest in one of many old boxes in a shed in Mr M.'s backyard, and have continued to do so every year since. I paid several visits to the nest; the old bird was there, but did not show the slightest sign of fear. The young bird—for there was but one, the other having died in the nest and been removed by Mrs M.—is now nearly three weeks old, and must be nearly ready to leave, for it looks almost as big as its mother, and was squatted down alongside of her or up in a corner, but close to the nest. The first night I was at Emu Bay I heard a loud noise about midnight in the backyard, something between the neighing of a horse and the braying of a donkey. This was the male bird come on a visit to his family—a common occurrence, Mrs M. told me, during the time of incubation, and after the eggs were hatched. The visit was always made about midnight. On going to the nest as soon as I got up, I found the old bird had gone, the young one left by itself. The old bird remained away the whole of that day, but I found her back in the nest the following morning. Mrs M., although taking a great interest in her penguins and watching them narrowly, had

never observed the old bird feeding the young one, nor had she ever observed any remains of food about the nest. The young bird must, however, have been well fed; for it grew fast, much faster than a brood of young ducks which was hatched about the same time. During the whole four years the old birds have never once succeeded in rearing their young to maturity and carrying them off, some accident or other always befell the young ones before they were able to take care of themselves; and, curiously enough, these birds still returned year after year to make their nest and hatch their young in the same place, for no doubt it must have been the same pair that always came. The old birds occasionally mixed up with the poultry, but never for the purpose of feeding with them. It would seem that these birds would not be easily driven away from the shed they had chosen, for only this year, when the two old birds first came, they took possession of two empty upright flour-barrels. Mrs M., fearing the penguins might not be able to get out of the barrels standing in that position, laid the barrels down on their sides. The birds—fancying, no doubt, that this was a hint to them to go elsewhere—left the barrels and took to one of the old boxes; but it seems never to have occurred to their penguinships to abandon the shed and seek accommodation elsewhere. The male bird always paid his visits at night, though he often remained the whole of next day; and he always took his departure at night. Two months after, in the beginning of March, I returned to Emu Bay, and found the young penguin sitting quietly in a box in the backyard. The greater part of the old shed had been removed, and I learned from Mr M. that about six weeks ago the old female bird had disappeared; and as a dead penguin, killed by some accident, had been found in the neighbourhood, he feared it might be his bird; and a little more than a month since the young penguin, now a full-grown bird, had also disappeared, and after being absent for a month had returned to the yard only the day before I arrived. I remained at Emu Bay the best part of three days, and during that time I paid several visits to the yard, and always found the young penguin looking very comfortable, reposing in the corner of a box. How his domestic

arrangements, cooking, &c., were carried on, I am at a loss to conjecture; but certain it is the fellow looked very fat and jolly. One month afterwards (April) I again visited Emu Bay, but I did not find my friends the penguins in the outhouse at Mr M.'s. The young one (after my second visit in March) had absented himself for a day or two, and afterwards had returned, accompanied by another penguin; but they had both gone when I arrived at Emu Bay, and in all probability may not return until the breeding season commences in November next. With the exception of these birds whose history I have been detailing, I never saw a live penguin at Emu Bay. A dead one occasionally I have seen washed upon the beach, but never a live one; so they could not have been abundant in the immediate neighbourhood. The small islands to which they resort in large numbers must be more than fifty miles from Emu Bay.

The bulk of the land bordering on Emu Bay might be said to belong to the Van Diemen's Land Company; some of it has been sold, and a portion of it farmed on leases. We rode for half a day among these farms; the land is excellent, none better in Tasmania, but the labour of clearing in this densely and heavily timbered country is immense. Doubtless some day or other the timber, which is now an obstruction, will become of great value.

On coming to Emu Bay from Table Cape we encountered a small whale on the beach, thirty feet long: it had been found floundering in the sand and killed the day before by a publican residing in the neighbourhood.

On the 4th we left Emu Bay, accompanied by Lennard, an old Company's servant, well acquainted with the road we were to travel as far as the Hampshire Hills, and in other days, some thirty years ago, well acquainted with the road as far as the Surrey Hills, and even on to the Middlesex Plains, and thence to Deloraine. Our route for several miles at starting lay through thick scrub and forest land, diversified a little by rough clearings, and afterwards by a chain of plains. On arriving at the Hampshire Hills hut of Messrs Fields, we found ourselves on an extensive plain of fair-looking pasture-land surrounding the station, very prettily situated. We passed by the garden of the old Company, in

which were apple and pear trees, and several kinds of cherries, enclosed within a fence of elm and oak, now so choked and overgrown that it was with difficulty we could get through it, which we were endeavouring to do after we had put things in train at the hut for getting something to eat. The old Company had a grand house here, this being one of their principal establishments. Not a vestige of it now remains, totally and entirely destroyed by fire; neither is there a sign left of a well-macadamised road which, twenty-five years ago, led up to it from the river. On our arrival we found the hut empty, but on rummaging about we discovered tea and sugar and a loaf of bread; so we made a fire, and put the kettle on, and the smoke from the chimney soon brought home the master, who had not been very far distant employed in lighting fires to burn the scrub and rough grass. Jemmy, for that is the name of Messrs Fields' station-cook, went to work in earnest, and in half an hour after our arrival we sat down to a good dish of fried walaby steaks, doing ample justice to it, washing it down, as is the custom on all occasions hereabouts, with oceans of tea.

The walaby may be called a small kangaroo, but is much nicer eating than its larger congener. We had ridden twenty-one miles, and had nineteen miles more to do before reaching the station at the Surrey Hills, so after finishing our repast, and regaling Jemmy with a couple of glasses of brandy—he excused himself from taking any more, stating that a year or two ago he had suffered "Dolorous Trimbles" —we saddled our horses, and went on our way rejoicing. Our road lay through alternate forest and grassy land, and across the river Wey. In the evening we reached the "hut," a really large and comfortable place. The hut-keeper, Charley, who had been on the station for thirty-two years, soon set before us some cold beef and hot tea, which did not come amiss, though we had eaten our fill of walaby a few hours before at the Hampshire Hills. After supper we lounged about for a couple of hours, and then went to bed, not between sheets, but between opossum rugs, which we soon found to be well stocked with fleas. We rested, notwithstanding the fleas, and got up in the morning considerably refreshed. At the breakfast-table Charley informed us that

he had got up at one o'clock and had gone out badger-hunting, the weather during the day being too hot for his dogs, and had killed four badgers, bringing home three skins and one entire animal. This Tasmanian badger is not unlike a small bear. Charley had with him a rare lot of kangaroo-dogs, I believe a whole dozen of them, really ferocious animals. Two or three days before our arrival at the hut, Charley was out with his dogs, and fell in with a flock of hyenas, seven of them, of which his dogs captured four. Our guide, Lennard, was an old chum of Charley's, one of those emigrants who had, some thirty years before, "left their country for their country's good," and had become an assigned servant of the Company. We brought him with us to steer us through these solitudes from behind the bar of his own public at Emu Bay. Charley remarked, observing that Lennard was making a poor breakfast, that publicans seldom eat much at breakfast. "As for myself," he said, "the morning after I have been out badger-hunting at night I always eat two pounds of meat for breakfast, to make up for the waste created by want of sleep."

As we had but twenty-eight miles to ride before reaching Middlesex Plains, our next halting-place, we were not very early in the saddle. It was eight o'clock before we left the Surrey Hills hut, for it was past ten when we reached Thompson Park, a grass paddock of about thirty acres, with a hut standing on it, seven miles from the Surrey Hills station. We remained here an hour to give our horses a feed, and then started afresh. We got on very well until we crossed the hill that divides the Surrey Hills station from the Vale of Belvoir, about four miles from the Middlesex Plains. The view from this hill or ridge, which is called the Bluff, a spur of the Burn Bluff some fifteen miles off, is remarkably extensive, and takes in large tracts of grassy and forest land. With the exception of Mounts Pearce, Catley, and Belmont, the whole country looks like an interminable level, or more properly a sea of gentle undulations. As I have said, we got on all right until we descended into the Vale of Belvoir at 2 P.M., but here we lost the track, and the memory of our guide, Lennard, who had not been here for twenty-seven years, no

longer served him as it had hitherto done, and we lost our way. For four hours we were wandering about in a very unpleasant state of mind, sometimes leading, sometimes driving our horses through bogs. On one occasion my horse floundered and fell against me, very unceremoniously knocking me down, and then falling upon top of me. Well for me was it the ground was boggy and soft; had it been hard, my leg would unavoidably have been broken; as it was, it was only crushed, no bones broken, so that I was soon able to get into the saddle again; it will, however, be many days before I am quite right. At 6.30 we stumbled upon the hut, and right glad I was. Here we found a man and his wife, and a clean and comfortable hut. A very few minutes sufficed for Mrs Frances to give us a cup of good tea, with abundance of milk, toast, and bread and butter; and when bedtime came she provided us with flealess bed-clothes, an unusual luxury in the bush. Husband and wife were both middle age, or even younger, and still they had been living in this isolated spot for some fifteen years. He was a very handy fellow; he tanned the hide, out of which he made boots and shoes for himself, his wife, and his child; he was an adept at shoeing a horse or drawing a tooth, having himself made a first-rate pair of forceps with which to perform this last-named operation; he tanned opossum-skins, first having caught the animals himself, and then made them into handsome rugs; in fact, there were few things to which he could not turn his hand. The wife was equally handy, I have no doubt. A. M'Calder, who passed this way in 1865, thus writes of her: "Dooley and myself were first in the saddle, ready for an early start, waiting the company of our female guide, when forth she came, leading her horse, which, to our amazement, she mounted astraddle, and thus rode the whole way to Chudleigh (about thirty-six miles) with an amount of unconcern that surprised us not a little, and as if determined we should lose no part of this extraordinary feat of horsewomanship, she rode in front of us nearly the whole distance, smoking a dirty little black pipe from one end of the journey to the other." This woman was Mrs Frances, who gave us clean beds, and tea and coffee for breakfast next morning. At the Hampshire and Surrey Hills, and

here at the Middlesex Plains station, we saw numbers of black cockatoos. I asked Frances if he ever took the young? He had never seen a nest, he said, and had no idea where they bred. During our journey we saw many kangaroo and walaby.

These Middlesex Plains, four square miles, or 10,000 acres, form the limit of the Company's property in this direction. Next morning, after Frances had put a couple of hind-shoes on Lennard's horse, he started with us to show us the road as far as Gad's Hill, fourteen miles. "The hut at Middlesex Plains stands about 2800 feet above the sea. We continued on grassy land for the next four miles, when we commenced the descent into the truly profound and formidable valley of the Forth river by a steep and most barren slope called the Three-Mile Rise. We led our horses down, down, and down, till I was quite sick of descending, and it seemed as if we were never going to reach the bottom of this abominable ravine.

"The river Forth crossed, we commenced rising the famous Gad's Hill, the ascent from the stream being as long and as steep as the hill on the other side, the only difference between them being that the soil on the eastern rise is much better than that on the other. The tableland on the top of Gad's Hill (which is rather indifferent) is three miles across, and in midway of it is a small plain where the Messrs Fields have a hut standing in an enclosed paddock, at which we were most heartily welcomed, as indeed is usual at all these stations." I can endorse this account as true in every particular, even to the welcome at the hut, where we arrived at 11.30 A.M., and where we dined off the best piece of corned beef and best ham I had eaten in Tasmania. We remained an hour and a half at this hut and then moved on, and soon began the descent of Gad's Hill down to the Mersey, which is also very steep, but not so bad, I think, as the hill we had just passed. The ford at the Mersey is about 1500 feet above the sea. We soon reached Circular Pond Marsh, now enclosed and turned into a pretty little farm; and all along the road until we reached Chudleigh we met with more or less cultivation. At Chudleigh we arrived towards evening, dined at Rackett's Inn, and started again at 8 P.M. for

Deloraine, distant ten miles. We reached Deloraine at 10 P.M., having ridden forty-six miles. Chudleigh is a flourishing settlement, and a good road connects it with Deloraine, from which place to Launceston a railway has lately been constructed, though not yet open for traffic. The distance by rail is forty-five miles to Launceston; by the coach-road only thirty miles. I travelled by coach next day, and got to the Brisbane Hotel. Circular Head to Launceston is 197 miles.

The 12*th*.—I embarked on board the *Annie* for George Town, where I calculated on arriving at 1.30 the following day, but in consequence of something like a gale of wind blowing from N.E., we did not reach our destination until 4 P.M. The *Annie* is a little twenty-horse paddle-steamer running between Launceston and the ports on the N.W. coast as far as the Mersey.

Immediately on reaching George Town I was fortunate in obtaining a horse to proceed to the gold mines at Nine-Mile Springs, the object of my little trip. The Nine-Mile Springs are ten miles from George Town, and by following the telegraph wire I had no difficulty in finding the way; in an hour and a half I alighted at a wooden shanty, a comfortable inn enough for the bush. The mines in this locality were discovered hardly a year ago, and the village consists now of some twenty wooden houses, very roughly built. The Shamrock mine being close to the inn, I paid that a visit as soon as I arrived. There was no work going on, but there were a few tons of stone at the mouth of the mine, which looked to me to be promising quartz, although I failed to discover gold in any of the pieces I examined. The company owning the mine have clearly a good opinion of it, for they have imported from Melbourne, and which is now being carted from George Town, the machinery necessary for crushing the quartz, and may be all in working order in about three months. This morning I visited the Excelsior, situated on the slope of a hill, distant from the village one and a half miles. The company has already sunk three shafts on this reef, the deepest fifty feet; the reef, they say, is from four feet nine inches to nearly six feet wide. There are some 250 tons ore already out of this mine; it is a slaty

sort of quartz. A few minutes' search enabled me to discover gold in two or three stones. The erection of crushing machinery is now being proceeded with, and in about six weeks hence there will be ten stamps at work. There is no end of wood close at hand for firing; in fact, these mines are in the midst of a forest. There is a creek at the foot of the hill upon the slope of which the shafts have been opened, and it was in the sand of this creek that gold was first discovered, which afterwards led to a successful search being made for the reef. The same circumstance led to the discovery of the Shamrock mine. After breakfast I mounted my horse to return to Launceston, thirty miles distant. *En route*, about three miles from the Springs, I stopped to visit the Industry mine, a claim owned and about to be worked by a dozen practical miners. The reef here seems to consist of broken bits of quartz mixed up with earth. A couple of pans of this stone and earth were dug out and washed in my presence, and produced several grains of gold. Some people call these diggings alluvial, but they mistake in doing so, for the stones containing the gold are not at all water-worn. The gold-bearing line of strata looks like a disintegrated reef of quartz. I obtained at this mine several bits of quartz all showing gold. The principal man here interested in the Industry mine seems very sanguine as to the result of it. Altogether there seems a fair prospect of these mines turning out well; much, however, will depend upon their being worked with economy. At 4 P.M. I reached Launceston, having stopped for an hour on the road to bait my horse. It rained during part of this journey, but not much. The telegraph wire pointed out the road, and brought me along all right. Part of this road is very good, the whole of it passable, and the river scenery pretty; in places some cultivation and a few decent houses are met with.

Accompanied some friends to the Launceston racecourse, for the purpose of marking out a line for the steeplechase race to take place on the 14th of next month. We accomplished our work in a couple of hours, and have given the running horses some stiff work to do, I think.

19*th*, *Fingal*.—Here I am stuck up for the want of a horse to visit the Black Boy mines, eighteen miles from this, or

any conveyance to take me to them, so I may as well write up my journal during my forced rest. On Sunday the 15th I took my place in the mail-coach at Launceston. We started at 6 P.M., and at 8 A.M. next morning we reached Hobart Town, distance 120 miles, over an excellent road all the way. On the day of my arrival I visited the museum, a good building enough, but containing little of interest, and what there is badly described; indeed, the greater portion of the contents not described at all. There are some shells, a very poor collection; some stuffed birds, badly got up, and undescribed; a small collection of minerals; two or three skeletons of fish; some native relics, skulls, &c., and some reptiles in bottles, undescribed. A great portion of the whole is just huddled together without any arrangement. I make a point of visiting museums—the attention or inattention paid to such establishments helps one, more or less, to form an opinion of the "wire-pullers" of the place. The library is a nice establishment, containing 7000 volumes. The churches are numerous and respectable-looking. A Protestant cathedral is in course of erection, and promises to be a handsome edifice. There are in all twenty-one churches here for a population of less than 20,000. Government House is a handsome building, the finest they say in Australasia. The town-hall and the post-office are both good buildings, and so are the Government offices. The buildings are principally of stone, the streets macadamised, and kept in good order. The port is all that can be desired, easy of access, completely landlocked, and large enough for more ships than are likely ever to be found in it. There is a considerable number of wooden wharfs, where some fifteen or sixteen vessels were loading or discharging cargo. The following is a fair description of Hobart Town: "I have heard the view of Hobart Town to be compared to that of Genoa from the gulf; but whilst fully acknowledging the architectural superiority of Genoa *la superba*, with its magnificent palaces rising from the water's edge, and ascending tier above tier, like the seats in an amphitheatre, I must candidly confess that the natural beauties of the capital of Tasmania are superior to those of its Italian rival. The semicircular sweep of the Rivera is very fine, but the irregular outline

of the estuary of the Derwent, with its jutting promontories and swelling hills and background of mountains, is, I should imagine, perfectly unique, while the undulating surface of the city conduces immensely to its picturesqueness; and over all there is the gigantic figure of Mount Wellington, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the sea. . . . . The climate, cool and breezy, reminded me of an English April. The moist greenness everywhere was most refreshing and cheering; the little gardens before and between many of the houses in the middle of the town, with their great bushes of geraniums in bloom, were all full of sweet English flowers, looking happy and healthy, like stout rosy children, that everywhere reminded me of home. The houses, too, were more snug than showy, as if the English attribute of comfort more especially belonged to them. Some of the suburban streets, or rather the suburban ends of them, consisting of good detached houses, standing in nice gardens, and adorned with verandahs, covered with lovely plants, are very pleasant, commanding fine views of the harbour; and from every point I visited, Mount Wellington (or Table Mountain) forms the crowning glory of the landscape, rising immediately behind the town to the height of 4200 feet. With its summit of basaltic columns covered with snow more than half the year, its aspect is one of ever-varying but never decreasing grandeur." Thus much about Hobart Town, somewhat exaggerated perhaps, but not much, for doubtless it is one of the most prettily situated places I have ever seen.

At 4 A.M. on the 18th I started from Hobart Town for Launceston, and at 3.30 P.M. left the coach at Campbell Town, remained there the night, and at 4.30 A.M. left for this place (Fingal), arriving here after a very pretty drive of forty-one miles in six hours. Here I am stuck up, but hope to get out to the Black Boy diggings sometime this evening. I did get to the Black Boy diggings on the evening of 19th. The road from Fingal, eighteen miles, runs through in great part the sheep-run of Mr Talbot of Malhahide, and is a disgrace to the authorities whose duty it is to see it kept in order. The culverts or small bridges—for there are some twenty to cross—are every one of them, or nearly all, danger-

ous for horses, and accidents are constantly happening, so rotten and insecure are they. The road otherwise is also in a very bad state, roots, ruts, and stumps everywhere in the way. In winter it must be impracticable for any sort of wheeled vehicle. It took me two and a half hours in a very light trap to reach the diggings. I put up at Marshall's, the only place where a shakedown could be got—a wooden shed, under the roof of which there was a bar, a sitting-room, two bedrooms, and a sort of storeroom. In the room with me was a miner, one or two more in the little sitting-room adjoining, the whole family, consisting of father, mother, and five or six children, in the other bedroom, into which from the head of my bed was a large air-hole in the wall four feet square. Besides Marshall's shanty, there are some twenty other little places at the diggings, and two public-houses in course of construction. The whole site was bush a year ago, or somewhat less, and the trees which have been felled are still lying about cumbering the ground everywhere.

The first mine I visited was the City of Hobart, a reef claim; here a tunnel some seventy or eighty yards long has been driven into the side of the hill, following the reef, out of which a considerable quantity of gold-bearing quartz, some of it very rich, has been extracted. Machinery is now being erected to crush the stone, and a fair trial of the mine will have been made in the next four or five weeks. If rich specimens are a sufficient criterion, this mine is decidedly rich, for I saw some taken out at random, with gold showing all through them. Mr Dooley is the manager. Another reef I visited, called the Golden Gate, upon which work has just commenced, looks very promising, the reef being well formed, three feet wide, and yielding rich specimens. Three-fourths of this claim have just been sold for £700. Had it been known a year ago, it would have been worth, I am told, £7000. An alluvial claim I visited, worked by the Messrs Legge, was producing fairly, and the Railway claim, upon which some £500 have been spent, promises to be remunerative. This has hitherto been worked by a company, and now has been taken on tribute by the company's manager, who is sanguine as to the result. He gives the company one-tenth of the yield. Besides these claims, there are the

Derby, the Garibaldi, the Caledonian, the Evening Star, and Wolleys, all being worked and more or less productive, at the Black Boy. From the last-mentioned claim a nugget weighing an ounce nearly, which I bought, was taken a day or two ago; and, whilst I was at the diggings, two men brought in and sold to Marshall two ounces of alluvial gold, got in one day from a hole they had just opened. In the centre of these workings is a bog where water is found by digging down a couple of feet. There are 120 men employed here at present, and an old Victorian miner told me that such a gold-field in Victoria would draw thousands of people to it, but in Tasmania they have no pluck for such work. The Black Boy gold-field is decidedly the most promising I have seen in Tasmania. I was *en route* for Fingal at 11.30 A.M., after having spent all the morning investigating these embryo gold-workings. At 3 P.M. I left Fingal for the Corners, a mail-coach station, where I dismounted from the coach at 8 P.M., and where at 5.30 next morning I picked up the coach for Launceston coming from Hobart Town, and, on my arrival at Launceston, at 10 A.M., finding the *Tamar* steamer about to start, I stepped on board, and came on by her to Melbourne, where I arrived at 3 P.M. on the 22d.

On the road to the Corners, at Avoca, I met with H. D., whom I sent out from B. in 1854. He told me he had done very well the first few years after his arrival in the colony, had saved money, which he afterwards lost by a fire. He is now on a farm of a hundred acres, the rent being £30 a year, not far from Avoca, and it is with difficulty he can get enough out of it to live and pay his rent. The land, he says, everywhere in his neighbourhood, has been so worked, without ever having had anything returned to it, that it is now quite exhausted, and requires long rest to be made to produce anything. This is pretty generally the case, I believe, in many parts of Tasmania; indeed, all over Tasmania the farming interest is very much depressed; in fact, there is a general depression everywhere in the colony. No proper spirit exists. The man who drives the stage-coach between Campbell Town and Hobart Town observed to me, relative to the projected railway between Hobart Town and Launceston, "What in the world do they want of a railway when we

have such a good turnpike road?" and his notion with regard to railways may be taken as a type of the feeling throughout the country with regard to the undertaking of new works generally for which they are likely to be called upon to pay.

February 4th.—I visited a meat-curing establishment, where they kill, cure, and put up into cans weekly from 3000 to 4000 sheep and a hundred bullocks. In the kitchen, the meat, after being scalded (not boiled), is packed in tins holding from one to four pounds; the covers of the tins are then soldered down, a small hole being made in each cover; the tins are then passed into an adjoining room, where there are several large coppers containing the preserving liquid, into which they are plunged, and subjected, we were told, to a heat much above that of boiling water. On being taken out of the coppers, the tins, or rather the small holes in the covers, are instantly soldered up. From the preserving-room the tins are let down into a room where they undergo an examination, and if found apparently all right, they are passed into the test-room, where the temperature is brought up to 120°. Here, in this test-room, subjected to this heat of about 120°, the cans remain for some days, and at the end of that time, should there be any can with bad meat in it, resulting from some part of the process having been imperfectly performed, the cover, which when placed in the test-house was concave, becomes convex, puffed up by the pressure of the gas, which is sure, in such a high temperature, to form very quickly. Any bad can is of course destroyed, the good cans after the prescribed period being removed to another room, where they remain until quite cool, and they are then painted, labelled, and become ready for shipment. The bulk of the fat is boiled down and placed in casks.

The establishment is situated at Cray's Cross, half-a-dozen miles from Melbourne, upon a small salt-water stream connected with the Yarra, the crafts into which the casks of lard and the tins of preserved meat are shipped coming close up to the wharf of the establishment. From this establishment we returned by rail to town, and took a cab for Pentridge, a Government penal establishment. The buildings are of blue-stone, very massive, and with the gardens and yards

occupy 130 acres. The inmates are all occupied in industrial pursuits. Among them are weavers, carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, and many other tradesmen. The construction of this prison is somewhat like the Reading model jail in its interior arrangements, the cells being very similar in size and fittings. The whole establishment was scrupulously clean and well ventilated.

11*th*.—I am again on my way, on board the *Derwent*, towards Launceston, steaming down the stinking Yarra. The banks of this river are quite flat, and for a considerable distance between Melbourne and Sandridge—the port for large vessels—are lined with bone-crushing, wool-washing, and other pestilential establishments, and the stench given off by the operations therein carried on is most pestiferous. I really don't know that I have ever been subjected to the action of such a compound of villanous smells for so long a time, the gantlet you have to run being four miles long at least. These establishments are gigantic nuisances of the worst description, and how they can be tolerated for a single day by an offshoot from a European population who has done more in the direction of hygienic measures of late years than any other in the world, is a mystery to me. I have often had my attention called to the bad smells one encounters in the narrow and crowded streets of Cairo; I have traversed in my day some villanously stinking Chinese villages, and I have been sickened by the filth of the native town of Calcutta; but I never met with anything more disgusting than the stench from the legalised establishments on the banks of the Yarra, a river upon which a living multitude is constantly passing up and down; and what surprises me is, that although I have been now for four months in Australia, I have never seen any complaint of this gigantic nuisance in the public papers, nor indeed, for that matter, do I remember to have heard a single one of the inhabitants complain of it. It took us an hour to get clear of the stinking Yarra, and right glad the crowd we had on board must have been to get into the fresh air of the noble bay of Port Philip. The wind at starting was blowing pretty fresh from the north, but before dark it had almost wholly died away, and the water was as smooth as a mill-pond; but in the face of this my aneroid

was showing unmistakable signs of atmospheric disturbance; and so it was, for by 8 P.M. it was blowing a sharp gale from the south-west, which increased and continued all through the night, and with it a very respectable tumble of a sea got up, the result being that very few of our crowd of passengers, going over to see the races at Launceston, escaped sea-sickness, and as there must have been between thirty and forty lying about the cabin floor, on the lockers, and up over on the vessel's counter, for whom there were no berths, and most of them sick, the smell in the cabin was almost as bad as the stench on the Yarra. We survived it, however, and very glad we all were when we shot in in the morning between the heads of the Tamar, and at once found ourselves in smooth water. We had a strong flood-tide with us, and at noon we were at Launceston. Here now is a river pleasant to sail upon. The Tamar commences at the point where the South and North Esk unite, and runs to the Heads, a distance of forty-one miles. It is navigable up to Launceston at high water for vessels drawing fourteen feet. My notion, however, is, that George Town, situated four miles from the Heads, which has a good harbour for any size vessels, will one day become the port of Launceston, and thus the river navigation would be avoided, a matter of no small consideration for sailing vessels, and even for large steamers. Before this can take place, however, the railway now projected between Launceston and Hobart Town will have to be made (120 miles), and another also between Launceston and George Town (about thirty-one miles). But heaven only knows when these railways will be made, for the Tasmanians are a slow people. Their first railway was opened yesterday, connecting Launceston with Deloraine, a distance of forty-five miles. I often think if the Californians possessed Tasmania, how soon the aspect of things in that island would change.

I went to Ballarat on the 15th, and paid a lengthened visit to the Black Hill mine, which has been one of the most famous here. It belongs to a company, but at present is worked on tribute; that is, it is worked by fifty practical miners, who have the use and benefit of the efficient crushing apparatus erected by the company, driving sixty stamps, and in return

they render to the company 12½ per cent. of the gross proceeds of the mine. The claim and the works upon it are in reality let to one man, a Welsh miner, upon the condition that he never keeps less than fifty men at work upon it. The mine has already been worked to the depth of 400 feet. At present the work is going on in the open, and is reached through a long tunnel running into the hill, passing right through it at a depth of about seventy feet below the crown of the hill, coming out at the opposite side. The hill consists of sand, soft sandstone, and clayey slate, streaked in many places like the sandhills in the Isle of Wight near the Needles. Intermixed with this conglomerate are veins of quartz, and it is in these veins of quartz the gold is found. The miners are quarrying this hill, working in the open, and for one ton of quartz they take out, along with it they have to remove at least twenty tons of sand. Blasting and the pick do the work; by blasting they shake large masses, and then work it down with the pick. The gold-bearing ore is then selected from the mass, put into a small truck, and passed through the tunnel upon a tramway, and emptied into the shooting that feeds the stamping-mill. The "mullock," as the miners call it, is put into trucks also, and carried away in another direction. A horse does all the hauling. About sixty tons of ore is crushed daily in this claim, producing at present the small amount of one pennyweight of gold per ton—giving to the fifty men employed 3s. 5d. each as his daily wages. This is not considered remunerative wages by the miners, and the work would be abandoned by them did they not hope and expect an increase in the yield. Two pennyweights a ton would give them 9s. a day at least, for the expense of extracting the two pennyweights would be no greater than they incur in extracting the one per ton. How a return of one pennyweight per ton can give a wage of 3s. 5d. per day is difficult at first to understand, but the ore is not very hard, and is consequently quickly and easily crushed. I visited many of the alluvial workings, which abound everywhere in and around Ballarat. In going to the Black Hill mine, I crossed over what is called the Black Hill Plain, where one man with his sons, two little boys, were working. The man had sunk a hole four feet by two, and at a depth

of twenty-two feet had reached the gold-bearing strata—reef debris it might be called; and as he filled a bucket with this debris, the boys wound it up with a winch to the surface and threw it into a heap, and when there was sufficient out to fill the wash-tubs, the miner came up and washed it out. During the day he would wash out nine or ten of these tubs, holding perhaps fifty or sixty gallons of dirt at each washing. Out of the previous three days, he told me, the first two had given him nothing; the third gave him 45s. worth of gold. Whilst I looked on, a tubful of dirt was washed, and yielded 5s. worth, in fine grains of a beautiful colour, and so pure that it sells for £4 an ounce.

In digging, when the miners reach the pay-dirt in these holes, they begin driving right and left horizontally, and generally have to prop up the ceiling with wooden supports. Sometimes the ground is so hard that it does not need propping up. If the quantity of gold found warrants their continuing the work, they do so so long as they have sufficient air in the gallery. When the air is done, they come again to the surface, and begin a fresh hole; so they proceed. In these alluvial diggings, they tell me, the stones of quartz, which are always water-worn, seldom or ever contain gold; the precious metal being found in the mass of muddy dirt in which the debris of quartz is buried. This plain forms part of the Black Hill claim, and the miner whom I found there is the only man at work upon it. The owners of the Black Hill claim had permitted him to try his luck there; at least so he told me. From Ballarat I paid a visit to the Port Philip mine at Clunes, some forty miles from Ballarat. This establishment, if not the largest, is the most efficiently managed in Victoria. The work in all its branches is carried on with a view to thorough effectiveness, and with a precision unknown in any other establishment. The ore from the different leads, and they are at work upon several, is kept separate, so that they always know, in case of a diminution or an increase in the yield, in which of the leads an alteration arises. Among the ores at this mine, there is a certain amount of pyrites. This is always separated and calcined before being submitted to the action of quicksilver. The stamps are kept moving by the very rapid motion of a re-

volving shaft. There are, I believe, some eighty at work, and there are some of what they call chambers-crackers used for the most compact and hardest of the ore. Of all descriptions of ore, they crush, I was told, some 1300 tons weekly, producing at present 320 ounces of gold, or between six and eight pennyweights to the ton. There are some 250 men employed at the mine.

26th.—My room in this hotel looks out upon Flinders Street. In my front I have the fish-market and the Sandridge railway station, and beyond is the swamp, and the river running through it. Somewhat lower down are established those most abominable stinking factories, bone-crushing, wool-washing, and from which I am receiving to-day (there being a light breeze from the westward) a most sickening smell. How the sensible people of Melbourne can continue to endure this abomination, so detrimental to health, is a mystery to me. The fish-market, too, often sends into my room, with a southerly wind, odours not particularly nice; not the wholesome smell of fresh fish—of that I am the last man to complain—but the fetid smell of a dirty fish-market in a warm climate. From reading the papers, I should gather that the parties (there are three of them just now, I think) in the House of Assembly are pretty equally balanced, and vested interests, however stinking they may be, find a powerful support there; and one of the consequences of this state of things is, I should think, that the royal commission issued, I don't know when, to inquire into and report upon the poisonous nuisances on the Yarra, is likely to turn out a dead letter. The members of the Government, in order to sustain themselves, are obliged to court the support of, and to cringe to, men whom they utterly despise, whose doctrine of protection to nuisances and class manufactures they would certainly repudiate if they could, retaining possession at the same time of the loaves and fishes of office. Inside the House, the members have just been salaried, in the hope, according to some people, that £300 a year will make them more strict. Outside the House the gold-mining interest is so powerful that the 2s. 6d. an ounce levied on gold exported (or produced) has been given up, and a 5s. licence-fee levied in its place on all alluvial claims, and a trifling rent

upon quartz-reef leased claims. The licence-fee, I am told, is now seldom paid, unless the claim turns out to be rich, and the rent recovered from leased reef-claims produces a very small amount indeed; so the Government, forced to find a revenue by some means or other, have had recourse to heavy protective duties, of which, I have no doubt, the Premier himself fully acknowledges the suicidal policy. But what can the poor man do? He cannot be expected to give up office, and the loaves and fishes thereto belonging; that would be asking too much of him. Be this as it may, it is really to be hoped he will not give up office; for, from what I can gather, there is no politician at present in the foremost ranks who is better able, though he may be unsuccessful, to battle the watch with his unscrupulous and hungry opponents, who, if they got into power, would, by the insane measures of high protective duties, and throwing difficulties in the way of immigration, do much to retard the growth of this young country towards wealth and power.

March 5, *the Mersey.*—I am on my way from Circular Head towards Launceston, but we rest here to-day, being Sunday, and the captain's wife and family reside here. I started after breakfast to go to church, but found the edifice shut up; so I steered for a bell which was being rung, apparently in the bush, guessing it would take me to some place of worship. As I neared the source of the sound, I discovered a small building, which turned out to be a Methodist meeting-house. The service had just commenced with a hymn, then followed an extempore prayer, then another hymn, and then the sermon. The preacher was a young man; he delivered his discourse in the style and after the manner of Little Dorritt's father. There were some sixty present, principally women and children.

This Mersey river is about 100 yards wide opposite the settlement. On the bar at high water there are sixteen to seventeen feet water. The river is navigable for seven miles, up as far as Latrobe. There are many houses scattered about. The population of the district of Port Sorrell is 6082 souls. The settlement on the west bank of the river is called Firnby, and on the east side Torquay. The land in the neighbourhood is rich, and this district is one of

the few that would seem to be making progress in farming industry.

The little *Pioneer* took me from the Mersey to Launceston, after calling at Port Sorrell (the name of the district), ten miles out of the way, in twelve hours. The tide in the Tamar was dead against us the whole way, or we should have reached Launceston two hours sooner. In half an hour afterwards I was on my way to Hobart Town, having just arrived at Launceston in time to catch the coach, and the next day I embarked at Hobart Town for Sydney, and arrived there on the 10th—a six days' passage. Fine weather all the way. So long as we were on the Tasmanian coast we crept close alongshore, and then stood across to Cape Howe, on the Australian side. We kept close inshore, following it in its windings all the way to Sydney. There is not much cultivated ground to be seen from shipboard, though I was told, inland, from one point we passed, there was a considerable extent of dairy-farming land, the produce of which, in the shape of butter, eggs, and vegetables, was shipped by steamers at the little port of Eden, on Twofold Bay, for Sydney.

Sydney Heads, about six miles from the principal harbour, are rough perpendicular cliffs. The port-side on entering, where the *Dunbar* was lost some years ago, one man only being saved, thrown up on a shelf in the side of a cliff, is particularly rough and inhospitable looking. The harbour, composed of a number of long irregular arms, with, I believe, deep water throughout, is doubtless very commodious, equal to anything of the sort in Australia, or perhaps anywhere else. The town is scattered about on the heights overlooking the several arms or inlets, and extending down to the water where sloping ground makes it practicable. The weather was fine as we steamed up the bay, and the town, dotted about as the houses are, has a very pretty appearance. There are thousands, I may say, of the Norfolk Island pine planted in and around Sydney, some of them a hundred feet high; they help to give the place a cheerful appearance. Sydney is a town of great extent, built principally of sandstone, and containing a population of 100,000 inhabitants. Our first visit was to the museum, a creditable establishment, containing

a fair collection of birds and beasts particularly well set up, a pretty fair collection of mineralogical specimens, some shells, a good many skeletons, some well-prepared specimens of fish, a good many snakes and suchlike reptiles in spirits; of course there is any amount of clubs and spears from the islands; these abound in almost all Australian museums. From the museum we went to the Botanic Gardens; they are extensive, and tidily kept. A limited menagerie is attached to these gardens, close to the Sydney Hyde Park. On Sunday attended divine service in the cathedral, a newly-erected building of sandstone, but very small; and inside it looks like a baby cathedral, the numerous fittings thought to be absolutely necessary for a cathedral being all huddled together, one on the top of the other, leaving the main aisle only fourteen feet wide. The pavement of the main aisle is very elaborate, and does not correspond very well with the sandstone pillars. Neither the organ nor the singing to my mind was much to boast of. This little cathedral is thought a great deal of by the Sydney people. "En la tierra de los ciegos el tuerto es rey"—in the land of the blind he who squints is king. The university and the two colleges in its neighbourhood are respectable edifices. We went over the exhibition building; it is empty just now. It is 217 yards long and forty-seven yards wide, and a good height. The walls are of brick, and look well built, but the doors and the windows are all tumbling to pieces, made, as they seem to have been, of green wood. The mint is a well-conducted establishment, turning out on an average some 50,000 sovereigns a month; gold only is coined here. The mode of separating silver from gold by introducing into the crucible containing the melted mass a stream of chlorine gas, which forms with the silver a chloride, and remaining in a fluid state long enough to admit of being poured off after the gold has become solidified, is the invention of one of the officers of the Sydney establishment. The sovereign, which is now alloyed with copper, but was formerly with silver, is stamped and the edge milled by a single stroke of a two-ton die; fifty-seven sovereigns are turned out finished per minute. Although we had no introduction to the secretary, after a very little delay we were shown

throughout the building, and witnessed and had explained to us the whole process of turning a bar of gold into sovereigns. We paid a visit to a pottery, and also to a glass-blower's establishment, both upon a very small scale, particularly the latter, where nothing is attempted beyond blowing soda-water and other small bottles. Both the potter's clay and the argillaceous sand, found on the spot, are, they say, of the very best quality; a pot in which the composition for glass is melted lasting for three months in constant use.

The educational establishments are numerous. There is one common school close to our hotel attended by 1800 pupils—boys, girls, and infants.

On the 13th we took a run up to Newcastle in the collier *Macedon*, distance from Sydney seventy-five miles. We waited for daylight to enter the port, that we might be placed at once under a shoot for receiving coal. The entrance to the harbour is round Nobby Island. Newcastle is a good harbour. Around it for a radius of eight miles are numerous coal pits producing good coal, sold at the pit's mouth at 7s. 6d. the ton, and put on board ship at 8s. 8d. There were some twenty vessels loading when we arrived, and half-a-dozen more came in with us. In other times, however, before the system of protection of native industry was adopted in the colony, and before the war, Newcastle was usually crowded with vessels seeking return cargoes of coals for India, China, and California. The heavy restrictive duties now levied on imports have so curtailed the foreign trade, that but few of the vessels bringing cargoes to the colony are available for taking coal. The Hunter river, which runs up from Newcastle, is navigable for good-sized steamers as far as Monteith, twenty miles.

25*th*, *Melbourne*.—A stroll through Paddy's Market, at the top of Bourke Street, on a Saturday night is amusing. Bourke Street itself is lined with public-houses, oyster-shops, fruit-shops, theatres, polytechnics, and houses of entertainment of all sorts and to suit all tastes; and on a Saturday night is thronged with the bone and sinew of Melbourne, male and female. For their amusement there are all sorts of devices. The Cheap Jack is there, with a gaping crowd

around him; there is an astronomer who indulges you with a peep at Jupiter through a fourteen-feet telescope, supplemented with a stand upon which are set up half-a-dozen microscopes, through which, among other wonders, you may examine "a bit of cheese from the Falls of Niagara in South America (!) with thousands of live animals in it, each one carrying on its back bristles as long as the third joint of the middle finger of the showman's right hand," or a live flea as large as a lobster; or you may try your muscular power against a buffer, or your wind by a blowing apparatus, to test the strength and soundness of your lungs; and all for 3d., or for nothing, if you don't approve of these wonders after you have examined them. There is, too, a voluble Irishman with a dozen panoramic views of the siege of Paris, more natural than the siege itself; M. Gambetta on a balloon ascending above the walls of Paris; a likeness of Marie Antoinette, taken just before her execution after the French Revolution of 1792; there is Moltke, too, and Bismarck, and the Emperor of the Germans; all for another 3d. There is pea-shooting, and nine-pins, and fruit and vegetables, all mixed up together in Paddy's Market. Apples, pears, plums, and pine-apples, at from 1d. to 3d. a pound; and grapes, black and white, at the same price in any quantity; cabbages, very good, at from 1d. to 2d. a head; pease and French beans, 8 to 10 pounds for 1s.; and onions, 16 pounds for 1s.; pig's cheek and cheese, boots and shoes, old clothes and new, frying-pans and steelyards, and every other mortal thing either for the inner or the outer man, or to fit up a house from top to bottom. Cucumbers and melons in great profusion, and guinea-pigs and cockatoos, and a hundred other sorts of birds, and all mixed up together; and what strikes one is, that the great bulk of both buyers and sellers are from the Emerald Isle.

26*th*, *Sunday*.—Went to church and heard Mr Chase. I wonder at what age I shall arrive before I commence to sing at church? for I begin to think we will all come to it if we only live long enough. Mr N. in the later years of his life took to singing in church, though he had not the slightest notion of music, and had no more ear than a marling-spike. In the same pew with me to-day sat an

old gentleman who was very officious; he would poke his Bible under my nose to force me to read the text, though the print was so small that I could not make out a letter of it. He too sang, and clearly had only lately taken to it; his voice was like a cracked kettle, and his singing otherwise most discordant. Surely these old men who take to singing so late in life must do so under the notion that unless they can sing they won't be admitted into heaven! It must be some feeling of that sort influences them in the attempt to take heaven by storm, as it were. I hope I may never reach that pass.

27*th.*—Another trip to Tasmania. Embarked in the *Derwent* for Launceston, and arrived there after a smooth passage of twenty-five hours. Some five-and-twenty passengers, and among them a gentleman and his wife bringing over the body of their son, a boy of eight years of age, who died at the Port Philip Hotel.

30*th.*—I embarked in my old friend the *Pioneer* for Emu Bay. The weather was fine, and hardly any wind. We reached the Heads at 2.30 P.M., calling at George Town on the way. When we got outside we found a strong breeze from the westward and a tumbling sea; so that it was 6 P.M. before we arrived at the Mersey. Had some fishing as we came along; the barracuda plentiful all along the coast. The next day, after calling at the Forth, the Leven, and the Penguin, we arrived at Emu Bay.

April 8*th.*—After remaining in this neighbourhood for a week, I turned my face again towards Launceston. I made the journey by land, by the coast as far as the Don, and then turning inland on to Latrobe and Deloraine, and thence on to Launceston. The Leven, the Forth, and the Don are all prettily situated, and take their names from the rivers upon the banks of which they are located; more particularly the Leven. The view from the inn would make a pretty picture, with its busy wharf in the foreground, followed by the river winding through a richly-wooded country with a conically-shaped mountain in the distance. Latrobe, however, is the most flourishing, and by far the most populous settlement hereabouts. It is situated on the Mersey, about seven miles above Torquay, and may be reached by vessels

drawing seven or eight feet water. I slept at Latrobe, and was in the saddle at six next morning on my way to Deloraine. We missed our road on starting from the inn, and had to ride, consequently, for eleven miles over a newly-commenced road before coming to its junction with the old road. This new cut is made to benefit certain landowners through whose property it runs, and who are strongly represented in the township. The timber is cleared away root and branch through this new cut, half a chain wide; a good deal of the levelling is done, and part of the road is metalled, the result of one year's work. At the Junction Inn, fourteen miles from Latrobe and the same distance from Deloraine, we gave our horses a rest and a feed of oats whilst we breakfasted. We reached Deloraine at one o'clock. A considerable extent of land skirting the road is cleared, or partially cleared, between the inn and Deloraine. This latter place contains some 800 inhabitants. The railway to Launceston has just been opened for traffic. I started by an excursion train filled to overflowing; the ordinary compartments, meant to carry eight passengers, to-day had to accommodate a dozen. At the station one man made a desperate effort to obtain his ticket a full half-hour before the ticket-clerk, who was employed on other matters on the platform, thought it necessary to begin issuing. This man followed the clerk everywhere demanding a ticket, and vociferating that he was a shareholder, and therefore entitled to be served at once. This is the first and only railway yet opened in Tasmania. For this country, the land seems fairly cultivated between Deloraine and Launceston, though on a great part of what is considered cleared land, from ten to fifty trees to an acre are still standing, or about that number of trunks. All along the coast from Emu Bay to Latrobe, thirty-four miles, there is a sprinkling of what is called cleared land, which means that the brushwood is cleared away and the large trees rung. In this state the land admits of ploughing. Every gale of wind blows down some of the large rung timber, much to the disgust of the farmer, for he then, as a matter of necessity, has to incur the expense of removing the timber from his land. They do not fall, however, very fast; for although Emu Bay is an old settlement, there is hardly an acre of

cleared farming land in the vicinity that has not still some ten to twenty trees standing upon it.

The gauge of the contemplated line of railway between Launceston and Hobart Town is five feet three inches; average cost the mile £8000, besides land compensation. The quantity of land required would average eight acres to a mile.

Summary of the traffic and revenue derivable therefrom on the main line of road from Launceston to Hobart Town for a year, from statistics compiled by Joseph Penny in 1869—

Heavy traffic, 20,715 tons, ...	£9,854	13	0
Light traffic, passenger, 2½d. per head per mile,	38,629	15	5
Wool, 1453 tons, 6d. per ton per mile, . .	1,390	6	0
Hawkers, ...	362	18	0
	£50,237	12	5

9*th*.—I am waiting to take the *Derwent* for Melbourne. This morning I attended divine service in St John's Church; it was well filled, a large proportion of the congregation being young women, full of health and vigour. Indeed, one is struck by the number of young women and children one meets with in Tasmania, all teeming with excess of health. With good beef at 3d., and good mutton at 2d. a pound, they are all well fed, and a good climate added thereto cannot but make a vigorous and healthy population. Unfortunately there is no employment for the young men in Tasmania, so they desert the place at an early age for Victoria and the other Australian colonies, leaving behind them a large excess of females, old men, and children.

Melbourne.—I arrived on the morning of the 12th. In the evening of 13th I started by train to pay a visit to Castlemaine and Echuca. Castlemaine is a worn-out mining town, with half the houses shut up, and very little digging going on there. Sandhurst, formerly called Bendigo, is a more thriving-looking place, but not at all equal to what it was a few years ago. Echuca, on the Victorian side of the Murray, opposite to Moama on the New South Wales side, upon which there are some fifty steamers or more employed, principally in taking supplies to, and bringing wool from, the squatters' estates situated on both sides of the river. The Murray is not over thirty or forty yards broad at Echuca.

We crossed it on a bridge of boats. At times I am told it rises sixty feet—that is, in great and rare floods—swamping the surrounding country, pretty nearly a dead flat for many miles, and causing great destruction of property and loss of life at times. It has the appearance now of a muddy insignificant river, though still deep in the middle. The banks are high on either side. It is navigable in all its extent for about 2000 miles, from Albury to Adelaide. The Murrimbridge, a tributary of the Murray, is also navigable for some 400 miles from the Murray.

On the 23d I embarked on board a P. and O. boat for Galle. The economy of this ship is managed very comfortably so far as the passengers are concerned, and otherwise also I believe. As for the craft herself, she is too low in the water, and so far we have not been able to open our cabin bull's-eyes, and to all appearance we may not be able to open them between this and Galle; for besides carrying her ports very low down, she rolls like a Dutch doll. She is big enough certainly, 1700 tons, flush deck, which necessitates a low saloon, and brig-rigged. She has a motley crew of Lascars, Manilla men, and South Sea Islanders, the petty officers being Europeans, which I believe is always the case on board these ships.

We arrived at King George's Sound on the afternoon of the 29th April. The first three days out we had strong head winds and a good deal of sea; the last three, variable winds, but still rough weather, no bull's-eyes open. The moment we arrived we hauled alongside the Company's hulk, and began coaling, working all night, and finished about six o'clock next morning, taking on board 300 tons coals. This harbour is spacious and landlocked. We found the steamer from Adelaide here; she had arrived the night before, bringing us three passengers, who reported having encountered a cyclone the day before, which obliged them to keep sailing in a circle for more than a couple of hours, keeping head to wind all the time. As soon as we could get a boat we landed to post letters and stretch our legs. A long wooden wharf conducted us into the heart of the settlement, a growing place, but nothing much at present. No cultivation in the immediate vicinity of the settlement, but some farms, I was

told, jut over the hills which lie roundabout, and a good sprinkling of sheep-runs in the back country. A small gold rush took place here to a place some distance off a couple of months ago, but nothing of much importance has yet been discovered. Shipments to some extent of a white kind of sandalwood are made in vessels that bring coal for the P. and O. boats. These colliers, the P. and O. boats, and the branch steamer from Adelaide, with an occasional coaster, constitute the shipping trade of King George's Sound. The wool shipped here goes on to Adelaide, there to be transhipped for England.

In our ramble on shore we met with several of the natives of both sexes. The men were pretty well clothed, but the women were in the filthiest of rags, got up perhaps to excite compassion, for these last were bold beggars. As we saw them they were disgusting objects, though really not possessing bad features, their skins very dark, and of fair stature. They all spoke a little English, sufficient to enable them to beg. I bought a boomerang from one of the men for 1s. He wanted 3s. for it. It is made of a hard dark-coloured wood resembling rosewood, and which they called raspberry-jam-wood, because supposed to taste something like that preserve. Mr W., we were told, a rich resident employé, had returned only a few weeks before from Melbourne, married a girl of nineteen, he being seventy, and died suddenly the day before we arrived, so that the young girl found herself very unexpectedly transformed from a penniless but attractive girl into a rich lady without any incumbrance. How such a girl would be envied by her compeers! We had a doctor on board, a passenger, well dried up by a long residence in Java among the Dutch, who talked very wisely about the fate that had befallen the old gentleman at King George's Sound for his temerity in marrying a girl of nineteen.

Well, after having posted our letters, bought 3s. of Western Australia's postage stamps for A., I visited a bar, and as in duty bound liquored up with my companions in brandy not unlike aquafortis, passed some time in chaffing the native women-beggars, and walked to the extremity of the settlement over a road leading to the furthest end of it,

destined to become some day, when lined with houses, a street, we turned and wended our way back to the long wooden wharf, where we found our boat, the crew of which consisted of an old lag from Tasmania and a young fellow from Winchester, sexton and clerk of the Episcopal church at King George's Sound. As these worthies rowed towards the steamer, the lag gave us a bit only of his history, and the clerk of the church recounted to us the death and burial of Mr W. already alluded to. At 7 A.M. next day we steamed away from our quiet anchorage at the Sound, and in a couple of hours afterwards we were plunging and rolling in a rough sea, fighting our way, with our head pointing for Ceylon, against a strong N.W. wind, which lasted more or less strong until we got into 32° S., when it shifted to S.W., and so continued until we took the trade in 25°, and carried it with us until within four or five degrees of the line, when, in these doldrum latitudes, it became variable, with squalls and rain. Eleven knots an hour soon carried us out of the doldrums and across the line, and on 10th we ran slap against the S.W. monsoon, which had seemingly just commenced. It was accompanied with a good deal of sea, sharp squalls, and a fair amount of rain, serving to unsettle again the stomachs of our more sensitive passengers, and to keep them in a recumbent position until we ran into smooth water in Galle on 13th day of May at 4 P.M.

No boat had ever before brought so many passengers from Australia. We had thirty-two first-class adult passengers, besides a lot of children, and a dozen or more of second-class. We had squatters, merchants, shipmasters, coffee-planters, miners, and professionals, with a sprinkling of the upper "ten thousand." We had not a single military man or clergyman on board; and notwithstanding these two elements were wanting, we had good-humour on board from the beginning to the end of the passage.

There was one person on board whom they called a mail-agent, whose duty it was to receive the bags of letters from the postmaster at Galle, and to deliver them up at the post-offices at Adelaide, or at King George's Sound for Adelaide, at Melbourne, and at Sydney, and to receive letter-bags from these three places on the return voyage, and to deliver them

up at Galle; and for this intellectual employment I was informed he was in receipt of £350 a year. The purser, a hard-working man, would have been very glad, I am quite sure, to have done all this duty of the mail-agent for £50 a year, or even for a much less sum.

CHAPTER XIII.

Rail to Kandy—Coffee-plantations—Sanatorium—Scenery—Chinchona doing well—Cinnamon-gardens—Revenue—Population—Religions—Colombo—Coffee-stores—Wages—Bread-fruit and other trees—Cingalese traders great cheats—Sir E. Tennant and the elephant—Leave for Suez—Aden increasing—Passengers—Port Said—Canal—Dredging—Will have to be widened by John Bull—Revenue of canal—Jaffa—Jerusalem—Schools—Best time to visit Jerusalem—Polish Jews cultivating—Population of Jerusalem—Alexandria—Marseilles—Home.

THE day after arrival at Galle I took my place in the mail-coach for Colombo, a drive of seventy-six miles over a good road, and through a forest of cocoa-nut palms. I remained two days at Colombo, which all the world knows is on the coast. The road to it skirts the shore in all its length. It contains now, they say, a population of 91,000 souls—Buddhists, demon-worshippers, and Gentoos, of which the population is principally composed. I counted upwards of twenty vessels at anchor in the roadstead; seven of them were loading coffee for Europe. The fresh-water lakes about Colombo add much to the beauty of the place.

May 15*th*.—I started by rail for Kandy, seventy miles. The rail for the first forty or fifty miles runs through dense jungle. Wherever there is a bit of land void of jungle, it has been turned into paddy-fields. The latter part of the road, for some twenty or thirty miles, is upon higher ground, and for about twelve miles has a gradient of one in forty-five, and passes through very picturesque country, winding round the slopes of hills, with a valley below from 500 to 1000 feet or more deep, all under paddy cultivation; whilst you get a glimpse of the coffee-plantations showing themselves towards the tops of the hills. Kandy possesses some good European buildings, and in the very centre of the place is a prettily-shaped artificial lake, some two and a quarter miles in circumference, with a well-kept drive round it. Surrounded by hills, Kandy has rather a striking appearance. The

height above the sea is 1600 or 1700 feet. There are two passable hotels.

Newera Ellia is a favourite sanatorium for people living upon the coast; it is forty-eight miles from Kandy, and stands 6200 feet above the sea, and 4800 feet above Kandy. I proceeded to pay it a visit, in a mail-cart as far as Rambodde, thirty-four miles, and the remainder of the journey, not finding a horse or a vehicle, I did on foot, fourteen miles, a cooly carrying my scant luggage. The road is first-rate all the way. Newera Ellia is in the midst of hills, the highest of which is Pedrotallagalla, 8295 feet above the station. The place is new; there is a sprinkling of bungalows in it, and one tolerable hotel; it is a desirable residence for three or four months in the year. They tell me the children come up from the coast pale and wan looking, and in a month or two they return with roses on their cheeks.

From Peradenia, four miles from Kandy, to Rambodde, the road leads through very pretty scenery, water trickling down the hills everywhere; but from Rambodde the view from the Rest House is particularly striking. You look out over a vale of paddy-fields bordered by hills, the sides of which are covered to a great extent with coffee-plantations, and over some bare precipices, the water coming down from such a height and in sufficient quantity to make some three or four respectable waterfalls. At night the whole atmosphere was alive with fireflies.

The cultivation of Ceylon consists of about—rice, 60,000 acres; millet and maize, 250,000; cocoa-nuts, 200,000; palmyras and areca-nuts, 60,000; total of palms, 260,000; coffee, 200,000. Coffee is cultivated in Ceylon from an elevation of 1500 to 4500 feet; a medium height is preferred. The reserve of forest in connection with cultivation of coffee, 150,000 acres; Government hill-forest suitable for coffee, tea, and chinchona, 500,000 acres; tobacco, aromatic grasses, cotton, &c. &c., 70,000 acres; orchard cultivation, 60,000 acres; cinnamon, 15,000 acres. Total under cultivation, 1,455,000 acres; or at most, less than one and a half million acres, less than one-tenth of the area of the whole island.

Coffee grows about the native huts, and bears berries at sea-level. There are two or three plantations as low down as 600 feet, and a good many at an elevation of 1000 feet. There are also plantations at an altitude of 5000 feet and higher, but the true coffee zone runs between 2000 and 3500 feet. The cocoa-nut flourishes best at sea-level. Rice runs up to where coffee begins. I saw one plantation of tea to-day looking very well at a height of about 5000 feet; only one acre. The chinchona is also doing well. The coffee crop this year (1870) is about 800,000 cwt. The value of cultivated coffee-land is about £5,000,000 sterling. The cultivation of coffee began in Ceylon in 1837. Average produce of an acre of paddy-field, 20 bushels; cocoa-nuts, 2000 to 4000 per acre; coffee, 6 cwt. per acre; cinnamon gives 80 lbs. an acre. The cinnamon-gardens in the neighbourhood of Colombo are in a very neglected state, the ground very foul. The revenue of Ceylon is about £1,000,000 sterling; the customs yield nearly one-third; taxation about 8s. per head. Population, 2,500,000; Europeans, 3000, one-half military, and their families (planters, 1000; Civil servants, 250; merchants, 250). Religions—Buddhists and demon-worshippers, 1,350,000; Gentoos, 680,000; Mohammedans, 134,000; Christians, 180,000; of these the Catholics number 140,000; Protestants, 40,000.

Colombo contains 91,000 inhabitants; Jaffna, 20,000; Galle, 10,000; Kandy, 10,000; Trincomalee and Komegalle, 3000 each. Value of imports, five and a half millions sterling. Exports, three and a half millions. Area, 24,700 square miles, or fifteen and a half millions acres.

On Sunday before breakfast I took a long and pleasant walk around Kandy in the direction of Lady Horton's Walk, and from many points had fine views of the neighbourhood. The tropical verdure is very fine. After breakfast I went to church, which was attended by the Governor and his wife, some seventy civilians, and fifty of the 73d Regiment; Mr Glennie, an old white-headed man, performed the service and preached. In the afternoon I visited the Botanical Gardens of Peradenia, under charge of Mr Thwaites. They are of considerable extent, and have good walks through them, but contain little else than native forest-trees. From

the jack-trees I gathered some shells (the Helix). The chinchona and tea are here both exotics, of course.

23*d.*—Returned to Colombo, and put up at the Galle Face Hotel (seventy-five miles). It is warm at Colombo, the thermometer standing in the shade between 80° and 90°, despite the south-west monsoon blowing right into the hotel, situated as it is close down on the beach.

Visited a coffee-store, where 800 women with their children are employed in the coffee season picking out the faulty grains. They get 4½d. a bag for picking it over, one bag being an average day's work. The wages of an ordinary labourer on a coffee-plantation is 9d. a day. This is not bad pay, considering the labourer may live on 6d. a week (but usually his living costs him 2s. a week); that he requires next to nothing in the shape of clothing, and very little house accommodation, and he requires no fire to keep him warm. The coolies are all Tamils from the opposite coast of India. The Cingalese are employed as indoor servants, and in the cultivation of paddy, and in trading on a small scale. They own in small patches a good deal of landed property. There is a well-to-do air about the men and women in the island, and no beggars. These coffee-stores are owned by the agents of the coffee-planters.

After the planter has picked the berry and cleaned it from the outside husk, which encloses two grains of coffee, he exposes it to the sun for a few days, partially drying it; and then he despatches it from his estate to the agents' stores in Colombo, where it is first sorted by machinery into three sizes, having previously been thoroughly dried by exposure to the sun for three or four days, and then picked carefully over by women and children, who remove all the faulty berries. I should have mentioned, however, that the first operation the coffee undergoes after drying is being stripped of a skin which envelops it, called parchment. This is done by machinery; then comes the sorting of it into three sizes, and then the hand-picking. After this it is weighed, put into casks or bags, and shipped. The planters do not wait to pick all their crop before sending it to the agents' stores in Colombo. So soon as they have got a parcel of some 25 cwt. ready, they send it down. As a

rule, the planter takes advances from the agents often before, but always on, the coffee being shipped; indeed, I may say, always on the current crop, even before it is gathered. The estates, if there be any, that are entirely free from mortgage are very few indeed in the whole island. The interest of money is 10 per cent.—rather a heavy tax on coffee-planters.

The crop was short last year, and present appearances are not favourable for this year. Bone-dust is pretty generally used as a dressing to the coffee-plant, and cow-dung to the extent it can be procured. An average crop is 6 cwt. to the acre, and the planter considers that 60s. a cwt. obtained in England is about the lowest remunerating price.

24th.—I came to Galle by coach from Colombo, distance seventy-three miles. The road runs along the sea-shore all the way over a complete flat, well shaded. I may say, indeed, that all the way it runs through a forest of bread-fruit-trees, mangoes, jack-fruit, the cocoa-nut palm, the king cocoa-nut palm, the areca-nut and the palmyra palm, the fan palm, a few coffee-plants here and there, plantains, and an infinity of other trees and plants, all mixed up together. As you come along you may buy a green cocoa-nut, of which the milk to my mind forms a delicious beverage, for 1d., and a good pine-apple at the same price. The only passenger in the coach besides myself was a little Cingalese, a clerk in a Government office at Colombo, who had got a day's holiday for the purpose of visiting a cinnamon-garden he owned situated on our line of road. It consisted of 120 acres, and he gave for it, he told me, £350 a few years ago. The garden had already paid for itself, and now he was drawing from it a fair income. The usual yield, he said, was 1000 lbs. cinnamon per annum, worth now 2s. per lb. He had come down now to start the peeling, quilling, and baling of his crop. The operation of cutting the branches was performed by men, the peeling and quilling was the work of women and children. Wages very low—6d. to 7d. a day to the men, and 4d. to the women.

It would seem that the forming of coffee-plantations has progressed so rapidly that there is often a difficulty experienced in procuring sufficient labour to carry forward the work; so that planters are now obliged to keep the Tamils on at

work for the whole year, instead of getting rid of them at the end of the picking season, as they used to do formerly. There is a good deal of crimping going on—that is, drawing labourers away from one estate by offers of higher wages on to another, and this happens when labour is most wanted, in the picking season. I have heard planters complain of the labourers for this; but it seems to me that the blame lies with the planter who strives to get men by such means. When the picking season is approaching, and a fair guess can be made as to the value of the probable crop, many of the planters put themselves in funds to carry on their operations for the following season by drawing at six or seven months' date on their agents in England, and get their bills cashed by the agent in Colombo, and this, as it may be conceived, is often done at a ruinous discount.

Notwithstanding the difficulty experienced at times by the planters to find all the labour they require, wages keep very low. Coolies are frequently employed to carry heavy loads upon their heads for long distances. I have heard of one who carried a heavy load for his master in an incredibly short time a distance of thirty-five miles, stimulated to do it by an offer of sixpence at the end of his journey! Not a bad story is told to prove how well criminals are treated in the prisons of Ceylon. At the prison at Newera Ellia, a hill station, surrounded by jungle almost hundreds of miles in depth, a criminal took it into his head to make his escape. The jailer, who was clearly a man of resources, immediately turned out all the remaining prisoners, and with them went into the jungle, and soon hunted down and captured the foolish fellow who had run away. I am told it is a common thing, too, when any one goes to the prison to inquire after any particular criminal, to be told that he has gone down to the bazaar to purchase some necessaries. On one occasion, when the visiting officer was going his rounds, inspecting prisons in Ceylon, an oldish man was called and asked if he had anything to complain of? He said, "No; nothing." Was his food good? "Yes; very good." Was he hard worked? "No; not at all." When will your term of imprisonment be up, or when do you leave the prison? "Oh, not at all, I hope; I am very comfortable here!"

June 1*st.*—There is nothing much in the way of what are called sights at Galle to help the waiting traveller to pass the time, still there are one or two drives that may be taken to relieve his *ennui.* I confess that the trafficking going on in front of the Oriental Hotel, between the Cingalese and the steamboat travellers, afforded me constant amusement. These Cingalese are represented by Bradshaw to be great extortionists, invariably asking for their wares four times as much as the legitimate price. Bradshaw, I think, had better rewrite the article on the Cingalese, and not continue to mislead his countrymen; for I am quite sure, in the majority of cases, that if the Cingalese obtains for his wares one-fourth the price he asks for them, as a rule he will obtain double what he ought to get. He will always be ready in the end to take an eighth of what he asks, and sometimes even less. In my presence a fellow asked twelve rupees for a ring, and ended by offering to give two rings for one and a half rupees. In fact, you never know what it may be safe to offer. If a fellow ask you ten rupees for an article, and you buy it from him for two rupees, the chances are you will have paid twice as much as you should have done. You fight at great disadvantage with these blackguards, for blackguards they certainly are, if intense lying constitutes blackguardism; they know the real value of their goods; you rarely ever do until you have made a purchase, and then you are very likely to find out that somebody else has become possessed of a similar article for one-half of what you may have paid for it. These fellows, who to a young hand seem little more than a parcel of packmen, have their agents all over the world, with whom they are in constant communication. Highly respectable jewellers both in London and Paris, and in almost every place of much importance, they transact business with to a large extent; in fact, many of them are very rich, and well they might be, for once a fortnight a host of fresh dupes, with money in their pockets, come into their clutches, and are invariably handsomely swindled. For an article the purchase of which you may repent of, I have never known one of those fellows offer in return for it more than one-half of what he may have made you pay for it.

3*d.*—In walking about the hotel garden in early morning

with a couple of Mr B.'s children, we came upon a bird's nest nicely stowed away in a growing bunch of bananas. On examination it turned out to be full of young ones, and I had no sooner put my hand upon it than the old bird made her appearance, and took up a position close to the nest, apparently prepared to do battle in defence of her offspring. She was as big as an English thrush, and somewhat like one. The next morning I went again to see the nest, and as I looked for it in the head of bananas, I was surprised the old bird did not make her appearance. Alas! the nest was gone! A boy in the hotel, who ought to have known better, had taken it away, in spite of the cries of the mother, who had returned more than once to the spot, and, as a native who was at work in the garden averred, had absolutely shed tears.

Sir E. Tennant tells a story showing the wonderful sagacity of the elephant. Sir E. T. was riding through a narrow path in the jungle, when he came suddenly upon a tame elephant alone, making his way along the narrow path with a long piece of timber. The elephant stopped short on seeing Sir E. T., dropped the piece of timber, and quietly backed off the path into the scrub, clearly for the purpose of allowing him to pass. Sir E. T.'s horse hesitated to go forward. The elephant observed this, and backed further into the scrub, giving at the same time a grunt, as much as to say, "You fool! why do you not come along?" The horse still hesitated, so the elephant gave an impatient grunt, and backed still further into the bush. The horse at last took heart of grace, went forward, and quietly passed the elephant, who immediately resumed the labour of carrying the piece of timber out of the jungle. Doubtless this story must be true, and if so, what wonderful sagacity it shows the elephant to possess, if not considerable reasoning powers!

5th.—I have been five days on board a Peninsular and Oriental steamer on my way from Galle to Suez. We are fighting our way against a strong south-west monsoon, and to all appearance we shall make a long passage to Aden. The ship's ports are closed, and the thermometer in my cabin 88°. I learn that the mail-agents on board these boats have been done away with, the duty, costing some £350 a year, being now performed by the third officer, in addition to his

other work, and for which he does not receive one stiver. The captain is the responsible person, but the third officer does the work.

13*th*, *Aden*.—We arrived here this morning. The buildings at Aden are increasing in number, and denote the stimulus already given to business in this "clinker" by the opening of the Suez Canal. It seems to me not at all unlikely that Aden is destined to become at no distant date a port of deposit for the productions of both the East and the West, for distribution over a large extent of the neighbouring coasts, and probably also for much farther afield.

17*th*.—Yesterday we were in 20° north latitude, and last night the constellation of the Southern Cross, whose gradual increasing declination I had been watching night after night ever since our departure from Galle, disappeared below the horizon; the pointers, keeping watch and ward, still remaining above, seemingly to point out the spot into which the Cross, around which it is their duty to make one revolution in every twenty-four hours, had descended out of sight for ever for all who remain north of us. As I watched and took my last look at the descending Cross, I wondered what pointers directed the Empress Helena when she sought for and found at the foot of Calvary the remains of the true Cross, or rather the three crosses, for she found them all there intact!

19*th*.—We have had delightful weather for the last two days, with the thermometer at 80°. One of the pointers of the Southern Cross (in 26° N. lat.) passed out of sight below the horizon last night. The Great Bear shines gloriously now well above our heads; doubtless it is the finest constellation in the heavens, whatever may be said of the thickly-starred Milky Way in the proximity of the Southern Cross. As for the Cross itself, so lost is it among other stars, there would be difficulty in finding it were it not for the two bright pointers that are employed in travelling around it.

20*th*, *Suez*.—We at once hauled alongside the quay on the basin outside the French dry dock. The cool weather we met with on entering the Red Sea remained with us to the last; indeed, as we neared Suez it was less warm, and the thermometer fell to 80°. The sky during the whole time in the Red Sea had been free from clouds, and the nights

glorious twilight. Altogether we have seen about a dozen steamers between Aden and Suez, and there are some twenty in this port. The railway comes down to where the steamer lies alongside the quay, and when we arrived we found a goods train waiting to take cargo and luggage to Alexandria. The passengers breakfasted at seven, and at eight they also started for Alexandria. I was the only passenger for Suez, and with my luggage in charge of a couple of donkey-boys, I trudged off to this hotel, distant from the quay between three and four miles. The town is now at a very inconvenient distance from the dock, but this will be remedied by-and-by, for the mud which is being dredged up about the dock and at the entrance of the canal is emptied into shallow water, and will become a site for building before long. In the dry dock there was a large London steamer, that got aground just as she was emerging from the canal, and injured her screw. She blocked the way for twenty-four hours, much to the disgust of a Messagerie mail-boat from China, that suffered delay in consequence.

I have just been out in the desert to look at a piece of land, a hundred acres perhaps, a French company is reclaiming by means of irrigation from the fresh-water canal. There are already fruit and other trees planted around it, and they are growing vigorously, as is also some maize and some very good lettuce. It is only a few months since the water was first let in upon the land; it really looks as if the Nile must have covered, some day or other, all this portion of the desert, and left behind it a bed of soil which, mixed as it is with the sand, causes the mass to become productive so soon as water is let in upon it.

Of passengers we had a motley group on board the steamer—sixty-five adult first-class passengers, besides a dozen children, several servants, and a dozen second-class passengers. We had many nations—English, Irish, and Scotch, Germans, Danes, and Dutch, Japanese and Chinese. All but the last were first-class. Among some ten Dutch from Java we had one lady, whom we used to call our "*pièce de résistance*," who could not have weighed less than seventeen to eighteen stone, whilst her husband was as thin as a lath; and among the English passengers we had

one man who weighed as much as the Dutch lady, whilst his wife was about as spidery a looking person as I had ever seen.

Then we had henpecked husbands, who seemed, nevertheless, to doat upon their wives, and some wives who doated upon anybody but their husbands. We had two ladies who had left their husbands behind them, and others who would have liked very much to have had husbands with them, and one we had who had lost one husband, and was quite ready for another.

The ladies were divided into three sets—the Calcutta, the Madras, and the China ladies; and, like fluids of different weights, they obstinately refused to mix together. Indeed, the Calcutta Civil servants hardly deigned to notice the other passengers, evidently considering themselves better than the mass into which they had been thrown; and well they might, for they had the best cabins in the ship, and sitting at the captain's end of the table, they generally had the first pull at anything there might be particularly nice. We had generals, colonels, captains, and lieutenants on board, and they kept pretty much apart too. We had one general, the smallest general (unless it be Tom Thumb) I had ever seen. He might have been half an inch over five feet, but to that I would not even swear. We had coffee-planters from India and from Ceylon. We had commercial travelling merchants, merchants' clerks, and telegraph-clerks, doctors, and one Calcutta pilot. We had also one naval man going home on promotion, and one small judge from Madras retiring on £400 a year.

22*d*.—I remained at Suez until to-day, when I embarked on board a steamer going through the canal. We were detained a day nearly by the big steamer *Indus*, aground at the entrance of the canal, completely barring the way. There is a rise and fall of tide here of about seven feet, and this is felt in the canal, almost imperceptibly, up as far as the Lacs Amers, a distance from this end of the canal of some forty-five miles. The *Indus* is the last new steamer of the P. and O. Company, and draws twenty-two feet water. She has been three days in getting through the canal (ninety miles), having grounded several times. The moment the *Indus* vacated the canal we went in, and in

twenty-five hours reached Port Said, without once having grounded, and we were drawing seventeen feet water. Pilots are not permitted to continue on after sunset. We brought up in the canal a few hundred yards on the Port Said side of the Lacs Amers (now called the Grand Basin), in fact, at Serapium, and there we remained tied to two stakes in the bank until four next morning, when we again got under way, and reached Port Said at 5 P.M. We met three vessels in the course of our transit outward bound, coming through from Port Said. The first was the *Una*, a deeply-laden English steamer; we drew up alongside the bank to allow her to pass. The next was the gunboat *Curlew;* we drew up also to allow her to pass. The third craft was made to draw up for us. She was an Italian bark in charge of a tug-steamer. This operation of drawing up alongside the bank of the canal to allow other vessels to pass is done in accordance with signals made at the nearest station you may happen to be approaching. There must be a dozen or more of these stations on the canal. The least breadth of the canalised part of the canal is fifty-eight metres at the surface of the water, and the greatest breadth is 133 metres. The bottom is everywhere, I believe, twenty-two metres wide. The channel through Lake Timsah, at Ismalia, is buoyed and staked.

Through the Menzaleh lakes the channel is formed by banking up the dredged mud on both sides. By-the-by, the channel through Lake Menzaleh was dredged in shallow water, leaving a large expanse of water on the upper or land side, covering some thousands of acres. The banks of the canal cut off the supply of water from the sea or eastern side, and the consequence has been that the large expanse of water on the land-side, upon which thousands of flamingoes and other birds were constantly disporting, has entirely dried up, and the recovered land might, I should say, be some day turned to good account. Part of the Lacs Amers is also buoyed and staked; but in the Grand Basin part, from lighthouse to lighthouse, about ten miles, there are neither stakes nor buoys. This part of the lake did not require dredging at all; in fact, there was no part of the Lacs Amers that did require dredging, but the water that once

filled it has entirely dried up : it took four months to fill by a double stream flowing into it at the same time from both seas. Beyond the Lacs Amers, all through the canalised part, we had a surface current of from a half knot to a knot against us, caused by a fresh breeze of northerly wind, which prevails here (the pilot told me) for four months of the year. During the rest of the year the surface current for four months runs from the south ; and for the remaining four months, during which there is little or no wind felt in the desert, the surface of the canal is tranquil.

Retributive justice ! Is there any man in the world who has not suffered from the thoughtlessness of others ? Is there any man in the world who has not caused suffering to others by his own thoughtlessness ? I acknowledge myself a great culprit in this respect, and whenever I am made to suffer myself now by the thoughtlessness of others, I consider that it is only retributive justice which is following me up. On Sunday the 25th June we arrived at Port Said from Suez, and in consequence of having on board two passengers (taken in at Suez) not upon the ship's roll, we were put in quarantine. On Monday morning a Russian steamer arrived from Alexandria, bound to Jaffa, my destination on my way to Jerusalem. It was just the thing that suited me. We were still, however, in quarantine when she arrived, but expecting every moment to get pratique, when a clerk from the house of the consignee came alongside. I asked him at what o'clock the Russian steamer would leave for Jaffa. He replied she was posted to sail at four o'clock (I afterwards found that she had been posted to sail at 11 A.M.) It was getting on towards noon, and the health-officer had not made his appearance ; so, with the captain and one of the health-officer's men, who had been put on board to prevent outside communication with the vessel, we started in the gig for the quarantine station on shore, to learn when we were to have pratique. We should have gone sooner, but believing the Russian steamer would not leave for Jaffa before 4 P.M., we considered we were still in good time. On our way to the shore we met the health-officer coming off to give us pratique. In five minutes afterwards we were free, and I had gone to my cabin to bring out my traps to proceed on

board the Russian, when the captain sang out, "The Russian steamer is off!" I rushed on deck, and sure enough, there she was steaming away at the top of her speed. And how did this happen? The scatter-brain clerk, who told me the time fixed for her to leave was at 4 P.M., had never taken the trouble to satisfy himself on the subject, and thus thoughtlessly has condemned me to remain here until another steamer arrives for Jaffa, causing me to lose four days, or perhaps more, of the short span of life still left to me, and putting me to the expense of from £5 to £10 into the bargain!

Well, and what is to be done? Grin and bear it, and consider the event as one by which I am made to pay a small instalment of retributive justice.

28*th*.—There is but little work going on upon the canal just now: even the dredging necessary in parts to keep the whole line navigable is all but at a standstill. In the company's workshops, in which skilled workmen used to be counted by hundreds, the number is now reduced to twenty or less. The jetty or pier, which will require some thousands of tons of either natural or artificial stone still to complete it, remains in an unfinished state. There is no dredging going on even in the outer harbour, which is useless so long as it is not deepened. The manufacture of stone is not being proceeded with. In fact, retrenchment seems to be now in every department the order of the day; and even so, I understand, there are no surplus funds out of which to pay any satisfactory dividend to the shareholders, who in a manner now are consequently worse off than when the money was being raised to make the canal, for then they did get dividends, and heavy dividends or interest, out of the capital, but now there is no source from which to draw dividends, and the original shareholders get nothing. True, the canal has been opened, and many vessels are passing through it, but the larger vessels suffer considerable delay. The *Indus* (P. and O.) was three days in getting through, and one of the Messagerie boats is hard and fast aground in Timsah, and can only get off after discharging a considerable portion of her coals. The fact is, the canal is not wide enough; twenty-two metres in the bottom is in practice found to be

too narrow even now, with a limited number of vessels passing through. Then how totally inadequate that width would be found in a few years hence, when, probably, the number of vessels will be quintuple what it is at present! Even now a good deal of delay is experienced by the smaller vessels being obliged to draw up to allow other vessels to pass them, for, I believe, in no part of the transit, unless it be in the lakes, when two vessels come from opposite directions, is one allowed to pass without the other being drawn up as close to the bank as the depth of water will permit. There are no sidings of any consequence in any part of the canal. The canal, then, must be widened, and whence is the money to come to do it with? Why, John Bull will have to do it, for two very obvious reasons: first, because he is, probably, the only party who can conveniently find the money just now; and next, because he is more interested in having it done than any other body, since four-sixths of the tonnage, or thereabouts, that has hitherto passed through, and that will doubtless pass through for the future, has been, and will be, English.

In 1870, 491 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 443,212 tons, of which 314 vessels, measuring 291,680 tons, were English, passed through the canal. The amount received for tonnage dues was—

	Francs.
Tonnage dues, ...	4,370,615.33
Passengers, ...	75,244.01
Towing, ...	265,920.00
Pilotage, ...	357,319.16
	5,069,098.50

On 30th I embarked in an Egyptian steamer for Jaffa, which took us down in seventeen hours. The only passengers were three Americans and myself; one was a dealer in flax, and of the other two, one was a whip and glove maker, and the other a druggist. I mention this to show you how much more all classes of Americans travel than we English do. These gentlemen travelled with a very small amount of luggage, and all I had was contained in a black leather bag; so that when the couple of dozen boats arrived alongside the steamer from the shore to take the passengers and their

luggage, there was a tremendous row among the boatmen as to who should carry us and our small modicum of luggage on shore, and it was only after our luggage had been bandied about from boat to boat for a good half hour that the battle was finally decided, and we found ourselves settled down in two boats. Really at one time the affair looked so serious that a man unaccustomed to Jaffa would have thought it must end in a death-struggle. Nothing of the sort; the fight was bloodless, and the moment it was decided, the victors and the vanquished were again on the best of terms. We, too, had our fight against extortion, and ultimately got off by paying a franc each. The examination at the custom-house being over, we marched off to the new hotel, kept by a German in the American settlement, half a mile outside the town of Jaffa.

July 2d.—There was a good deal of discussion among my American friends before they could arrange with a dragoman for horses to carry them to the Holy City; but finally a dragoman agreed to find them horses, and pay their hotel bills from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and so long as they remained in Jerusalem, acting as their guide at the same time, for 20s. each per day. This knotty affair settled, and after a fair luncheon, we started for Ramleh, and at a snail's pace we reached the convent in three hours. The distance cannot be over, if it is so much, as twelve miles. The monks, of whom there are seventeen in the convent, Italians and Spaniards, treated us very fairly; gave us not a bad supper, and clean comfortable beds. At 2.30 the next morning we were in the saddle again, and at noon arrived at Hornstein's new hotel in the Eternal City.

Many handsome houses have been built outside the walls of Jerusalem, on the Jaffa road, since I last saw the city two years before, and many more are in course of construction. It really looks as if a second Jerusalem will grow up before long outside the walls. Land, I find, has increased in value. A building lot offered to me when I was last there for £300 has been sold since for £500. The Russian Government were the first to build outside the walls, and the example they set is now being briskly followed. Two of my American fellow-travellers are *hors de combat*, or fancy

they are. They have had a doctor, who has been prescribing pills and draughts. What can the poor man do otherwise than physic people who send for him?

At Jaffa I visited Mr Hay, the American Consul, and at his house I saw an American lady, his aunt, Miss Baldwin, who told me she had been thirty years employed in a missionary school at Athens; she had been a year only at Jaffa, and had already got together a very respectable school of sixty boys, half Mahometan children and half Christians, whom she accommodates in the lower part of the Consul's house. I visited the school with her, and found the Arab boys well advanced in speaking English, and also in writing it. The school is conducted by two Arab teachers. Miss Baldwin told me the attendance was regular, notwithstanding that many of the children have a mile to walk to the school, and that the parents of the Mahometan children made not the slightest objection to their children mixing with the Christian children and really receiving a Christian education, the Bible of course being a class-book in the school. Nevertheless Miss Baldwin is very careful not to shock the prejudices of the Mahometan parents by thrusting Christian dogmas on their children, but trusts more for good results to a system of moral culture and training. This, I am convinced, is the true way of spending missionary money for a chance of any return from it. I also visited a small girls' school at the settlement. The children were of German, American, Polish, and Mahometan parents. They were employed, when I went into the school, in writing English from dictation, and I could not but wonder at the correctness of their spelling—the American child being the only one who made many blunders.

6th.—Since my arrival in Jerusalem the weather has been delightful, the thermometer ranging from 72° to 79° in my room. Many people, old residents, to whom I have spoken on the subject, are decidedly of opinion that the most desirable season for visiting the Holy City is between the 15th June and the 15th September; the weather, they say, during all that time, though the thermometer may sometimes touch 80°, is fine and moderately cool, free from the hot winds which blow occasionally before and after those dates. No doubt, in

the winter months storms of wind and rain are not infrequent, and interfere greatly with the comfort of travellers; from these, of course, you are entirely free between the 15th June and the 15th September or thereabouts.

8th.—After paying my last visit on Mount Zion in company with an Arab servant boy mounted on a mule with my luggage, I started from Jerusalem for Jaffa, and without drawing rein *en route*, we arrived at the convent at Ramleh in about seven hours. My horse was a slow pacer, and the luggage-mule had a chronic lameness, still we got over the ground at a very fair rate, for with luggage the journey from Jerusalem to Ramleh, although only twenty-six miles, is seldom made in less than nine hours. We had fine moonlight, and after getting away a few miles from the Zion or Jaffa gate, by which travellers usually leave the city when bound to Jaffa, the whole way to Ramleh the road was thronged with laden donkeys and camels, the former carrying vegetables, and the latter imported articles, principally boards, from Jaffa to the Holy City. Reaping on the plains of Sharon is over, and threshing now is in full operation. In one spot I saw sixty pair oxen at work, each team of four or six oxen treading out a separate lot of wheat, about as much as would cover a circle of ten to twenty yards in diameter. The scriptural command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is strictly followed by Mahometan, Christian, and Jew. In the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem it is difficult to find a spot level enough for any operation that requires a few square yards of a flat, and so it is that the upper pool of Guyon, when dry, is made use of by the Turks for drilling their troops, and the lower pool of Guyon by the farmers for threshing out their corn. Near Jaffa, on the plain, some Polish Jews are employed in the cultivation of a few hundred acres of land, given to them by the Sultan free of taxes for a term of ten years. It is a good thing to see some of these gentry usefully employed, for I am told that out of five or six thousand of them inhabiting Jerusalem, there are not above a couple of hundred who do not participate in the ten or twelve thousand pounds of alms (for the amount is reduced to that sum now) which is gathered annually for them throughout

the world. The whole sum collected may be four or five times that amount, but just what happens in England in collections for Christianising the Jews, and other collections also, the lion's share falls into any hands but those of the parties for whom the money is collected, that is, it is absorbed by the cost of collecting and other contingent expenses. About five or six pounds to each of the Polish and German Jews (the Spanish Jews do not participate in this charity), I am told, may be the average payment, but there are some among the Jews who are called privileged, who receive perhaps some forty or fifty pounds of this annual collection, whilst, on the other hand, there are many perhaps among the most indigent who do not get more than 40s. a year. Besides this amount, collected by paid collectors throughout the world, there is a further sum of four or five hundred pounds a year, which comes principally from the society in England to Bishop Gobat, to be distributed among the most miserable of these Jews; and perhaps I may not be wrong in conjecturing that any proselytes that are made to Christianity come from this class, though I am inclined to think that for the last ten years there have not been ten converts to Christianity made among the Jews in Jerusalem. From the most reliable information I have been able to obtain, I should say the population of Jerusalem must be between 16,000 and 20,000. There may be now in the Holy City 11,000 Jews, 4000 Mahometans, and perhaps 3000 Christians all told, but this must be considered as only an approximate statement, since no census of the population has ever been taken by the Turkish authorities, and probably never will be. A friend of mine, who was intimate with one of the Pashas of Jerusalem, took an opportunity of hinting to him the advisability of keeping some accounts of the deaths that took place in the city. The Pasha quietly replied, that he had more than enough of trouble in looking after the living; the dead could take care of themselves.

18*th.*—From Jaffa I pushed on to Port Said and Alexandria, and thence on to Marseilles and home.

THIRD TOUR.

PALESTINE—ALEPPO—ACROSS SYRIA TO DIARBEKIR —DOWN THE TIGRIS—BABYLON—BAGDAD TO KURRACHEE—UP THE INDUS TO LAHORE—CASHMERE—INDIA—CEYLON—CHINA—JAPAN—AUSTRALIA—TASMANIA.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mont Cenis tunnel—Aurora—Jerusalem—Canon Tristram kidnapped, ransom sent—Asphalt exported—Bayley's school—Bishop Gobat's school—Herod gave Cleopatra land—Goblan's encampment—Farmer Bedouins—Inscription—Dolmens—Hot springs of Callirhoe—Dead Sea—Mixed breed of Negroes and Arabs—Tell Rhama, ruins—Bedouin tents—Captain Warren's excavations—Jericho mounds, debris of brick-kilns—Jerusalem—English cemetery, its difficulties——Miss Dickson's school—Boy drowned himself, man shot himself—Jaffa—German colony, Sect of the Temple—Destruction of English cemetery—Tripoli, large orange-groves—Lattakia—Aboorico tobacco—Sun and moon worshippers in the mountains—American missionaries there—Iskanderun—Beilan, native Protestants—Aleppo—Turks never repair—Start for Diarbekir—Conical dwellings—The Turks only count men as population—The country might be a paradise—Abraham born at Orfa—Holy fish—Taurus covered with snow—Mound not yet excavated—Murillo beauties—*The Aleppo button*, a large scabby sore—Daily routine, food cheap—Turkish khan—Tempest—With the Khurds—Nothing to eat, coaxed the women and got plenty—Diarbekir on the Tigris, once a formidable place—Boys' school—No money-changer, no bank, no newspaper, filthy gullies in streets—Russian Consul—People slaves, officials rogues, electric telegraph little used—Prepare to descend the Tigris on a skin *kellik*—Yankee muskets—Russian Consul offends Turks by entering the mosque with boots on—*Aleppo button*, how caused.

Left London on 21st January 1872 for Paris. The 25th arrived at Turin *via* the Mont Cenis tunnel. This wonderful work is 7½ miles long, 33 feet wide, with a double line of rails throughout, and 19½ feet high. It is ventilated by compressed air. The line of rail is 4179 feet above the Mediterranean, and 3480 feet below the summit of the mountain. The work cost six millions sterling. At Florence on 28th, and at Rome on 2d February. Then on to Naples, which we left again on 4th, and twelve hours by rail took us to Brindisi. During the night we were treated to a grand display of aurora borealis; it lasted from 6 P.M. to midnight, and frequently extended over three-quarters of the visible horizon, and thence up into the heavens. The changes were incessant, and more than once nearly the whole sky was blood-red, the stars shining brightly at the same time. Humboldt says this is a very rare occurrence in Italy.

Embarked at Brindisi on board the *Malta*, and in seventy-two hours found ourselves at Alexandria. The 10th, embarked on board the *Amerique*, calling at Port Said, and

reached Jaffa early on morning of 12th. Pushed on to the convent at Ramleh same day (twelve miles), where we slept, and at two o'clock next day, with heavy rain, reached Jerusalem.

14*th*, *at Hornstein's Hotel.*—Heard that Canon Tristram and five other Englishmen, travelling on the eastern side of the Dead Sea in search of inscribed stones, had been kidnapped by the sheikh at Kerak, and impounded for a ransom of £600. Mr Moore, our Consul, fearing, I suppose, a repetition of the Greek tragedy, sent off the amount demanded yesterday, and to-day the Governor has despatched troops to chastise the sheikh.

15*th.*—*Asphalt.*—This article is found only occasionally floating in small quantities on the surface of the Dead Sea. During the past four years only a few hundredweights have been collected and brought for sale to Jerusalem by the Bedaway, where it is bought, principally for Germany, at about forty shillings the hundredweight, and is there employed in giving a lustrous appearance to the finer sorts of leather. It forms, or is formed, at the bottom of the Dead Sea, and when found floating on the surface, has doubtless been detached from the bottom by volcanic commotion. The Dead Sea, it will be remembered, is between 1300 and 1400 feet in the deepest part.

21*st.*—Visited Mr Bayley's school, in which there are some forty boarders and twenty day-scholars, nearly all the sons of Jews. Very few, however, of the parents reside in Jerusalem, no Jew being found hardy enough to stand up against or to brave the persecution which he would certainly suffer at the hands of his co-religionists in the Holy City, should he be induced to send his child to a school conducted on Christian principles. Several of the children come from India, and many from Syria, those belonging to Jerusalem being either orphans or the children of proselytes. Mr Bayley, who is an earnest and competent teacher, put the children through their facings, to show me of what they were capable, and I was struck by the cheery and lively manner in which they passed through their examination. They first sung English hymns, then in German, and ultimately in Hebrew. Mr Bayley then questioned them on

astronomy and geography, and on both subjects they showed that they possessed considerable knowledge, as well as in the formation of short grammatical sentences. Altogether, the exhibition was most creditable to Mr Bayley and to the children. I was particularly struck by the good looks of the boys generally, and among them were many handsome faces. A few days ago, in company with Mrs Gobat, I paid a visit to the Bishop's school, in which there are some forty boarders and day-scholars. I had no opportunity of judging of the acquirements or proficiency of the boys in the Bishop's school, but in appearance they seemed to me to be intellectually not at all equal to the Jewish children at Mr Bayley's. In this school the children are principally the sons of Arab Christians; some Mahometans there are among them, and some are the children of German parents. In both schools there are some very young children, and very few of more than fourteen or fifteen years of age; and in both schools the numbers have increased considerably of late; indeed, to such a degree that there is no longer any room for more. It is clearly by teaching the young that good can be done in Jerusalem, the efforts made to convert the grown-up Jews proving rarely successful.

23*d*, *Jericho.*—I am here on my way to Wady Humara, having left Jerusalem at noon to-day. We are encamped close to the miserable village of Jericho, inhabited by the most degraded of all the Bedouins. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, with a large retinue, is encamped near the Ain Sultan. In Jerusalem it has been raining pretty nearly every day for the last fifteen days, and last night very copiously. Here, for the last fifteen days, there has been but one shower, and that was yesterday, and it lasted only for five minutes. The temperature is delightful now, and the moonlight lovely in the extreme. There are two aqueducts close to our encampment for bringing water from Ain el Sultan and the Duck across Wady Kelt for the purpose of irrigation. The last is broken and useless; the other is made serviceable to the extent of bringing water from Ain el Sultan to the Bedouin village, but, I believe, not in sufficient quantity for irrigation. There is but a small portion of the land hereabouts under cultivation, but the wheat grown here

is full six weeks or more more forward than any I have seen elsewhere; indeed, I am told that wheat here comes to market full two months earlier than the wheat from any other part of Palestine. The Government is now about to sell a large portion of this part of the valley of the Jordan, and there is a party contemplating the purchase of it for the purpose of growing cotton, for which it would seem the soil is particularly well adapted. Herod made a present to Cleopatra of all the land hereabouts, which the Turkish Government is now offering for sale. Will it be safe to purchase under such circumstances? Is it likely that any of Cleopatra's descendants will ever put in a claim to this land? The jackals are very noisy round about here to-night, but their barking will hardly keep me awake. We have a couple of *gentlemen* with long flint-lock muskets with us as an escort; they were furnished to us by the sheikh of a village close to Bethany, as we passed on our way here from Jerusalem; they are on foot, but keep up with our horses without difficulty. The road between Jericho and the Holy City has been much improved of late.

24*th*, *Imshidia*, *Goblan's encampment.*—We did not move away from Jericho until eight o'clock. An hour and a half took us to the ford at the Jordan, about two miles above the pilgrims' bathing-place. Here we found a ferryboat under charge of two negroes from the neighbourhood of Tunis, in which we passed over comfortably enough in three trips, with our luggage and quadrupeds—four horses, two mules, and one donkey. We found the river pretty full, running smoothly, but somewhat rapidly, between not very high banks, and only about twenty yards across. An iron bridge would be a great boon here, and easily constructed. The operation of crossing and making a fresh start from this side the river—for we had to unload our mules—delayed us an hour. Altogether, we were only five hours from Jericho to where we are now encamped. After leaving Jericho, for half an hour before reaching the river, the road leads among high sandhills, with streaks of clay running horizontally through them, the summit washed by the rain of centuries into all sorts of shapes—castles, spires, &c.—and in some places the entire hill washed into the form of pyramids. A somewhat similar

form of sandhills we passed through on the eastern side of the river, but not to the same extent. The wheat and barley grown on the plain between Jericho and the river are very forward, being aided in their growth by irrigation from Ain el Sultan and the river Duck. In the neighbourhood of our encampment, too, there are many patches of wheat and barley well forward, and looking strong and healthy, though somewhat choked with charlock. All this is the work of the Feleheen, or farmer Bedouins, who come here from the villages in which they dwell to cultivate the ground for the lords of the soil, and for which they are entitled to a fourth of the crop. The true Bedouin never puts a spade in the ground. Goblan is sheikh of the Nimreen tribe. In this encampment of his there are fifty-one large black tents, on a piece of plain ground encircled by hills. These Bedouin tents are generally from twenty to thirty feet long, low, and with a broad white band running through them from end to end, and some others with more intricate white ornamentation also. In all there may be 300 persons in this encampment. There is an abundance of young children, from almost pure white to something bordering in colour very closely on the negro.

I visited a hot spring on a little hill a few hundred yards from the encampment, issuing from the ground and running down the declivity in a small stream; temperature 96°. On an extensive plain at a higher level than the site of the encampment, I went to look at a large stone standing alone. It has been chiselled perfectly round, flat on the top, with a round hole in the centre 25 inches in diameter. This stone measures 120 inches in diameter, and stands 38 inches above ground. It is buried only some four or five inches. The plain upon which it stands is strewed with small stones, but no large ones; and what this large stone was used for, or how it got into its present position, is hard to say.

25*th.*—At 8 A.M. we left Goblan's encampment, and at 3 P.M. we were in the Wady Humara, and found the granite pillar a good deal chipped round the edge.*

In coming here to-day we passed the site of an ancient edifice, where a few columns and some building-stone still

* The author had erected it on a previous occasion.

encumber the ground. One of the stones—sandstone, I think—had an inscription on it, which I copied. The Bedouins date back this ruin to the time of the Israelites. We also passed by some dolmens, from five to ten feet long and half that in breadth, and from five to six feet in height, formed of large flat stones, roof and sides, with a small opening at one end. Only one of these dolmens contained anything, and in that one was the skeleton of a Bedouin with some cotton cloth still covering the bones—the skeleton, perhaps, of some poor creature who in sickness had taken shelter and died there. Thinking that the skull could be no longer of any service to the rest of the bones, I took the liberty of bringing it away with me, for it is not every day that one meets with a disposable Bedouin skull.

The road, if it can be called a road, between this and the Jordan, is seldom travelled by any one but shepherds. It passes for the most part over basalt, partially covered by an incrustation resembling oxide of iron, exactly the same formation as I have seen on the N.W. coast of Tasmania. The dolmens, or stone chambers, date back to the time of Lot! So say the Bedouins.

26*th*.—We were very early in the saddle this morning, on our way to Wady Zerka, to visit the hot springs of Callirhoe, famous as having been resorted to by Herod. We rode all the way—at least I and Goblan did—and at 10 A.M. we reached the springs. The road is rough enough, but the descent into the valley is precipitous in the extreme; so much so, that out of our party, consisting of our dragoman and four Bedouins, Goblan and myself were the only ones that preferred riding to leading their horses. These hot springs appeared to me to start from the mountain-side, about 500 feet above the river that flows through the wady into the Dead Sea. In the gully by which we descended into the wady there are two distinct springs, which become one at the bottom, forming respectable cascades in more than one place, rushing down the hill with great rapidity in a stream from one to two yards wide generally, though in one or two places narrowing to less than a yard. Following the line of these springs are several hundreds of date-palms growing, strong and healthy. There is one more hot spring gushing from the mountain-

side like the other two, and of about the same capacity, a few hundred yards down the wady, and there may be others still lower down, nearer the sea; but higher up it is clear there are none of any consequence, for the temperature of the stream running through the wady is only 85°, whilst the temperature of the main body of the hot springs, just before entering the stream at the bottom, is 127°, and a little higher up 136°; and in the second spring into which I put the thermometer, at the highest point to which I could trace it starting from the rock, it marked 142°. Wherever any of the long grass growing on the edge of the hot-spring stream dipped into it, a substance like chalk in appearance had formed around it, in some instances of the size and shape of a pear. I tasted this water, but could detect nothing in it differing from ordinary sweet water; neither does the deposit upon the rushes or long grass that grow on its borders, and dip into it, possess any taste. These springs are a sealed book to most people. My first visit to them was in 1868. Strange enough, whilst we were resting there to-day, four Bedouins and three women made their appearance, bringing with them a sick man on a mule to test their curative efficacy. They brought with them a lamb to serve them during their stay in the wady.

Our descent into the wady was something like 1500 feet. Both sides are very precipitate, particularly the western side, which, as far as I could see, was nearly, if not quite, perpendicular in the part opposite these springs; principally brown and yellow sandstone, with an admixture of black basalt. After leaving the wady, and getting again on high ground, we rode towards the Dead Sea, and got as near to it as the perpendicular cliffs, which in this part run along at a distance from it of two to three miles, would permit. We had a good view of the whole lake. We could see the low spits that jut into the west end, and the stream of the Jordan running in at the east, and the cultivated gardens which project into the lake at the mouth of the Zerka main. The lake itself was as calm as a mill-pond.

The scene of devastation, caused by some convulsion of nature, which presented itself between where we stood, on a perpendicular cliff some 1000 feet above the sea, and the sea

itself, was very imposing. The jumble of hills of all shapes, formed principally of sandstone and basalt, could only be the result of volcanic action.

27*th.*—At 8 A.M. we were in the saddle, leaving Wady Humara, arrived at our encampment at 2.30 P.M. On the way we struck down to the Dead Sea, and came along its shore for three or four miles. The men of our troop took advantage of the occasion to bathe, and some of them bathed their horses also. The water of the Dead Sea is so buoyant that a man floats with both arms and feet, and his head and neck quite out of the water. The water is perfectly clear, and the bottom sandy. The shore, at least five feet above where the water reached to-day, was lined with driftwood brought down by the Jordan. I picked up two crabs on the beach, dead of course; they must be land-crabs. The water is very bitter and very salt. The weather has been warmer to-day. In my tent at Wady Humara the thermometer stood at 56°, and even at Callirhoe it only got up at noon yesterday to 70°. To-day, in the sun, it reached 104°, and in this tent 81°. In the wadies we passed to-day we saw many date-palms, and particularly in one which we rounded at its head, where the sides were perpendicular and the wady from 200 to 300 feet deep, the palms were growing as thick as they could stick on the grounds. We have pitched our camp at Rhama, between two encampments of what Goblan calls his slaves. There are many negroes among them, and intermarriage with the Arab women has produced a motley race. In the two encampments there are at least 300 people, and nowhere among the Bedouins have I seen so large a proportion of children. I have just been treated to an exhibition of dancing by both men and women, but in separate parties, and afterwards witnessed a free fight among the women over the money I had given them. They are a hideous lot, the cross between the slaves and the Arab women; and the women contrive to increase their ugliness by dyeing their lips, old and young, blue with indigo, which is produced here, but only, I believe, in small quantity, and of very inferior quality. These slaves, as Goblan calls them, are the farmers of the tribe; they do the principal part of the tillage, though I am told there are besides some twenty-

five families in his tribe who are very poor, and who in consequence of their poverty till their own ground themselves. This, however, is not common among the Bedouins, for they are either too lazy or too proud to do any work if they can help it.

28*th*, *Ain el Sultan.*—We left our encampment at Rhama this morning, accompanied by Goblan and sixteen of his tribe: in half an hour we were on Tell Rhama, on the summit of which is a tomb of a sheikh who was killed some ten years ago in a fight with the Government troops. There are just the remains of a building at the foot of the Tell, and a red granite or porphyry pillar stands about four feet above ground; it is about fifteen inches in diameter. There is no such stone as this pillar is made of anywhere in the neighbourhood, and it must have been brought from afar. It is as fine grained as much of the best Aberdeen granite. It is round, with a rim encircling the top, which has been somewhat chipped; the Bedouins say it is Israelitish. Further on upon the plain, near the Tell of Kafereen, I saw two more columns, now standing above ground only about three feet; these are of sandstone, round, and some eighteen inches in diameter. Their relative position looks as if they once served as doorposts to the entrance of some important building. One of them had a hole in the centre of the top. On our way over the plain towards the Jordan, we must have passed some hundreds of acres of wheat, belonging to the Nimreen tribe, of which Goblan is sheikh. The plain is very extensive, and the sown part of it is irrigated by water drawn from the river Rhama. The remains of more than one aqueduct still exist on this plain, which in olden time was no doubt all under cultivation. It slopes gently from the foot of the hills, down pretty close to the Jordan, which must be distant from the hills some five or six miles. Altogether Goblan's tribe must have 1000 acres under wheat. The upper part of the plain is pretty well shaded with doab-trees, under which the wheat is sown, for where they grow is the best ground. Besides the Rhama, there is the river Kafereen, and another also running through this plain. In the three encampments which we have seen, I counted 120 tents, that could not contain less than 600 persons, and I nowhere saw an inch of

garden-ground. With an industrious population, all this plain, or Ghor of Rhama, as it is called, might be made highly productive, as it must have been in times gone by, if one may judge by the remains of aqueducts which still exist. Here, too, close to where we are now encamped, in the valley of the Jordan, are the remains of two considerable aqueducts. The cultivation hereabouts is limited to a few patches of wheat. Arrived at the ford this morning, we paid off a dozen of our Bedouins, and got rid of them. We have still with us Goblan and four others. As we came along, we went out of our way to look at the apse of a church, and the walls of some other buildings, laid bare by Captain Warren; and since we have been encamped I have been examining his excavations in the famous Jericho mounds. I observed in them the remains of sunburnt bricks all through the excavations, and in one place there is a whole pile of them. I took a handful of the earth of which the mounds are composed, and found no difficulty in forming it into a good brick. From what I have seen to-day, I am more convinced than ever that these Jericho mounds have the same origin as similar-looking mounds in old Delhi, Agra, and other parts of India are known to have—viz., the debris of brick-kilns. Among the rubbish in one of the cuttings we hunted a formidable-looking snake, but he escaped from us. The principal mounds here stand right over the splendid spring of water called Ain el Sultan, or Elisha's Fountain, and therefore the spot is well chosen for making bricks.

29*th*, *Hornstein's Hotel*, *Jerusalem.*—We struck our tents at Ain el Sultan at 3 A.M., and were moving on our way towards the Holy City just as the morning star rose above the mountains of Moab. It was half-past four; the sky clear, and a bright moon shining. We made one stoppage on the road for about an hour, and at 11 A.M. entered Jerusalem.

March 4*th.*—The English cemetery fourteen years ago was situated on the Jaffa road, and was unenclosed. A firman from the Sultan was sought to be obtained permitting it to be enclosed, but when the firman reached Jerusalem, it was found to be granted only on condition that no one objected to the enclosure. The Mahometans opposed it on two

grounds: first, because in burying their own dead they had to pass our cemetery; and secondly, at one hour of the day the shadow of the minaret of one of the mosques of the city fell upon it, and the mosque was defiled thereby!

I visited Miss Dickson's school to-day. It is for girls only, the daughters of Jews and Jewish proselytes. At present, the school contains seventeen boarders, and upwards of fifty day-scholars. Very few of the parents of the boarders reside in Jerusalem. They all read the Bible, and still there is no attempt made to convert them to Christianity. Unless they be the children of proselytes, they generally return to their home Jewesses, and soon after marry Jews. Still there is a deal of good done by Miss Dickson's training; and the girls on leaving her school generally command husbands from among the better class of Jews, and their houses afterwards are invariably more cleanly and better kept than the houses of those Jewesses who have never had the advantage of Miss Dickson's training. Some of the children are taught English and German, and others only to read and write in Arabic. In one room I saw twenty married Jewesses doing different sorts of needlework, and making lace and embroidery. The work is generally ordered beforehand, and these women are paid for their labour. I saw many pretty faces among the children. The rooms, all of them, dormitories included, are models of cleanliness.

7th.—Yesterday two casualties occurred in Jerusalem. A boy—a very naughty boy, I am told—had been tied to a post and flogged by his father, and had been left tied up all night, with a threat that he should be flogged again in the morning. When morning came, however, the boy was missing, he had slipped out of the rope. Two days passed, and the boy did not put in an appearance. A search was made for him, and he was found drowned at the bottom of a well. The other casualty was that of a young man, who was either about to be forced by his father to marry a girl who did not possess his affections, or who was not permitted to marry the girl he had himself chosen. I do not know which of these two cases was the real one, but certain it is that the young man was in despair, and to get out of his trouble he discharged a loaded musket, as he thought, into his stomach, but the ball

compassionately struck his lower ribs and thence passed right round his body to his back, from which point it was cut out by Dr Chaplin's assistant. The boy and the young man were both Mahometans. I am told that when a young Jew is about to be married, it devolves on his mother to provide an outfit for the bride, and, as a sort of return, the son considers himself bound to take care of his mother in her old age. There is nothing like our poor-rate, or substitute for it, levied in Jerusalem, so that the helpless and destitute among the Jews wholly depend upon their relations and alms for subsistence. There is great misery among the Jews here. I was told by a lady that she had gone into a room in the Jews' quarter and found three or four old women huddled together crouching on the floor, whom she absolutely took at first for so many bundles of old rags!

10*th*, *Jaffa*.—I left Jerusalem yesterday at 7 A.M., but owing to delay caused by the muleteer with baggage, I did not arrive here until 9 P.M. The weather was very pleasant, not at all too warm. From the top of the hill, just above Kirjeath-Jearim, to the foot of it at Babel Wad, there is a descent of 1400 feet, and to Jaffa a descent of 2300 feet, which makes Babel Wad about 900 feet above Jaffa on the Mediterranean. These heights are by aneroid, and consequently may not be quite true. The hotel at which I am located is called the American Colony in Jaffa, but which is no longer an American, but a German colony of the Christian Sect of the Temple, an offshoot from a colony of that sect established for some years at Haifa, a port situated at the foot of Mount Carmel. The hotel is conducted by Mr Hardegg, and, for Jaffa, supplies fairly all the comforts that visitors to this rough land have any right to expect. Mr Hardegg today, Sunday, assisted in waiting on his guests at the dinner-table, and this evening was employed with all his household in their devotions. Mr Hardegg is at present the representative here of the American Government. In talking with him about the disgraceful state of the English cemetery here, he told me that one of his children had been interred in that cemetery, and that a tomb had been placed over the grave, but it had been so pulled to pieces that a year ago he had disinterred the body and buried it elsewhere.

This burial-ground, I have before observed, is exposed to every sort of desecration from bipeds and quadrupeds. Camels are frequently tied up to the gravestones, and men and boys amuse themselves in destroying the monuments which have been set up by the friends of the dead that lie there. The *Temple Sect* rent and cultivate a considerable extent of land at Haifa, much to the disgust of the monks living on Mount Carmel, one of whom, in preaching to his flock not long since, said that God had sent a plague of locusts in hopes of turning them from their sinful ways, but they remained impenitent; He then punished them by sending the cholera among them, but this warning, too, they disregarded; and now He had sent the greatest plague of all—a colony of German Protestants.

11*th.*—Before starting for Alexandretta this morning, I paid another visit to the desolated and desecrated English cemetery, the property of the British Government. I found it occupied, the clear part of it, by half-a-dozen tents of travellers, and among the graves and tombs ranged at pleasure camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and Arabs. The place is a desolation—the graves literally destroyed; the ordinary tombstones still existing unbroken, but many, I am told, have been carried off bodily by the Arabs. One handsome monument of the hardest of red granite, placed there by Sir M. Montifiore to mark the spot where his medical friend, Thomas Hodgkin, was interred, still stands upright, though it has had to bear the tug of many a camel made fast to it. The double rows of cactus that once enclosed the cemetery have nearly all disappeared on one side. It must have been destroyed by a Roman Catholic Arab, who has built a large storehouse, part of which they say stands on an encroachment on the cemetery. The remainder of the cactus hedge has been destroyed by the animals that have been allowed to wander over it unrestrained at their pleasure. At the date of the interment of Mr Hardegg's child, about three years ago, a good gate, with a lock upon it, the key of which was lodged with our consular agent, who from his house must have witnessed the gradual destruction and desecration of the place by bipeds and quadrupeds, as well as the said-to-be encroachment made on the

cemetery about a year ago by the building of the Roman Catholic Arab when in progress. All this he must have witnessed, and apparently permitted, without making a single effort to stay the destruction, for he had only to raise his voice when animals began to break down the cactus hedge to have preserved the enclosure intact as it was when placed under his charge. I cannot understand this conduct on the part of one in charge of the British Consulate, whose duty it is clearly in this country, more so than in most others, perhaps, to have preserved from spoliation such property as a cemetery belonging to the British Government. In some way or other this piece of ground once forming the cemetery was sold to a Mr Gibbs. The English residents complained that they were deprived of their burial-ground, when Mr Gibbs gave up about half an acre to them, and it is this half acre which forms the present wretched cemetery, of which every Englishman who passes by and sees must feel ashamed.

14*th.*—Yesterday I was on shore all day at Tripoli with Mr Beattie. The day previous I passed at Beyrout. We breakfasted at Mr Jessop's, also an American missionary, and afterwards rode with him to see the town, two miles distant from the marine port. Tripoli is situated on a spit of land protruding from the mainland into the sea, which might, without much cutting, be made into an island. The town contains some 20,000 inhabitants, of whom a large portion are Christians. Its exports consist of cotton, wool, soap, olive oil, and fruit. Its gardens are extensive, mostly consisting of oranges, almonds, and peaches. Oranges (the windfalls) may be bought for immediate use sometimes as low as forty for a penny. We left Tripoli at midnight, and arrived at Lattakia, where we are now at anchor, at six o'clock. I have been on shore with Mr Beattie, who leaves us here, and have just returned on board, bringing with me a few pounds of Aboorico, or smoked tobacco. I am told this Lattakia tobacco owes its superiority to all other tobacco grown on the coast to the operation of smoking, which is performed upon it by burning underneath it, when hung up to dry, an odoriferous wood common in the mountains where the tobacco is grown. Accident first discovered the value of this process, which is now followed with all or the greater part of the tobacco grown in the mountains.

This place, like Tripoli, is an open roadstead. Here, too, the principal exports are cotton or wool, besides tobacco. The population in and around the town may be 20,000, including 5000 nearly all Roman Catholics.

The Musairiych and the Ismailiych pagans, numbering some 250,000 souls, inhabit the mountains, a wild untutored race, divided into orders, some worshipping the sun, and others the moon. There is great secrecy or mystery about their religious rites and ceremonies. The efforts of the American missionaries are directed, by the help of schools and otherwise, to the civilisation of these wild people, but I am afraid they have hitherto made but little progress in the work.

The only steamers that call here now are the French boats, one up and the other down the coast weekly—in fact, both ways. The range of the Lebanon mountains, all along the coast from this to Beyrout, is covered with snow down to a line about 7000 feet high. Just over and in from Tripoli, is the summit of the range, nearly 11,000 feet high, a little exceeding the height of Hermon. The famous cedars are distant from Tripoli about nine hours' ride.

On the 14th, at noon, we steamed away from Lattakia, and anchored at Alexandretta seven hours afterwards. It was then blowing a pretty strong breeze right off the land from the east. It was too late to expect any boats off that night, and next morning it was blowing so strong in gusts that none ventured off even then. In the afternoon the wind moderated, and we got ashore. I had no difficulty in finding Mr Tatarachi's residence, a mud hut, like nearly all the houses in Iskanderun, but where I was received with a genuine welcome. Mr Tatarachi (to whom I had a letter from his brother at Beyrout), his partner, a doctor, and the doctor's uncle, all of them from Constantinople, Greeks, vied with each other in showing me attention. With their assistance I hired a horse for myself, and a mule to carry my luggage; and on the morning of the 16th I left Iskanderun for Beilan, about nine miles distant, on the road to Aleppo, accompanied by a muleteer. A ride of two and a half hours brought us to Beilan, a town of stone houses, principally with flat roofs, all stuck upon the two steep sides of a deep ravine,

and there look like so many monster birdcages grouped together, of which I am told 200 are inhabited by Armenians, and the remaining 300 (for they say there are 500 of them in all) by Turks, barring some three houses occupied by native Protestants. I put up for the night in the house of one of these Protestant families, and was present at the evening service in the large room of the house, which consisted of singing hymns and reading prayers—a son of Jakoob's (my host) performing the part of minister. The family consisted of six men, four women, and two children, who all took part in the service, which was performed with considerable devoutness. There are five-and-twenty families of these Protestants in Beilan, presided over by a native missionary. Jakoob entertains travellers, and is very attentive to their wants. He gave me for supper a dish of boiled rice and some boiled eggs, with a good cup of tea, and in the early morning some tea; and for all, and my lodging on a mat, I paid five francs. At 6 A.M. I was in the saddle, and after having overtaken the caravan, rode on with it until we reached a khan called Ain Beta, at 4 P.M. In the yard of this khan there must have been at least 1000 cargo-beasts gathered together to pass the night. On my arrival I took up a position on a wide shelf or platform which surrounded the sides of the large room of the khan for the accommodation of travellers, and passed the night upon it in my boots, in company with many Turks. In one corner of this large room was a small shop, from which the travellers were supplied with eggs and coffee, and some Turkish delicacies. In the middle of the room was a fire, the smoke finding its way out through the many apertures in the roof and sides, at which cooking went on until late in the night; and around the fire Turkish muleteers and travellers, squatted upon their haunches or seated on low stools, kept up, even into the small hours of morning, very lively discussions. I supped from my own basket of provisions. I had laid in at Alexandretta hard eggs, a roasted fowl, and some bread; so I only paid in the morning, before starting, at the khan, for my lodging on the shelf and some coffee, one franc. We were off at five o'clock. At nine we pulled up at a roadside inn, and had a breakfast of fried eggs and coffee, and at 2 P.M. we arrived at Termini,

and put up for the night. Our accommodation consisted of an extensive vaulted half-underground place for the quadrupeds, and a raised dais, on one side of a large door by which we all entered, for the bipeds. I bought a chicken for five piastres (tenpence), and had a savoury dish made of it by the good woman of the house. Here our caravan, consisting of eighteen horses, mules, and donkeys, and five men, had the place to ourselves, so I was enabled to indulge in the luxury of pulling off my boots before I lay down to rest, without danger of having them stolen during the night. The morning of the 19th was wet, so we were not fairly away from Termini before six o'clock, and at 3 P.M. we reached Aleppo, having been travelling thirty-one hours at caravan-pace, about three miles an hour, certainly not more, if quite so much, for the road in many parts is very rough. Aleppo is seventy miles east of Iskanderun. The greatest height on the road between the two places is about 2000 feet, Aleppo itself being about 1200 feet above the sea. There is considerable cultivation on the plains or valleys one passes through, and in parts on the hilly land also. Wheat and beans are the only crops above ground at present, but the plough is busily at work all along the road preparing the ground for the sowing of maize and cotton. Springs are innumerable, in most cases the water gushing out in plentiful streams from the foot of the mountains. Across the Issus is a long Roman road, still used in winter, and several bridges, broken down and useless. The Turks never repair anything. One passes over many miles of very rocky road, which reaches close up to the city. Between Beilan and Aleppo some dozen or more villages come in sight, but the road passes through only one of them, Termini. Artificial mounds are numerous. I rode to the top of one skirted by the caravan-road. Some one, I observed, had been digging into it, but had not reached to any great depth. On approaching Aleppo, the Castle Hill is a prominent object, dwarfing by its height all the buildings of the city. It is a mile round at the base, and is 200 feet high. It stands at the north-east corner of the walled city. The houses of Aleppo are all built of stone.

21*st.*—The city contains, so says Mr Skeene, 100,000

inhabitants, of whom 60,000 may be Turks and 40,000 Christians. The whole trade of the place amounts to four millions of pounds sterling annually. There are no banks here, and money is worth three per cent. per month, and, with unexceptionable security, two per cent. per month. The legal rate of interest is one per cent. per month, and sales of goods are usually made at a credit of three months. Mr Skeene tells me there are few or no failures among the shopkeepers of Aleppo. If a man gets behind, it arises generally from misfortune, and a compromise is usually the result, or more time for payment is allowed. The usurers or money-lenders have successfully opposed the establishment of a bank.

23*d.*—We left Aleppo at 8 A.M. and arrived at Ak Dejarin at 2 P.M., distance about twenty-eight miles; on camels the time would be nine hours. The country between this and Aleppo may be called a plain, partly rocky; but the greater part of it is rich land, now under wheat, sown in drills, and looking well. The plough is at work scratching the land and making it ready for a sowing of maize—the doab, I think, such as is grown in many parts of India. A yellow bunchy flower with a lupin leaf is almost the only weed among the wheat. The bulb of this yellow flower is dried, and generally used as fuel, for wood is very scarce. After getting clear of Aleppo, on the whole line of road I have seen only one tree, a stunted unfortunate olive. A great part of the road borders a small stream, which is carried into Aleppo for the supply of the town. This village is composed of about a hundred houses, all shaped like a sugar-loaf. The one I occupy is a room built up of solid mud wall to the height of about eight feet, the superstructure being finished with sun-dried bricks to a height altogether of about thirty feet, the whole building forming a cone of only one room of twenty-five feet in diameter. A house may be composed of two or three of these cones, the kitchen of course having a hole at the top to let out the smoke. These cones are neatly built. The appearance of the place, a hundred or more cones heaped together, on approaching it, quite took me by surprise. The village stands about 1500 feet above the sea, and is reached by a gradual rise of about 400 feet from Aleppo. Weather fine, not at all hot.

Sambour, Sunday.—The ride from Sadjour to-day took us eight and a half hours, the distance being about thirty-three miles, and over an undulating plain the whole way, nearly every inch of it cultivated, and a great part of it under wheat. Not a tree to be seen. All the houses in this village have flat roofs, the joists and rafters being brought from Aintab, about eight hours distant, where wood is plentiful. Here a chicken costs four piastres (8d.), and eggs from 2d. to 4d. a dozen. We have passed many small villages to-day. The men seem all to be employed as muleteers and in ploughing the land; all other work is done by the women. We have passed one small river to-day, the Arade. This village is 1600 feet above the sea. Weather cool and pleasant. I am lodged in a stable, with horses, cows, and asses. Christ was born in a stable; why should I grumble at being lodged in one? but I am quite sure the stench at Bethlehem never equalled that of Sambour last night.

24*th*, *Beridchick.*—Six hours' ride has brought us to this town, on the northern bank of the Euphrates, which here may be two to three hundred yards wide, with a current running at the rate of four to five knots an hour. Beridchick must be some 1100 feet above the sea, there being little difference between it and Aleppo.

I suppose we have come some twenty-five miles to-day, perhaps not quite so much. An undulating plain, but treeless all the way, and all either cultivated or capable of cultivation. One small stream we have passed with a stone bridge over it. As you approach Beridchick from the north, a line of hills stretch right across your path. The Euphrates runs at the foot of this line of hills, and you cross it to reach Beridchick, which is stuck on to the sides of these hills, built partly of stone and partly of mud. I am in a room at the khan here, better at any rate than the stable of last night. Thermometer in the shade 67°. Whenever you ask a Turk how many inhabitants his village contains, he merely tells the number of men; of the women and children he takes no account. Beridchick is well supplied with water; a fine stream flows down the hill upon the side of which the town is built; then it has the Euphrates running at its base. The place might be made a paradise, but the Turks

are not the people to make anything of it but what it is, a jumble of stone and mud hovels.

26*th*, *Tuesday*, *Tcharmelik.*—Seven hours' ride with one good mule-load of luggage from Beridchick. On leaving Beridchick, we climbed a hill 400 to 500 feet high, and here at Tcharmelik we are about 1900 feet above the sea, or about 800 feet above the Euphrates at Beridchick. We have come over more undulating ground, a chalky loam, and the road full of flints. The land is cultivable, a good breadth under wheat, and ploughing going on for maize. Wells everywhere along the road, from twenty-five to fifty feet deep ; not a tree to be seen, with the exception of one olive and a few fruit trees at Beridchick, since we left Aleppo. This is a cone-built village. There is a large well-built khan here, but we found it so dirty that I preferred being lodged in a hut attached to a stable.

27*th*, *Orfa.*—Arrived here after a nine hours' ride, though I don't think the distance I have come from Tcharmelik is more than twenty-seven miles. The road in great part is hilly and rocky, and it is difficult to get over the ground with a loaded mule at a faster pace than four miles an hour. There is cultivation, however, everywhere, more or less, particularly for five or six hours after leaving Tcharmelik, where the land is not encumbered with rock. We have seen, since we left Aleppo, thousands of flocks of goats and sheep; these latter are often parti-coloured, generally black and white, long wool with large tails, and not much, if any larger, than our Welsh sheep. The horned cattle are the most miserable breed I have seen, small black stunted things, with very short horns. Abraham, they say, was born in Orfa. If so, I have seen many of his descendants tending their flocks in this neighbourhood. The town contains some 35,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, mostly Mahometans. There are some Christians, of five different sects, they tell me, all, as is usual in this country, at daggers drawn with each other. There is a very old mosque here, with a stream of water flowing by it, which forms a small lake close to the mosque, and in it there are thousands of holy fish, which nobody ever meddles with, except to feed. They are some eighteen inches long, the largest a sort of carp, and are,

they say, from Abraham's own stock. A castle overlooks the town, a complete ruin. Orfa is built of stone. The houses have flat roofs, some of them upon wooden joists, and many of them on arches, like the Jerusalem houses. In approaching the town from the south, the road cuts in two the largest and most thickly-populated cemetery I remember to have seen, with two upright flat stones to every grave, somewhat higher and narrower than in our own churchyards, but in the same style; and before reaching the cemetery, one meets with extensive vineyards on either hand. The streets are very narrow, a gutter in the middle, and paved on each side so roughly that it requires great care not to fall and break a limb. The town is partially, if not wholly, walled round, and stands about 1700 feet above the sea. The highest hill I came over is about 2300 feet above the sea. From Aleppo to Orfa the only fuel the inhabitants have (with the exception of two places) is dried dung, dried bulbous roots, and dried maize-stalks, not a bit of wood. Here, however, in Orfa, I have seen some good firewood brought from the ravines in the mountains. In all the distance travelled the last five days, I have not seen a single enclosure, not a single attempt at a hedge or a wall, unless in the immediate vicinity of Beridchick or Orfa, nor any attempt to grow vegetables. The villages, without exception, are a jumble of mud hovels, without an inch of garden-ground attached to any of them, the inhabitants living on rice, milk, cheese, butter and bread, and, I may add, chicken and eggs, for there is poultry everywhere, and eggs are sometimes to be had fourteen for a piastre, or twopence.

28*th*, *Ras el Ain.*—We were only four and a half hours coming here from Orfa, so that the distance cannot be over eighteen miles. It is a short stage, but there is no other place within reach for the night. On leaving Orfa, the road runs up through the centre of a beautiful valley, where I saw more cultivation than anywhere else since I left Aleppo. Besides wheat and barley, there is a sprinkling of vineyards, both white and black; and fine grapes, I am told, can be bought here in the season at a penny a pound. The view of Orfa is very fine, looking back upon it over the cultivated hedgeless and treeless plain or valley, situated as the town

is on a terrace, and surrounded on three sides by low picturesque limestone hills. Good water is everywhere abundant, and the whole plain might be made by an industrious and intelligent peasantry into a perfect paradise—in appearance, at least. On our left, to the N.W., there is a high mountainous ridge in the distance, the Taurus, covered with snow well down its sides. This valley, however, is not quite treeless: if looked for, a few patches of poplar and mulberry trees, leafless now, may be discovered. Behind the little village, which does not contain more than thirty or forty small houses, rises an artificial mound to the height of some thirty or forty feet. The inhabitants of the village say it marks the site of an ancient town. There have been no excavations made in it, but the children scratch about sometimes, and not long since found a piece of pottery, a vessel entire, which proved to be so hard, they had difficulty in breaking it! I had a charming view from the top of this mound of the ground under cultivation, very rich in colouring, the land under growing crops showing every variety of green, and the ploughed land every variety of brown, the two intermixed, and the effect not a little heightened by the shadows thrown over the whole by passing clouds. We are superbly lodged here in a really upper story, consisting of one room, with no less than ten windows in it, all guiltless of glass, and the smoke from the fire, over which we are now cooking our dinner, a sort of *casuela* (a South American stew; but alas! it wants the vegetables), may choose which window to go out at. The men in all these villages are strong-looking, well-built fellows, and the women lusty wenches, and not bad looking, but no refinement of feature in their faces. How can there be refinement when they do all the hard work, and are constantly exposed to the action of the sun and weather? The children are generally very pretty—splendid eyes, dark complexions of course, but all with more or less colour in their cheeks. Murillo beauties among them by hundreds. They appear to be a most docile people. By turns the whole male population of the village have come to our upper story to have a look at me as I write this diary. My servant has just brought in five eggs to put into the stew, for which he has paid one penny.

Whilst at the house of the French Vice-consul at Orfa, whom I had met at Aleppo, and who had kindly given me a letter to his dragoman, a German doctor called upon me. In the centre of his left cheek was a hideous-looking scabby sore, full two inches in circumference, with considerable inflammation around it; his hands were wrapped in handkerchiefs. He was suffering from the *Aleppo button*, a complaint not dangerous to life, but disgusting in appearance, and said to attack sooner or later every one who has ever visited Aleppo. It takes a year to run its course, and is attributed to the water. I thought the doctor a very bold man to present himself to a stranger in such a condition. To-day, too, I have seen a boy suffering in the same way in this village. The women hereabouts wear a peculiar headdress. The whole head is covered with a kerchief, so that you can't see how the affair is managed; the hair, however, whatever there may be of it, is brought forward over the top of the head, and by a pillow (I should say) is raised some eight or ten inches above the forehead, in the shape of a nautilus shell. I see many pretty little girls with rings in their noses, and really they don't look out of place there. Height above the sea about 2200 feet. Thermometer in the shade 66° at noon.

29*th*, *Michmichin.*—The height of this village is about 1900 feet above the sea. At 3 P.M. the thermometer in the shade stands at 70°. We have been eight hours in coming here from Ras el Ain. The road is very rocky in some parts, and rough and heavy in others, rain having fallen here yesterday. The distance cannot be more than twenty-four miles. We have had no rain on the road since we left Aleppo. We have passed over a considerable extent of good land to-day, and have come close by one large village. There are a few trees, too, in a water ravine, but none scattered about. This village is built on a hill, with a good stream of water running at the foot of it, and may contain twenty-five houses, built of stones without mortar, having flat roofs, and plastered with mud inside. These people don't seem to have much notion of ornamentation; the walls of the room we are lodged in, adjoining the stable, are covered with rudely pictured *hands* all over, very badly made, a repetition of what I saw in a room occupied by us a day or two ago. This is a very silent

village. Half-a-dozen men come into our room, squat down for an hour or more, and then move away without having spoken a word. The population may not be over a hundred souls. The sheikh or chief says the Government have levied such heavy taxes upon the people that many of them have gone to other and more out-of-the-way villages, where they are not so easily got at.

30*th*, *Souverik.*—It has taken us only five and a half hours to come to this village, but the road is good, over a fine plain the greater part of the way, and we have travelled quickly, so the distance may be twenty-three miles. This is a large village: it has an extensive bazaar. A large and high mound stands on the south side of it, once the site of an extensive fortification, now a complete ruin. The population is principally Mahometan, but there is a good sprinkling of Christians, and many Armenians. I am located in a room in a khan. Soon after I arrived, I went out to take a look at the village, and I was literally mobbed by old and young. In a walk through the bazaar and round the ruined fortress, I was accompanied by a hundred people. My servant is but a poor cook, so that in preparing our meals I am obliged to officiate. The routine of the day's work is this: I am generally in the saddle by 4 A.M., after having taken a cup of tea or coffee. As I move along, I eat a hard egg or two, and on our arrival at our resting-place, which we usually reach by noon, I get another cup of tea, and then we turn our attention to preparing supper. If we are located in a village where there is no bazaar, we buy a fowl (the fowls here are all in good condition, for they live in the midst of grain), which costs 8d.; half-a-dozen eggs, 1d. (we have bought a dozen to-day for 2d.); and a halfpenny-worth of milk. If there is a bazaar in the village, we buy mutton in place of chicken; we have brought rice with us. Our meal to-day, which we have just finished, costs 4d. for mutton, 1d. for eggs, ½d. for rice. These articles, artistically managed, assisted with the requisite quantity of pepper and salt, have made a good and sufficient supper for myself, my servant, and the muleteer, and a good remainder was left for distribution between a sick man next door and three or four hungry beggars, who are never absent when eating is

going on. The supper costs for us all—I might say, for six people—sixpence. The fuel for the fire, by-the-by, cost one penny, which must be added to the cost of the supper—make it sevenpence. I am told that eggs may sometimes be bought thirty for a piastre, or about twopence. Vegetables are entirely wanting. I have seen no village yet with even the ghost of a garden attached to it. We have had rain to-day for the first time since we left Aleppo. Height of this large village above the sea 2400 feet; thermometer in this room 66°. Turkish khans usually form a quadrangle, the rooms running round all four sides—underneath for cattle and cargo, and up-stairs for travellers, leaving a large space for loading and unloading the beasts of burden in the centre of the ground-floor. The rooms up-stairs enter into a broad corridor. The one I am now in is built of stone with a flat roof. The rooms for travellers, all of them, are merely four bare rough walls, with a door and an opening, closed by wooden shutters, to let in light; a mud floor, very uneven, and always with a few inches of dust and dirt upon it. They are execrable places these khans; but one gets used to them.

31*st*, *Karabachcha* (*Black Garden*).—We have been ten hours getting here from Souverik. The distance cannot be more than twenty-five miles, but the road in great part is very bad—rocky, and now muddy. Yesterday we had a little rain, but to-day a tempest has been raging ever since we left Souverik, and mountain torrents have come down and made little insignificant streams almost impassable. In crossing the last stream, before reaching Karabachcha, the muleteer and myself had to leave my servant on the wrong side. He could not get his mule across, and when a horse arrived which we sent to him from the village, the ford by which we had crossed had become impassable, but he ultimately got across a mile or two lower down stream, and reached the village some two hours after us, pretty well knocked up. The wind blew a gale, bitingly cold, coming from the snow-clad hills; and as there was no shelter for him where he was, I really believe he would have died had he remained there during the night; so that I was very glad indeed when he came into the Khurdish stone hut, where I was

drying myself at the fire. A basin of hot tea soon made us forget what we had gone through, and later on, after a supper of stewed chicken, we laid ourselves down, and though the hut leaked a good deal, we passed, on the ground, a tolerably comfortable night. We are here among the Khurds, and though they have a bad name, they have treated us very hospitably. Height of the village some 3600 feet.

April 1st, Kooshdoghan.—We reached this village at 3 P.M., having been more than eight hours coming from Karabachcha, a distance of not more than a dozen miles, pretty nearly the whole time consumed in ascending a mountain, Karadja Dagh, on one side to the height of 5000 feet, and descending it on the other 2600 feet. The road is by far the worst we have yet passed, rocky from beginning to end, and now muddy as well, for it has been raining all day. On arriving at Kooshdoghan, we asked for wood to make a fire—there was none; for a chicken to make a stew—there was none to be had; eggs there might be, and in the morning there would be milk. All this I thought augured badly. We had had a scanty breakfast very early, and the prospect of getting nothing more to eat until the next morning was not pleasant, so we tried what coaxing would do. All women like to be coaxed, and the Khurdish women are not an exception. The two we had to deal with were particularly good-looking, so we attacked them on that point. The aspect of things soon began to change in our favour; there was a log of wood, if we could only cut it up; a neighbour might perhaps find us a chicken; a goat could be milked, if we liked, and there was some *leban* (sour milk) we could have; so that in place of passing a comfortless and hungry evening, we were made at last more comfortable than we had been at any other village resting-place on all our route. There was one thing, however, we could not get, neither candle nor oil to light up our room. Our own candles had been spoiled or lost in the previous day's storm, so we kept the log of wood burning, and it gave us both light and heat, which answered our purpose very well.

4*th*, *Diarbekir.*—*From Kooshdoghan.*—The time allowed in ordinary weather for reaching this place is four hours. We were five hours in getting here, for our horses were tired, and

the road was in a wretched state. We arrived here at 10 A.M. on the 2d. I have been here now two days, in a room given to me by Mr Boyaghaen, in a large house adjoining his own dwelling, in which he had a school of ninety boys, principally, if not all, Armenians and Protestants. Mr Boyaghaen is a native of this country, married to an English lady, daughter of an officer of the Indian army. Mr B. married this lady in England three years ago, and since then she has continued to reside in Diarbekir. What a place, one would think, for a young English lady to live in, accustomed to all the comforts of an English home, and to the society of her friends there! Nevertheless she was leading a happy life, and from her and from her husband I experienced great kindness. The road between this and Kooshdoghan for three hours is over a dead plain, and then it descends into a valley, where a stream is crossed by one of the few entire bridges to be met; an ascent thence to a tableland, and a ride of an hour and a half, brings one to the walls of Diarbekir; and a formidable place it looks, and was, no doubt, in former days, with its well-built stone walls some forty feet high, and its enormous bastions all around at intervals of some fifty yards. The extent of the wall is about three miles. On one side it is built on precipitous solid rock. The old castle inside the walls, built on a mound, is in ruins. The Tigris winds its way through the valley close to the town, but 250 feet below it. It is much swollen at present by the heavy rains that have lately fallen, and is very muddy; opposite to the nearest part of the city wall it may be 100 yards wide, but a little higher up it is narrower, and has a bridge. The population of this place is variously stated as being between 25,000 and 50,000 souls, notwithstanding a census taken last year made it only 22,000. It is said, however, that no reliance can be placed upon the correctness of this census, and I can easily believe it. There is no direct trade with Europe from this Diarbekir, and I have found it impossible to turn into money even a £10 circular note of Coutts & Co. Money is worth here from 12 to 25 per cent. Of course there is not the ghost of a bank or a newspaper here. The streets are narrow and the sides roughly paved with large stones, and the everlasting gutter full of filth in the centre. They

are from six to a dozen feet wide. The streets of all the towns that I have passed through since I landed at Iskanderun present a line of blank wall on either side, for the houses are built in quadrangles, with a courtyard in the centre, around which are the rooms, with the windows looking into it. The houses have all flat roofs, forming the usual promenade, and the sleeping-place during the hot weather; for every time one goes into the street, one runs the risk of falling and breaking a limb. The Russian Consul from Aleppo is here just now. Yesterday he came to visit Mr Boyaghaen, and he was followed through the streets, and even into the courtyard, by tag-rag and bobtail, all with their mouths open, staring after him as if he had been a wild beast. He is visiting this district, and is looking about to determine where it may be politic to establish vice-consulates, although there is not a single Russian subject hereabouts, and in Aleppo they tell me there are but three Russians. Everything in this part of the Turkish empire is tumbling to pieces, bridges broken down and walls out of repair between this and Aleppo to such an extent that a few showers of rain at any time are sufficient to stop all traffic. The Turk neither builds nor repairs. All is dirt and misery throughout the whole route between this and Aleppo, an extent of country composed of plains and valleys for the most part practicable for the growth of grain; nothing to do but to plough and sow, no trees to clear away before commencing operations. In fact, in the whole route that I have come over, with the exception of a few patches of willows, some mulberry and some fruit trees, in the vicinity of Beridchick, and some stunted trees, few and far between, on the Karabachcha mountain, there is not a tree or a shrub anywhere. It is a grain country throughout, ready prepared by nature, and all that is wanted is a government to foster industry to make it productive. As it is, you can procure wheaten cakes very cheap all along the road; fowls, always fat, for they live among the grain, for 6d. apiece; eggs frequently for 1d. a dozen, but now from 2d. to 3d. a dozen; and milk almost for nothing. As I have mentioned already, every evening at our resting-place we cooked a stew composed of chicken, eggs, rice, and milk, sufficient to feed half-a-dozen hungry people, for about

8d.; and of course, I, as a foreigner, was always fleeced to some extent in prices. Everywhere that I passed, pretty nearly one-half of every town and village was in ruins. A hungry Government squeezes the people, and is itself bankrupt; and it may be truly said that the people are slaves and the officials rogues. The whole fabric must, one would think, soon crumble to dust, and, perhaps under the Russians, take another form. This place is very much out of the world. The post from Constantinople is now overdue three or four days, and we are in the dark as to what is passing in Europe, for the electric telegraph is made but little use of here. Even we cannot obtain any particulars of a bad shock of earthquake which we learn took place at Aleppo a few days ago. And this Diarbekir should be a place of some consequence, seeing that it contains from 25,000 to 50,000 souls.

6*th.*—Just now there is a dearth of *kelliks*, and I have been detained here in consequence, unable to proceed to Mosul. Yesterday, however, some returned skins arrived, and we at once contracted for a *kellik*, Mr J. and myself, to take us to Mosul for £12, and to be ready to start on Monday the 8th. It has been raining here for the last eight days, so we may hope, after so long a spell of bad weather, to have a dry float on the Tigris down to Mosul.

Yesterday, in the train of Monsieur Ivanhow, the Russian Consul at Aleppo, I visited a ruin of what might once have been a church, and also a church, now an armoury, filled with what we should call condemned military stores—flint-lock muskets, and some percussion muskets in such a wretched rusty state as to be of even less use than the flint-lock muskets, which were of Yankee manufacture; cartridge-boxes, old greatcoats, horse-trappings, and various other military equipments—all, I should say, useless in the present day; indeed, so old looking, that, for aught I know to the contrary, they might be of the same age as the church, which is said to be 1500 years old. What with gun-racks and other Turkish arrangements, as well as thorough white-washing of the interior walls, pretty nearly all traces of paintings and inscriptions, with which I am told the walls were once covered, have now disappeared. From this old church we went to the principal mosque of Diarbekir, with

its square minaret, a peculiarity which shows the church to have been built for Christian worship. There is some elaborate Saracenic ornamentation around the spacious court, from which entrance to the mosque is obtained, and many handsome marble pillars. The mosque itself may be said to be without ornament of any sort inside. The Russian Consul, who led the procession (if I may so call it), in company with a Turkish colonel, so far forgot himself as to enter the mosque without taking off his muddy jackboots, and by this piece of sacrilege, so considered by the Mahometans, he deeply wounded their feelings, and the circumstance caused no small excitement in the city; for the Mahometan prejudices are opposed to any person entering a mosque unless barefooted or with slippers, which Europeans usually carry with them on such occasions. The Russian Consul has been all things to all men during his visit here, but I doubt much if this last act of his has not more than neutralised the golden opinions he had won from all classes by his extreme affability and courteousness.

I have just seen a child, eighteen months old, a niece of Mr Boyaghaen's, suffering (if there be any suffering attached to it, which they say there is not) from the Aleppo button. The child, a fine rosy-cheeked little girl, had seven of these disgusting-looking boils upon different parts of the face, in all stages; some, of recent date, had assumed the appearance of dry scabby sores getting better. These buttons, it seems, take a year to run their course, often—generally, I should say—leaving a scar behind them, more or less in appearance like an aggravated vaccination-mark. All children, without exception, when in their first to their third year of life, are attacked by the Aleppo button; and even foreigners, it is said, who pay but a short visit to this country, are sooner or later attacked by it, but not to the loathsome extent to which it reaches with children born here. By some it is attributed to the water, and by others to a want of iodine in the salt of the country; but neither of these theories is satisfactory, since it is general all through the country from Aleppo to Bagdad. No person has ever been known to have a second attack of the button.

CHAPTER XV.

Leave Diarbekir in a *kellik*—Description of—Provisions in plenty on the Tigris—Ducks, plover, pigeons, hawks, stork, blackbird, nightingale—High limestone cliffs—Rapids—Beauty of scenery—Stone tombs turned into villages—Rapids not so harmless—Jezireh Ibu Omar—Bazaar for purchase of goat's hair—Two Roman bridges—The ridge on which the ark rested—Mountains with snow—Arab raids—Deserted villages—Women tattooed—*Kellik* nearly wrecked—Mosul—The Consul, Mr Rassam, takes us in—Handsome house—He is translating the Hebrew Bible into Arabic—Arrange for another *kellik*—Mr Layard's labours at Nineveh—Sculptures remaining—Pasha buys his appointment—Duties—Rain—Distant mountains covered with snow—The Pasha and head of customs only thrive—Thunderstorm—Creaking wheels drawing water—Islands in the river—Birds—Birthplace of Saladin—Bricks with Cufic character—Circular boats—Woman swims off to supply butter, &c.—River very muddy—Origin of date-trees here—Bagdad—The khan very dirty, cook-shops filthy—Our Consul lodges us—Nebuchadnezzar and the golden calf—Babylon—Gale of dust—Network of ancient canals—Railways wanted—Babel—Rich and Layard—Skeletons—Lion cut out of limestone—A saint's tomb—Roastingly hot—Funeral—Birs Nimroud, its destruction—Tomb of Prophet Ezekiel—The Kasr of Rich—The ancient tree Athelé—Bagdad—Ruins of Akarkouff, has no history—Sand-storm The *Aleppo button* called the date-mark—Vaccination for.

9th April, on board the kellik.—Yesterday at 10.30 we left Diarbekir for Mosul. Our *kellik* is a raft composed of 150 inflated goat-skins as a foundation, all tied together and fastened to a framework of poles, forming a platform about 25 feet by 14. On this platform are placed two tiers of poles, very wide apart, and upon these poles a layer of rods which might be said to form the deck, and which floats about 18 inches above the surface of the river as we move along. All this woodwork is laid on in the roughest way possible, and in walking about, great care is necessary not to put your foot through it upon the skins. It is not fastened together. Well, on the top of all this our tent-house or cabin is placed. It was built on the beach, and lifted into its place on the *kellik*. It is made of a very slight framework of poles and rods, with a roof, and covered over with thick felt sides and top, and the latter has besides a waterproof covering. The cabin covers a space on the deck of the *kellik* of 11 feet by 7, and has a boarded

floor. It cost constructing, 300 piastres, or about 50s. There is a felt partition in the centre, one-half of the *kellik* being occupied by Mr J. and myself, and the other half by our three servants. Our crew consists of the captain and one man, both Khurds. The captain would do very well to personate Neptune, and the crew is a very powerful fine young fellow. A pair of the rudest oars possible are kept at work pretty constantly, in order to keep the *kellik* from running aground, or upon the projecting points extending into the river, rather than for any use they are in accelerating our speed. They are willow poles about eighteen feet long, with an average thickness of about four inches. The wash is about three feet long, made of thin strips of willow, a foot long and an inch broad, fastened together, and to the pole, with goat-hide line. A couple of tholes, and a couple of arched rods to raise the oars a foot above the gunwale of the *kellik*, and make them workable, complete the arrangement. The oars are worked by one man, as a pair of sculls might be. The occupation of the captain and crew consists in working the sculls, and constantly pouring water on the skins to keep them from cracking.

We have had a head wind for the most part ever since we left Diarbekir, though occasionally, from the twists and turns in the river, it has been right aft. Last evening we pulled up very early, and made fast to the shore opposite a village, where we bought eggs at 2d. a dozen, and were offered fat chickens at 6d. apiece, and spring chickens at 4d. The banks of the river seem to be fine loam, and are partially cultivated. The crops are wheat and barley, and look very promising. Flocks of sheep and goats in great plenty, and the shepherd's pipe is constantly heard, and is often musical. It is now nearly 9 P.M., and the weather is inclined to be wet; the wind round to the south, more aft; and whenever there is a squall, the *kellik* becomes unmanageable, and she spins round and round, frequently taking the ground close to the banks, and now and again bursting a skin in the operation. When a skin bursts, it is blown up by means of a long reed, and the fracture tied up. This must be a common occurrence, for our raftsmen don't seem to think much about it. Our sportsmen keep popping

at ducks and plover, but so far we have had but two birds, although birds are very plentiful. Villages close to the river are only met with occasionally, but when we do see one, there is sure to be a large pigeon-house—the most prominent building—for the accommodation of wild pigeons, which flock to these houses in great numbers, for the want, I suppose, of trees to resort to for building their nests; the country so far is very bare of trees. This accommodation is rendered to the pigeons, which are never molested, for the sake of their droppings, used for growing water-melons, an article of general culture in this country. In Diarbekir, wherever there is a tree in the town, it is frequented by hawks, which arrive there early in spring, build their nests, and when the hot weather has fairly set in, they leave with their young for a more temperate climate. They are said to be useful in destroying scorpions and other noxious insects abounding in Diarbekir. The stork, too, comes in early spring, builds and hatches its young on the tops of minarets, and leaves again in September.

11*th*.—Yesterday was wet; we were under way, however, at 4 A.M., and as there was little or no wind all day, we made a capital run, not stopping until we made fast to the bank for the night at about 7 P.M., but not opposite to a village, as was our usual practice. So, after leaving this morning, we have pulled up again for half an hour at a village to purchase provisions; two chickens, a dozen of eggs, and any quantity of *leban* and sweet milk, have cost 1s. 10d.

The first sound I heard this morning was the rolling note of the blackbird, and now, as I write, a nightingale is singing at the top of her voice, though it is seven o'clock, and a bright and beautiful day. Yesterday our whole run was literally through a succession of perpendicular limestone cliffs, of the height frequently of 500 feet, which come close to the river —their base, in fact, washed by it—with a ridge of hills, or rather a mountainous ridge, forming the background of the picture, not at any great distance from us, running up, I should say, in places to the height of 3000 feet, principally on the left bank of the river. During the day we must have gone over sixty miles of ground, or rather more; for at

times, over the rapids, we must have been going along at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, our head going all round the compass, sometimes pointing due north and sometimes due south—such are the twists and turns of this river. The contortions of the river added greatly to the beauty and variety of the scenery. The limestone hills took every imaginable shape as we swept along with the current, and a great variety of colouring. Their height, though never so high as the Capitan in the Yosemite valley (California), was, I believe, more than I have stated, and in many instances they were quite perpendicular, and often put me in mind of that huge bare lump of rock; but here we had a stretch of fifty miles or more of this magnificent scenery, whilst in the Yosemite valley it is limited to a very few miles. I could not but think, as we floated along yesterday with this long continuous line of hilly and mountainous scenery on either side of us, that if the Yankees were masters here, what a picture they would draw of its beauties. As it is, there seems to have been nothing ever written about it. Indeed, I have never seen any account of a trip on a *kellik* down this part of the Tigris.

Between Diarbekir and Mosul there must be a considerable fall in the bed of the river, over which we passed yesterday; for in great part of it we have come over rapids, not in any way dangerous for the *kellik* so long as you can keep it fairly afloat, but sufficiently noisy and rapid to create a little excitement. These *kelliks* seem to me to be well adapted for shooting rapids, and the different rows or lines of skins suited to the surface of the rapid, there being no absolute rigidity about it; so they go spinning along round and round, it being the same to them which part goes first.

Almost all the villages we passed yesterday were mere dwellings cut out of the solid rock, no doubt originally meant for the dead, but have now become habitations for the living. At one place we passed (Hassan Sef) are the ruins of what must have been a place of considerable importance in days gone by. There are still standing the four enormous piers of a bridge, thirty feet high, which once spanned the river, and two rather handsome minarets, perhaps fifty feet high—one of them now crowned with a stork's nest, the mosques to which they must once have been attached, for anything we could

discover from the deck of the *kellik*, having entirely disappeared. The perpendicular limestone cliffs on both sides of the river, but principally on the left-hand side near this ruin, rising to a height of about 150 feet, are completely honeycombed. They are as full of ancient tombs as they can be.

It was cold in our tent yesterday, the thermometer marking 56°; to-day it stands at 65°, and in the sun 82°. Many considerable streams have joined on to the stream we started with from Diarbekir, and at times to-day the Tigris has widened out to a couple of hundred yards or more; but for many hours it has been hemmed in between limestone cliffs, often perpendicular, and in some places even overhanging the river, and rising to a height of from 100 to 1500 feet, backed up by hills even 3000 feet above their base. During the early part of the day we floated along between undulating green hills, meeting with many villages, and invariably upon the shore opposite to each village a bevy of women, dressed in the brightest of colours, were occupied in boiling water and washing clothes; but wherever the river was pressed into smaller compass by the cliffs on each side, the Khurds might be seen emerging from their caverns on to the precipices, which looked as if not affording foothold even for a goat. Here the limestone hills took all sorts of shapes—columns, spires, towers, and cupolas in abundance; terraces one above another, rising from the river to hundreds of feet in height, all fringed with young, fresh-looking, green trees, with an outline of endless variety of shape, where the likeness of everything on earth might be found. These rapids are not so harmless as I thought they were, for this season alone fifteen *kelliks* laden with grain have been lost upon them. We have tried, but have caught no fish yet.

Jezireh Ibu Omar.—We reached this place at 6 P.M. last evening, after a float of fourteen hours, never progressing at a less rate than four miles an hour, and from seven to eight miles an hour down the rapids, which were innumerable yesterday. We have been detained here until nine this morning by Mr J.'s business.

12*th*.—This is a large village, with a bazaar, situated on an island where the river widens out considerably. It is

the central depot for the collection and sale of *tifteks*, or goat's hair, in which business is done to a large amount at this season. The price at present for all white hair is about 36 piastres the oke, or about 2s. per pound. The quality of this wool is perhaps not equal to the Angora, which it greatly resembles. I am told there are some 700,000 lbs. brought annually to this place for sale. Visited an old church, now a mosque, with highly-ornamented doors, and numerous Arabic inscriptions around them, and Saracenic work surmounting them. Two Roman bridges span the river, one of them still serviceable, but the other, which must have been a noble work, judging by what remains of it, is a ruin, one arch only remaining entire, and the abutments of another, which must have been a span of nearly 100 feet.

Our hilly scenery has dwindled down into gently undulating ground, with the exception of one short ridge to the south of us, some twenty miles distant, the outline of which somewhat resembles a huge human figure lying upon its back, with just snow enough on the pit of the stomach to keep it cool in this hot weather, the face being decorated with a particularly large nose, upon the point of which the natives say the ark rested; if so, it must have had a very uncomfortable resting-place. The figure is called Judidah. The river on emerging from Jezireh is from one to two hundred yards wide, flowing placidly along at the rate of four miles an hour. Thermometer in the shade 70°. My aneroid has risen since we left Diarbekir 7½ tenths (or 750 feet), 2½ tenths of which I attribute to the change in the weather, and 5 tenths (or 500 feet) to the fall in the river, making Jezireh Ibu Omar—the *Island of Omar*—to be 500 feet below Diarbekir, or about 1700 feet above the Mediterranean.

13*th.*—We pulled up last evening at 8 P.M., after a float of eleven hours, over, I think, some sixty to seventy miles of ground. The river continues broad, but the navigation a good deal interrupted by sandbanks formed in the middle of it; the banks on both sides for the most part low. In the distance are some high mountains covered with snow. We have been passing through a region much exposed to

the raids of the Arabs, so we had to sleep on our arms. We passed several deserted villages yesterday and this morning, the result of an extensive Arab raid of last year. We have been hard up for provisions, for in Jezireh we could find only one chicken; so this morning we went in a body to a Khurdish village, in which we had observed signs of life, and succeeded, after a deal of talk, in securing one chicken, some milk, and a dozen of eggs. It was a small village, and unaccustomed to receive visits from strangers, so the whole population—men, women, and children, old and young—flocked around us. The women were elaborately tattooed all over the face, and the young ones were not bad looking. They do not cover their faces, as the Turkish women do, on the approach of strangers. I had a dressing-gown on, in which I slept on board the *kellik*, the tassels of which the Khurds admired very much. It is now 4 P.M., and I am afraid we are moored for the night, for it blows a stiffish breeze, sufficient to make the *kellik* perfectly unmanageable. Our progress to-day has been very unsatisfactory, for we have had to pull up many times since we left our last night's resting-place, on account of the wind, and once we were as nearly wrecked as could be, by being all but forced upon a point around which the current ran with great rapidity. At Jezireh we left one of our crew, so we have now but one hand on board, representing the whole crew. Two of our servants have gone off to a village on a hill, some little distance, in search of provisions, for we have six mouths to satisfy, and this sort of life, always in the open air, breeds ravenous appetites. We have tried to catch some fish, but have had no luck: the water is so muddy, the result of continuous rain, that they cannot, I think, see the bait. It was cold last night, and so it was this morning until the sun had been above the horizon for some hours. Our foragers have just returned without bringing any supplies. *Paciencia!* It is time we had reached Mosul, and we may do so to-morrow if we have any luck.

On the evening of the 13th we stopped at a village eight hours from Mosul. Sandbanks we frequently met with, offering serious obstruction to the navigation of the river. At four o'clock in the morning of 14th we were floating

down to Mosul, and at 9 A.M. we arrived there in five hours from our resting-place, in place of eight hours, which it would have taken us with the river in its ordinary state of fulness. At the landing-place there were hundreds of people collected, eager all of them to convey our luggage and our tent to any part of the town we liked, and we landed amid a babel of voices. The tent, on men's shoulders, went first; there was just room enough in the street for it to pass without jamming, although it brought up occasionally all standing under some of the archways. We followed, keeping as bright a look-out after the half-dozen fellows who carried our personal luggage as a dense throng would permit us. We soon arrived at the khan, Mr Rassam's, where the tent was deposited in the yard, and our luggage carried to a couple of rooms opening out upon a corridor or balcony up-stairs, and after half an hour's wrangling with the porters as to what we were to pay, we quietly settled down. We had had some breakfast on board the *kellik*, so we rubbed up a bit, and went off to pay our respects to the Consul (Mr Rassam), to whom I had a letter of introduction. We found the Consul reclining on a divan, in conversation with two or three natives. After reading my letter, he insisted on our coming to stay with him; so our traps were sent for, and we took up our quarters in a very comfortable room under his roof. Mr Rassam's is the best house in Mosul; in fact, it is a handsome house, and in Italy it would have some pretensions to be called a palace. The courtyard has a garden in the centre, and on two sides of it are two fine vaulted rooms, which may be designated a dining-room and a reception-room, both entirely open in front to the courtyard. The walls all round are of marble surmounted by an elaborate inscription, not from the Koran, but consisting of prayers in Arabic, the vaulted roof being tastefully painted in blue and white. Mr Rassam is an old man, well on towards eighty I should say, and employs pretty nearly the whole of his time working at a translation of the Bible from the Hebrew text into Arabic. According to his account, our English translation is full of gross errors. All his thoughts seem to be concentrated on this work, but he has little prospect, I should say, of ever

seeing it finished, or of having any part of it put into English and published, before he is called to his last account. After arranging for a fresh *kellik* to proceed the day after to-morrow to Bagdad, we took passage in a ferryboat for the eastern side of the Tigris, and in half an hour after landing, we reached the scene of Mr Layard's operations on the mounds representing all that is left of the ancient city of Nineveh. Our walk lay across rich land, covered with crops of wheat and barley, and fields of water-melons just showing above ground. The first mound we reached covers many acres, and seems to have been completely ransacked of all its treasures; it is all over full of perpendicular excavations and long horizontal galleries, but we saw not a single bas-relief or statue of any kind; everything that had been met with seems to have been carried off, and for the most part may now be seen in the British Museum. Further on stands another mound, in a line of raised ground representing the wall which enclosed the city; and here we saw the only pieces of sculpture disinterred which remain in their original position—two winged human-headed bulls, one on each side of what was once a gateway, in a pretty nearly perfect state. These bulls are of alabaster, and, with the human figures carved out of the same block, measure twenty-one feet in length, and about thirteen feet in height, and three feet in breadth; they have been left where they were found—other bulls resembling them in all respects, I believe, having been already sent to the British Museum. We groped about for four or five hours among the excavations, but found not a single thing to bring away with us. A porcupine quill (however it came there) is the only trophy from the ruins of this great city, and the only thing I brought away with me. Weather unsettled. Thermometer in my room 70°. It is very difficult to find out the population of any of these Turkish towns, no statistics are or ever have been kept. Mr R. tells me that Mosul contains 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 90,000 are Mahometans and 10,000 Christians, whilst a Dr C. who is here sets the population at from 40,000 to 50,000. The Mahometan women in the street cover their

faces with a piece of black crape hanging down like a curtain. The present Pasha of Mosul, whose salary is £120 a month, or £1420 a year, gave, I am told, £3000 for the berth; he spends £200 a month, or £2400 a year, and is now a rich man. The head of the customs also spends twice the amount of his salary, and has become during the process what is called here a wealthy man. Grain, like every other article that passes out of one province into another of the empire, pays a heavy duty; grain, for example, that is now being brought to Mosul from Diarbekir, pays a duty of 10 per cent. From Diarbekir to Mosul we were eighty-one hours coming along, at an average rate of 4½ miles an hour; and if this average be correct, we must have floated over 368 miles of ground; possibly five miles an hour might be a more correct average. As the crow flies the distance is 240 miles. My aneroid makes the Tigris at Mosul to be 800 feet above the Mediterranean.

18*th, on board the kellik.*—We left Mosul at 8.30 A.M., having been detained there a day waiting for a telegram for Mr J. from Constantinople. The weather during our stay at Mosul has been for the most part wet; indeed, there has been a whole month of wet weather, I believe, from end to end of this river; and the result is, that everywhere within reach of our eye, unless it be on the distant mountains, which are clothed in snow, the country is green. Until now, they tell me, they have had very little rain for four years, and there has in consequence been a partial failure in the crops of grain. The people are now revelling in the prospect of an abundant harvest.

This Mosul seems to be a miserable place. No business of any consequence doing, and it is impossible to cash even a £10 note on any part of Europe. The public treasury is empty, and the Doctor, who has been sent here to watch the progress of the cholera, has not received a halfpenny of pay for the last three months; in the meantime the Pasha and the head of the customs are both adding *field to field* at the cost of the working man. Such is Turkey in all parts of the empire. To-day the weather is fine, and the thermometer at noon in our tent on the *kellik* stands at 72°. During the rains we have had the weather unpleasantly cool.

The wind is too strong for us to make progress or to have any command over our *kellik*, so here we are lying alongside the bank almost within sight of Mosul, surrounded by dozens of women and naked boys employed in gathering up the small bits of wood that come floating down the swollen stream. These eastern Turkish towns we travellers find to be most depressing places to be shut up in by bad weather; the shops to be met with are all gathered together, and form what is called a bazaar, and a very miserable bazaar is the Mosul bazaar. The dwelling-houses have no windows looking on to the street, being all built in hollow squares, with windows looking out upon a courtyard, or placed so high up in the walls of the rooms that you cannot look out of them at all. The streets everywhere present a line of dead wall, so that both inside and out there is nothing to interest.

19*th.*—Yesterday afternoon we suffered from a thunderstorm of several hours' duration. The thunder was continuous, and accompanied by torrents of rain and hail, and, worse than these, by gusts of wind, that first drove us on a rocky shallow on the north bank of the river, to get clear of which cost us a good deal of time; and no sooner were we off and clear of this shoal, than a sudden gust of wind from the opposite quarter drove us with great violence up against the opposite bank, a mud island fringed with jungle. We spun round and round as we drove along this bank, carried by a seven or eight knot current, until at last we succeeded in making fast to one of the trees. The surface of the river was in a turmoil. Mr J. and myself jumped on shore to examine the island, and just as we were about to return to the *kellik*, a sudden gust of wind off-shore tore up the tree to which she was made fast, and in our struggle to get on board, both of us got a ducking, myself up to the neck; and it was not until we had drifted a hundred yards or more in this furious current that we succeeded in making fast again. It was just at dark when this happened, so we remained where we were until midnight, by which time the weather had become fine and the wind had gone down, and as there was a fine bright moon shining, we got under way, and have since been going along with the current good six knots an

hour up to the present moment (noon), so that we hope, notwithstanding our bad beginning yesterday, to reach Bagdad possibly to-morrow night, for the river is very much swollen, and consequently very rapid. The banks have been very low and alluvial since we left Mosul, and to-day we are passing hundreds of creaking wheels, worked by bullocks, drawing up water from the river in hide buckets for irrigation, so it would seem that down here the rain of yesterday did not reach. Our boatman, as we pass down stream, keeps up, when near enough, a running conversation with the men working the water-wheels, and one of them asked him this morning what day of the week it was. These *kelliks* are not such safe and comfortable conveyances as one in calm weather and a moderate current is apt to suppose. In windy weather they are difficult to manage, and without great care are exposed to come to grief, so utterly unmanageable do they become; but it is marvellous to me, I must confess, how much rough usage these skins can stand without sustaining serious damage. The river now is everywhere a good 200 yards in breadth, and in many places we come to four times that breadth. Islands there are in abundance; and if we had been left yesterday on the island from which the *kellik* broke adrift when we were on shore, heaven only knows how long we might have had to remain there, for it is not possible for these *kelliks* ever to retrace against stream a single yard of the ground they have gone over. Ducks and pelicans are numerous, and occasionally a jay of beautiful plumage makes his appearance on the banks.

20*th.*—We have just left Tekrit; where we brought up about 2 A.M., after a continuous float of twenty-six hours, at the rate of about six miles an hour, seldom less, but frequently, where the river became narrower, a knot more. Fine weather, a bright moon, and a willing boatman enabled us to make this long satisfactory day's work. Before we reached Tekrit the Tigris must have spread out to a mile in width. Height above the sea at Tekrit about 500 feet. I have had a run through the town, the only place of note between Mosul and Bagdad. The present town or valley seems to have been built out of the materials that composed the old town, partly

of burnt, and partly of sun-dried bricks. There is the ruin in the present town of what was once a fortress overlooking the river, and we had pointed out to us three burnt bricks in a wall, with the name, doubtless, of some emperor in the Cufic character. Outside there is a large piece of ground covered with heaps of rubbish and sun-burnt bricks; and I entered some old buildings through archways now entirely below the surface of the ground, all insignificant in size. Here I have seen the first circular boats, composed of a framework of reeds with a covering of asphaltum. The banks of the river are low, and the creaking water-wheels upon them indicate the employment of the villagers. None of the rain we were so plentifully supplied with soon after we left Mosul seems to have reached down here. At 5.30 A.M. we left Tekrit, said to be the birthplace of Saladin. As we floated down the stream about an hour ago, where the width was about half a mile, a woman came off to us leaning upon an inflated skin; in one hand she held an earthen platter holding a couple of pounds of fresh butter, and upon her head she bore another platter filled with boiled greens; with the other hand and her feet she propelled the skin through the water. She came up to our *kellik* laughing, and such a splendid mouthful of teeth she showed us! Her face was well tattooed, and the rest of her body also, I daresay; but of course she had her clothes on, so we could not tell about that. We bought her butter and greens, and sent her off well pleased. All these Arabs about here have particularly good teeth, owing probably to their simple diet. We have at last met with another *kellik*, bound to Bagdad, so we keep company.

21*st.*—We have been moving along all night very slowly, the river good two miles broad, and the current not running more than a mile and a half; or two knots an hour. It is very muddy in consequence of the heavy rains that have fallen in the upper part of it during the last two months, but which have quite failed to reach this neighbourhood, so that the creaking water-wheels, of which we must have passed some thousands fixed on the banks of the river during the last two days, are kept going night and day. We have been constantly asked by the men on shore where we left

the rain? The crops of grain look very well; the wheat and barley, very thickly sown, are in ear, and next month will be ready for reaping. The irrigation the land is getting now must be a fair dressing for it, the quantity of soil brought down with the water being so great. In olden times a network of aqueducts ran through the whole of this alluvial country; now the water is only raised from the river by the simple appliances I have mentioned, suited to a most primitive people. We have fastened our *kellik* on to our companion, which is loaded with cheese packed in sheep-skins, and we look the more formidable as we move slowly along. The Arab merchants, the owners of the cargo, accompany it in the *kellik.* We are now passing a long line of the date-palm trees, said to have resulted from the stones strewn in their path by the retreating 10,000 Greeks.

22*d.*—Arrived at Bagdad at 2 P.M. Yesterday, Sunday, as we approached the city, the river having widened out in all appearance to a lake, for many hours our pace did not exceed three or four miles an hour. The weather was very fine, and for some four hours we floated along with a goodly plantation of date-palms on each side of us. The banks, however, are low everywhere; no high land to be seen even in the distance. On arriving close to Bagdad, we embarked, bag and baggage, in one of the *kufas*, or circular boats, common on this part of the Tigris.

The one we got into had nine persons in it, with a largish quantity of luggage, and was capable of accommodating as many more people, and as much more luggage. They are paddled along, and get over the ground at a fair pace, and I should think it quite impossible to capsize them. We landed at the customhouse, and thence we passed on to a khan, where we took possession of two cells—I can't call them rooms—guiltless of any sort of window. They might have been eleven feet by eight, with an arched roof, and some twelve or thirteen feet high in the centre, built of kiln-burnt bricks, and with a strong jail-like door, which I was obliged to leave wide open during the night, or run the risk of being stifled in my sleep, so close was the place and without any ventilation. Although this khan is of recent construction, it is already as disgustingly dirty as any of

the khans it has been my fortune to sleep in between this and Alexandria. Besides the dirt, every other available corner than the two cells we were in were crammed with hides, and an old Arab kept watch over the whole contents, animate and inanimate; he was always in motion, and had always some remark to make as he passed my door. Night came on in due time, and we laid ourselves down to sleep. Our doors were of necessity left wide open. The moon shone brightly, and for a time I beguiled the hours by watching the shadows thrown upon the corridor or verandah by a noble date-palm stirred by the wind, which grows in the centre of the khan courtyard; at last I became unconscious, both of the date-palm growing in the courtyard, and the dirty old Arab who incessantly passed my door; but the whole blessed night afterwards I believed I was sleeping on the edge of a knife, and I was not sorry when the sun got above the horizon, and it was time for me also to rise. The cook-shops of the city being principally in the hands of Armenians (Christians), we could find nothing to eat yesterday evening, but this morning we sallied out to see what could be got at the bazaar, and then and there eating whatever we might find; but dirty as our khan was, we found there could be dirtier places still, and the cook-shops' accommodation was so filthy that we preferred having the breakfast brought to us at the khan to eating it on the spot.

At noon we paid a visit to our Consul-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, to whom I delivered my letter of introduction, and he at once insisted on our coming immediately to his house; there we are once again in very comfortable quarters. From Mosul we have travelled over in seventy-eight hours about 300 miles, the distance being as the crow flies a hundred miles less. Thermometer at noon in our room 76°.

On the eastern bank of the Tigris, opposite to Tekrit, are the plains of Dura, and soon after leaving Tekrit we came in sight of a tall white tower, a Mussulman tomb, said to mark the spot where Nebuchadnezzar set up the golden calf and called together the princes of the land to worship it. Here also it was that the great battle was fought between Shapour,

the Persian king, and Jovian, which resulted in the cession to Persia of the five eastern Roman provinces.

A spiral tower, which Layard says is 200 feet high, soon afterwards makes its appearance also on the eastern side of the river. It marks the site of the ancient city of Samarrah. Other ruins show themselves on both sides as the *kellik* floats down the swollen stream, and numerous shapeless mounds, until the line of date-palms which I have already mentioned makes its appearance, and tells us that we are approaching the City of the Caliphs.

26*th*, *Mahawell Khan.*—Yesterday, half an hour after noon, I left Colonel Herbert's, and got into a basket, and was paddled across the Tigris, where a muleteer with mules and horses was waiting to start with me for the ruins of Babylon, distant from Bagdad between fifty and sixty miles. I had my servant with me, and a lancer from the Government, and a Kawas from the Consulate. It was more than half an hour before the animals made their appearance and were ready to commence the journey. A gale from the south (a hot wind) was blowing at the time, and continued during the whole day, raising such a cloud of dust, that on our whole ride of five hours, when we reached our resting-place for the night, the Mahmovdigah Khan, we could scarcely see a hundred yards ahead, and the horses at times were with difficulty made to face it: so that I confess I was glad to reach the khan, though we did find it, during the whole night, a complete Babel. The noise made by the animals, and the bipeds their masters, prevented me from getting a wink of sleep all night, and I was up and making ready for a start by 3 A.M., and at 4.30 we were in the saddle; at noon we reached this khan, the best on the line of road.

After leaving Bagdad yesterday we passed over a small extent of cultivated ground, but we soon lost all trace of it, and our route since has been over an arid plain, diversified in parts by sandhills, and for a great many miles literally covered with bits of broken pottery and bricks, and every here and there parts of walls showing themselves above ground. The whole extent of the plain shows traces of a network of ancient canals, at one time used for bringing water for irrigation from the Euphrates, when no doubt all

this now arid plain was covered with crops. We stopped half an hour this morning at the Huswa Khan, four hours from this, to give our horses water and a feed of grass, than which they get nothing at this season, and they are consequently not up to a long day's work. At the Huswa Khan I bought half a score of antiques, consisting of engraved stones and coins. I paid but a trifle for them, though they may not be worth much. The ruins of Babylon commence very near to this khan. Thermometer in this room at 5 A.M., 84°.

27*th*, *Hillah*.—This town, Rich says, is only forty-eight miles from Bagdad; it is certainly good sixty-five miles. It is called by Abulfeda, Hillah Bene Mozaid: built in 1101, in the land of Babel. The Euphrates at the bridge at Hillah is 450 feet broad; depth, 15 feet; average current, two miles an hour. From the roof of the house in which I slept last night, the mounds, all that is left of ancient Babylon, seem to be close at hand, and a long range of the Euphrates is seen, with its banks covered by thousands of the date-palm. The whole country, as far as the eye can reach, is a desert, barring a very small amount of cultivation here and there, but the network of ancient canals one sees tells a story of another and different state of things once existing in the valley of the Euphrates. Only run a railway through it, and doubtless prosperity will return. It would be the highway for a great trade between the East and the West; and besides this, which would not be a matter of slight importance to England, a railway would offer cheap transit on its way to her shores for what would be the staple of this country—its grain, for the growth of which to an enormous extent no country would seem to be better adapted than this valley.

At 4 A.M. we were in the saddle. The morning was most brilliant—a sky without the vestige of a cloud, lighted up by a moon that had lost but little of its brightness: it was nineteen days old. However, the sun entered on his domain soon after we were in the saddle, and the moon's beams were as if they never had been. I would have bargained for a continuance of the moon, or rather for a discontinuance of the sun, if I could have found any reliable person to bargain

with; but as I could not, I had to bear all the sun's heat as I best could during my six hours' ride—and it was pretty stiff—over the desert, with not a breath of air stirring to temper it. At this moment, in the coolest of rooms (I mean relatively), the thermometer stands at 86°. About three hours after we left the khan, we arrived at the first of the Babylonian mounds, called by the Arabs Babel. A long detour we had to make to cross a canal which was drawing off a large supply of water from the Euphrates: it took us four miles out of the direct road to Hillah, and when we reached it, what did we see? Very extensive excavations made by Rich and others, long afterwards by Layard, without producing anything of interest in the shape of sculpture to throw the slightest gleam of light on Babylonian history. Walls (brickwork) in abundance, principally sun-dried bricks, but not wholly, have been laid bare, but the meaning of this brickwork has not been even guessed at. The bricks in this mound are all, I believe, square, 12½ inches, and nearly 3 inches thick, having without exception a cuneiform inscription in the centre, 6 inches long and 4½ broad, composed of seven lines, and laid sometimes in asphaltum, and sometimes in a thin layer of mortar, and very generally with a layer of reeds between the courses, particularly between those that are laid in asphaltum. It is a dirt mound now for the most part, and mixed with broken bricks, pottery, and glass, a shapeless mass. Such is Babel now, or whatever else it might have been. We now proceeded to another mound, considered of greater importance than any other on the east side of the river, Mugilibe, or the Babel of Rich. Here Rich found a wooden coffin containing a skeleton entombed in brickwork, and Layard, following up the gallery in which Rich had found one coffin, discovered several more, but they contained skeletons only, and no ornaments of any description. On the north side of this mound is a cyclopean mass of brickwork, all showing itself well above ground, and looking as fresh as if it were the work of yesterday. It is a meaningless mass of brickwork, so far as the present generation is concerned, but not useless, for the bricks used in building Hillah have been taken from it; and there are still bricks left, if they can only be got

apart, sufficient to build half-a-dozen more Hillahs. About a mile from this mass of brickwork, I saw the only piece of statuary these mounds have produced, a lion cut out of limestone, discovered by Rich, now lying on its side, a good deal defaced and half buried in sand; but when discovered, it was in an upright position, and standing over a man whose arms are outstretched. I brought a good many pieces of inscribed brick with me to the khan at Hillah, but found I could buy more perfect specimens for a mere bagatelle from the men who have passed all their lives in despoiling the great city of Nebuchadnezzar. The thermometer in my cool room stands at 90°, and nevertheless I have just returned from a walk in the blazing sun of two miles, where the thermometer might be 900° for aught I know. I went out to deliver a letter, accompanied by the Consulate Kawas, a portly man, the Pasha of Bagdad's Kawas, and my own servant. The Consulate Kawas was as clean as a new pin. The moment we arrived from the ruins of Babylon, he took off his boots (by-the-by, he does not wear stockings, but the general public don't know that), and sent them to the bazaar to be cleaned, and without the slightest compunction, apparently, for the disrespect with which he was treating the dust of his great ancestor Nebuchadnezzar, he vigorously brushed from his coat and trousers every atom of dust he had brought with him from the ruins. I, on the contrary, could not even make up my mind to have my boots cleaned, much less to have the twenty pounds of dust I brought with me from the ruins ruthlessly swept off. The feeling I have for the great man would not permit me to commit such an atrocity. The Consulate Kawas walked first, as clean as he could make himself; I followed, covered from head to foot with the dust of Nebuchadnezzar; and the Pasha's Kawas and my servant brought up the rear. The Consulate Kawas unscrupulously cleared the way as we passed through the bazaar, and the people, who were seated generally, got upon their legs as we approached: the beggars and children were shoved out of the way without ceremony. Whenever we came to a sentry on guard, he presented arms; and I must confess, always thinking of my dirty state, I felt ashamed at returning the salute. As we did not find the gentleman at home whom we wanted

to see, I proposed we should look at the town; and when we had done that, we started on a two-mile walk outside the place to look at a saint's tomb. The sun was roastingly hot, and I was almost stewed. As we returned from the tomb, which was not worth visiting, we met a funeral. The corpse was without a coffin, and almost naked, carried on a stretcher by four Persians, and followed by about twenty more. They had an eight hours' walk before them before reaching the Persian cemetery. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, when this latter fact came to my knowledge, "can these people hold out under such a sun for eight hours? Impossible! by that time the corpse will be roasted outright; fit to be eaten, if the bearers have a taste that way!"

28*th*, *Hillah.*—This morning at four o'clock I was in the saddle on the way to Birs Nimroud, situated about six miles from Hillah, on the west side of the Euphrates. The morning was delightful; the horses, as I think horses always do when on the road early, stepped out briskly. We had to make a considerable detour on account of the waters of the Euphrates covering a deal of the plain on the western side of Birs Nimroud, and yet we reached that remarkable ruin at 5.30, very soon after the sun had got above the horizon. And what a ruin it is! One is inclined to exclaim, on first seeing it, "If there ever was a Tower of Babel, this must be it;" as much on account of the enormous mass of brickwork as the strong evidence there is that it has been destroyed by the lightning of heaven; for round about the summit there lie some fifty enormous fragments torn from the building, the surface of them, and very likely the interior also, calcined, vitrified, turned to glass in fact, weighing probably a thousand tons. But these fifty fragments of massive brickwork may but scantily represent the buried fragments, for they crop up above the surface in many places close at hand. The ruin is of kiln-burnt bricks, 13 inches square and 3 inches thick: the joints of the courses are so close that it is occasionally hard to detect the thin layer of mortar which joins them together, and so firmly in most cases that they cannot be severed without breaking the bricks. A layer of reeds, nevertheless, was placed between the courses, as clearly appears after a very slight examination, and some

of the courses are united by a layer of bitumen. The whole ruin as it stands now, is about 235 feet in height above the valley, and the bare piece of brickwork on the summit measures 35 feet in height and about 28 in thickness. There are numerous air-holes 6 inches by 8 running all through this piece of bare brickwork, in one of which, some 10 feet above the base of the summit, I detected a pigeon quietly sitting upon her nest.

From the summit of Birs Nimroud is seen in the distance the tomb of the Prophet Ezekiel, to which all the Jews in this neighbourhood (indeed, they come also, I am told, from far and near) make an annual pilgrimage. A couple of Arab villages, huts of reeds and mats, are close to Birs Nimroud; the inhabitants were busy, as we passed, drawing water from the Euphrates for irrigating their very limited extent of cultivated land. The three modern authorities on Babylon and the neighbouring ruins are Rich, Porter, and Layard: neither of them hardly hazards a guess as to what sort of original structure is now represented by Birs Nimroud. The ruins of Babylon consist of mounds of earth, formed by the decomposition of buildings, channeled and furrowed by the weather, and the surface of them strewed by pieces of brick, bitumen, and pottery; the mound of Amran, 1100 yards long and 800 broad; the Kasr, nearly square, 700 yards: this last mound is called Babel, sometimes Mugilibe.

May 1st, Bagdad.—At 3 P.M. we left Hillah, and proceeded to the ruins on the eastern side of the river for a second investigation, on our way to Bagdad. About four miles from Hillah we came to the first mound, the Mugilibe of the Arabs, and the Kasr of Rich. On this mound there is a huge mass of brickwork standing above ground. The bricks here are well made, and the courses laid with beautiful accuracy, cemented together with the thinnest of layers of mortar. For centuries the Arabs have been employed in extracting bricks from this ruin, which still contains sufficient for the building of many Hillahs, if they could be only got apart. Fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware, marble, and varnished tiles abound in all the excavations in this mound. Close to the mass of brickwork stands the famous tree, or what remains of it—for it is dead now—which

the natives call Athelé, and believe it to have been flourishing in ancient Babylon, from the destruction of which, they say, God preserved it, that it might afford Ali a convenient place to tie up his horse after the battle of Hillah; so says Rich. It was green when Rich saw it in 1811, but is now dead, part of the trunk and one branch only remaining. After taking another look at the lion, we went on to the large mound, a mile distant, called by the Arabs Babel. On examining the two circular holes, of about a yard in diameter, I had noticed on my first visit to the mound, I was told by a man who had been many years at work there extracting bricks, that a number of these tubes, about four feet deep, placed one upon another, at one time reached up to the surface of the mound, and were in fact the lining of a well, no doubt fixed in brickwork, but they had been extracted down to the depth at which they now existed, broken up and burnt for lime. Some three or four broken earthen jars embedded in earth in one of the excavations, and some charred wood, were almost the only matters visible in this great mound. We spent a couple of hours groping among the ruins, and then made a fresh start for Bagdad. That evening we stopped at Khan Huswa, a poor place, and very dirty; all we could find to buy for our dinner (there were five of us) in the miserable village attached to this khan were two very young chickens, each about a good mouthful; no eggs, no milk, no anything. During this trip from Bagdad to the ruins, I have lived principally upon eggs, *kayman* (clotted cream), tea, and rusks. The messes from the bazaar at Hillah were really nasty, and always full of garlic; I could not stomach them. Notwithstanding scant fare, and more than the usual quantity of dirt, at Khan Huswa, I slept soundly in the niche allotted to me, and was in the saddle at 2 A.M., and at 11 A.M. I reached Colonel Herbert's comfortable home.

2*d*.—At 3 A.M. I started to visit the ruin called Akarkouff, distant from Bagdad, as the crow flies, perhaps seven miles. We were four hours in reaching it, in consequence of delay experienced getting across sheets of water which obstructed the road, coming from the overflowing of a canal from the Euphrates. At one ford the water just reached the backs of

our horses, and over one sheet we were obliged to make use of a straw boat to cross it. On returning, in crossing the deepest ford, we entered the water with a drove of donkeys, two of which got drowned before they could reach the opposite shore.

From the summit of a gently sloping mound of rubbish, strewed with broken bricks and pottery, rises a solidly-built mass of sun-burnt, or rather sun-dried, bricks, to the height of about 100 feet, and, as near as I could roughly measure, of about 250 feet in circumference at its rugged base. These sun-dried bricks are a foot square, and somewhat less than three inches thick. Projecting from the courses (every twelfth or fifteenth course) is a layer of reeds, which is seen in the whole circumference of this enormous pile of brickwork, perforated also by holes through and through perhaps six inches square. The reeds look quite fresh, and may be easily drawn out from between the bricks to the length of a foot or more. No doubt the whole mound, if dug into, would be found to be a mass of brickwork, the visible projecting pieces on the summit of the mound of debris being nothing more than the centre of a very much larger structure. There is no history attached to this ruin; in fact, no one has hardly attempted to guess its origin or its use. It is evidently of great antiquity. The layers of brick are cemented together by a coating of slime, but what good the layers of reeds do it is difficult to conjecture, for they do not at all adhere to the layers of bricks between which they have been placed. It is getting warm now, the thermometer standing in my room at 86°.

3*d.*—Sand-storms would seem to be frequent; yesterday we experienced one of the worst that has been known here for years; it came on about six o'clock in the evening, and lasted for a couple of hours. The fine dust, driven along by a gale of wind, found its way into the house through every crevice, and brought darkness along with it. It is the hot south wind that brings these storms. The river here must be about 200 feet above the sea, or about 2000 feet below its surface at Diarbekir.

7*th.*—The disease of the Aleppo button, called here the date-mark, is very general in Bagdad. Mrs H.'s youngest

child, a little girl two and a half years old, is just recovering from an attack of it. She had twenty-seven buttons on her face, forehead, and neck, and can hardly escape being marked. Dr Colville, of this place, tells me that he has had recourse to vaccination for the Aleppo button, and so far successfully, the disease never having attacked those whom he had vaccinated; but his experience in the matter is yet very limited. Barley-reaping is very general here now.

CHAPTER XVI.

Leave in steamer—City of Silucia—Arch of Ctesiphon—Tigris and Euphrates Steam Navigation Co.—Passengers: Arabs, Persians, and Jews—Turkish Government steamers—Alexander's Bridge—Arab corpse—Buffalo, horses, sheep, and goats —Capital required to make 850 miles of railway—Tomb of Ezra—Land Jewish pilgrims—Wild pigs—Bussorah—The Garden of Eden—Life and property insecure—*City of London*—Pay of employés—Comfort on board—*Ethiopia*—Reflections—Too much comfort—Description of Bussorah, wretched place—Date-palms —Good fish—The saultoun, Persian musical instrument—Fao, telegraph station—Rice and grain cultivation—Bushire—Take in cotton and wool—Manchester goods —Square wind-towers—Persia worse governed than Turkey; they must fall—Exports and imports—Curious fogs—Mount Gebel Ginnoh—Bukumarth, with snow—Isle of Hormiz—Muscat—Intense heat—The Imaum's residence—Exports —Kurrachee, a skeleton city—Railway to Kotree on the Indus, opposite Hyderabad.

May 8th, on board the steamer "City of London," Cowley, master, bound from Bagdad to Bussorah.—Came on board this steamer last night in a *kufa*, and at five this morning we started for Bussorah. At eight o'clock we passed a line of mounds, believed to represent part of the wall that once surrounded the city of Silucia, and about the same time we passed the Arch of Ctesiphon, the most perfect ruin of any that remains of that city. There are numerous small mounds on both sides of the river, doubtless marking the sites of buildings of both cities. The river is now at the greatest height to which it is expected to attain this season, and we consequently move along rapidly, seven miles through the water and eleven over the ground, without any danger of touching the bottom, for we have no cargo on board, and are drawing not much over two feet water. As the summer advances, there will now every day be less water, and although this boat draws when laden only three feet, she will frequently have to discharge her cargo on the river banks in order to get over the shallows she will have to encounter in her trips between Bussorah and Bagdad; and I am told the Euphrates, running parallel with the Tigris, offers still greater difficulties to navigation. The river Tigris must have very much changed

its course; for here, opposite Ctesiphon, when the river is low, the ruins of buildings crop up almost, if not quite, above its surface. The banks are ten to twelve feet high all along, and are covered, where we now are, with stunted trees and brushwood.

This steamer belongs to the Tigris and Euphrates Steam Navigation Company, represented at Bagdad by Messrs Stephen Lynch & Co.; she is of iron (paddle), and about 120 feet long, engines seventy horse-power. She draws when loaded three feet water. In her trip from Bagdad to Bussorah and back she consumes about forty-one tons of coal, which costs at Bussorah from fifty to sixty shillings a ton, or about five tons a day. All told, we have now on board 120 passengers, nearly all deck passengers, Arabs, Persians, and Jews—these last going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet Ezra. The company have also another steamer, somewhat larger than the *City of London.* The postal subsidy for carrying the mails twice a month between Bagdad and Bussorah is £2000 per annum. Besides these two steamers, there are five others belonging to the Turkish Government that run between Bagdad and Bussorah; and occasionally, when the river is much swollen, the smaller Government boats (sometimes twice in the season) make a trip on the Euphrates up as far as Meskanah, some 120 miles below Aleppo; but these trips are effected with difficulty, and usually with much delay. Day cloudy; thermometer in my cabin 86°.

9*th.*—A strong southerly wind and cloudy weather, very close to-day. Since leaving Bagdad the river has widened in many places to half a mile or more, but now it has narrowed again to a couple of hundred yards; cultivation here and there, but for the most part the banks are covered with brushwood. Passed a mound to-day on the western bank, opposite to which, at low water, the ruins of Alexander's Bridge may be seen in the water. Landed a few passengers at Skerkh Saad, where some Arab tents were pitched, and close down to the river a corpse had been brought to be washed, and alongside of it was sitting a woman, a relation of the deceased, doing duty, naked, according to Arab fashion.

At noon passed the *Comet* at anchor, bound upwards. She had to anchor in consequence of the strong southerly wind. At 3 A.M. stopped for a couple of hours to coal. Got aground to-day for the first time, driven by the wind against the bank, but only for a few minutes. A sprinkling of buffalo, horses, sheep, and goats to be seen on both sides of the river. Thermometer in my cabin 87°.

My aneroid makes the Tigris to be above the Mediterranean at Diarbekir, 2200 feet; Jezireh, 1700 feet; Mosul, 800 feet; Bagdad, 200 feet.

Taking all the twists and turns of the Tigris, the distance from Diarbekir to Bagdad is about 700 miles, or, as the crow flies, about 440 miles.

Distance from	London to Brindisi, . . .	1504	miles.
„	Brindisi to Silucia, . . .	900	„
„	Silucia to Bussorah, . . .	850	„
„	Bussorah to Kurrachee, . .	1190	„
„	London to Kurrachee, . .	4444	„

From London to Bombay *viâ* Suez, 5247 miles. Capital required to make the 850 miles railway, about ten millions sterling.

We stopped about ten o'clock last night to land some passengers, and to take in four tons coal at one of the stations; and as the night was dark, no stars to guide us in our course, we remained at anchor until 4.30 this morning. The banks of the river have been for some time very low, not above a foot or two above the water; and on the left, or eastern side, the water flows over, and it is marshy for a great extent. Nevertheless, we have passed many Arab encampments, and large herds of fine buffalo, with some very good-looking fields of barley. The greater part of the Arabs whom we see now are migratory, and come to the river-side with their flocks and herds only during summer. They belong to the Maidan tribe, and extend from Bagdad to Bussorah. The river has narrowed very much within the last twenty-four hours, and ranges now from 50 to 200 yards.

At 9.30 A.M. we stopped at the Tomb of Ezra, and landed some twenty-five Jewish pilgrims, come to perform their

devotions to the prophet. I landed and visited the tomb. There is a sort of khan attached to it for the accommodation of pilgrims, from the courtyard of which you pass into a large anteroom, and thence into an apartment in the middle of which is the tomb of the prophet—an oblong structure of sun-dried bricks (so far as I could see), cased in wood and enveloped in a chintz covering, measuring about twelve feet by seven, and at the sides about five feet high. The room is forty feet by twenty-five, and thirty feet high, dimly lighted by four windows very high up in the wall. All around, for about six feet from the floor, the walls are covered with coloured tiles, and above that the rest of the wall, as well as the arched roof, are covered with paint and Hebrew inscriptions. This tomb is held in high honour both by the Jew and the Mahometan, and the Jews particularly at this season flock to it in great numbers from Bagdad. I know not, I am sure, upon what authority it is called the Tomb of Ezra, but nobody seems to dispute its claim to be so called. Wild pigs plentiful on the banks; one, a sow, with two young ones, after she had been fired at, charged the steamer with the bristles on her back erect. About one o'clock we met the *Digilah* on her way to Bagdad from Bussorah. Took from her a gentleman who had embarked for a sail on the Tigris.

11*th*, *Maghil.*—We reached this place, where Messrs Lynch have an establishment for receiving cargo, and a dock (such as it is) for doing small repairs to their steamers, at nine o'clock last evening. We go on to Bussorah to-morrow morning, distant by water five miles. The confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris takes place just forty miles higher up the river, and then takes the name of Shat el Arab. Bussorah is situated on or near to the right bank of the river, forty-five miles below where the Shat el Arab commences, and seventy-five miles above where it enters the Persian Gulf. Here, at Maghil, the Shat el Arab is fully a mile wide. The Garden of Eden is located at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris (Kornah). The three principal places passed in coming from Bagdad are Kub, Dufus, and Ezra's Tomb. Latitude of Bussorah, 30° 29′ N.; longitude, 47° 34′ E. Both sides of the Shat el Arab, from its

commencement all the way to Bussorah, with but slight intervals, are thickly studded with the date-palm, presenting towards autumn, when the fruit is ripe, a gorgeous appearance. Thermometer in my cabin at 2 P.M., 90°. They tell me that life in Bussorah just now is very insecure; murders take place in the streets in broad day, and no attempt is made by the authorities to secure the delinquents. A Bagdad woman, who arrived here yesterday by the mail-steamer from Bombay, left us this morning, on the 13th, on a visit to Bussorah (the town lies some three or four miles up a creek, above where vessels are at anchor). She wore heavy silver anklets, weighing about four pounds, and before leaving for the town, she put her legs into a vice, and the blacksmith, after considerable labour, managed to unfasten them for her, that she might leave them on board, and not run the risk of being knocked down and robbed of them in the streets, which she feared might happen. Such is Bussorah just now. A regular tide is felt some eighty miles above Bussorah.

These river steamers are well managed; there are only two of them, and they earn enough to pay 15 per cent. annually to the shareholders. This steamer, the *City of London*, is 185 feet long; draws (light) about thirty inches of water, and when laden forty-two inches: she is of iron, sent out from home, and put together here. She can carry about 110 tons weight of cargo, the freight on which hence to Bagdad is about 47s. 6d. the ton. The trip up and down occupies some fourteen days. The crew consists of captain, mate, clerk, first and second engineers, eleven sailors, and seven firemen. Engines seventy horse-power; speed, seven knots; consumption of coal, forty tons the trip, costing at Bussorah 50s. the ton. Engineers and first officer's wages about £15 to £20 a month. The captain gets about £400 a year.

15*th, on board the* "*Ethiopia.*"—I have been on board this steamer since the day before yesterday, when the *City of London* started on her return voyage to Bagdad. What a comfort it is, after one has been roughing it in travelling for weeks, sleeping on the ground in the open, or, if under cover, sharing that cover with the animals of your caravan, never

having a chance of undressing, and never doing much even in the way of washing, over bad roads, and perhaps in bad weather, and with a scanty dinner, or no dinner at all, after your day's work is finished, and, what is sometimes worse than all, with the certainty of finding dirt to the eyes whenever and wherever you may have to stop ;—I say, what a comfort it is to find yourself on board an English passenger steamer such as the *Ethiopia*, scrupulously clean every inch of her, and where you have the run of a first-rate table, and a large comfortable cabin to yourself, with an accommodating gentlemanly captain in command, and a host of servants to attend to your wants! None but those who have experienced the change know how properly to appreciate it. There is a feeling of safety, too, on board these steamers, which may also count for something, though I am not sure it compensates for the loss of that excitement which one always enjoys, more or less, when travelling in the desert, with a good revolver in his belt, and the certainty that he may at any moment, perhaps when least expected, be called upon to use it. Here, on board this boat, I am the only cabin passenger; she is nearly 1200 tons, belonging to the British India Company, with accommodation for sixty first-class passengers; and I am alone here, and probably may remain so all the way to Kurrachee. You may have your hair cut, be shaved if you need it; have your corns, your finger and toe nails, all put in order; for there is a barber on board equal to do all this, and who earns by operating on the officers and passengers, and occasionally on our countrymen living in the out-of-the-way parts at which the steamer calls, something like a hundred rupees a month, more than three times the wages of a lascar. Then you may have your clothes washed on board, as I have had mine already, and mended if need be. In fact, you have too much comfort on board this sort of steamer; you feel the want of excitement. It does well enough, however, for a little while. The sort of life you lead here is mainly contemplative, and it is doubtless good for one to be so situated at times. The past, present, and future stand a chance here of being coolly, and perhaps profitably, considered; whereas, in the tumult of busy life, the present only is apt to absorb all your attention.

Yesterday, with Captain Sanders, I paid a visit to the town of Bussorah, which we reached by proceeding up a creek very like a ditch, running up for about three miles from the shore off which we are anchored. It took us, in a *bellum*, or native boat, about half an hour before we reached the bazaar, where we got out and walked through the town. They say it contains 25,000 inhabitants, for the most part Arabs. The town is built wholly of mud, a most tumble-down place; crumbling walls and houses in ruins meet one at every turn after emerging from the bazaar, which is itself a double row of wretched shops. The streets are entirely unpaved, and uneven in the extreme; so much so, that you need to keep a sharp look-out as you walk along, that you don't come down on your nose. We paid a visit to the Vice-Consul, and to the consignees of the mail-steamer; and what wretched places both of them live in! The streets are everywhere narrow, with a blank and frequently broken-down dead wall on both sides, without the semblance of a window opening into them; the shops, such as they are, being all together, and forming what is called the bazaar, the invariable arrangement in Eastern towns. When we returned to the ship, the tide was out, and the creek, as it is called, was then literally and truly a ditch, for the most part some five to ten yards wide, with a high mud bank on each side, lined, however, with thick plantations of the date-palm. All the country is of course alluvial, as flat as the palm of your hand, no natural hummock as big as your fist anywhere between Bagdad and Bussorah. We get a capital fish in this river, from a foot to eighteen inches long; one of the best fresh-water fish I have ever eaten. Last night I slept on deck, for in my cabin, when I retired to rest, the thermometer marked 94°. The weather we are having here now, they say, is unusual for the month of May; hot southerly winds, cloudy occasionally, with calms and slight showers of rain. We start to-morrow, and I shall be glad when we are off.

16*th.*—Mr C. and Dr D. dined with us yesterday, and did not leave the ship until past ten o'clock. A Persian, a passenger on board for Bushire, who has two wives with him, entertained us on the quarter-deck by performing on the saultoun, a Persian musical instrument of considerable

capacity. It is a stringed instrument, and is played by tapping the wire strings with two slight pieces of wood. This instrument, I am told, is mentioned in the Bible. This morning at 5.30 we got under way, and about noon we were off Fao, a telegraph station at the mouth of the Shat el Arab, where we sent a boat on shore with letters, and received telegraphic news from London to 10th inst. Fao is at the mouth of the river where it enters the Persian Gulf, and very soon after leaving it we lost sight of both banks, and we are now steering, having passed two buoys, a straight course for Bushire, a port of Persia on the Persian side of the gulf, whilst Fao is on the Arabian side, and belongs to Turkey. There is a good deal of land under cultivation, rice and grain, on both sides of the river, all the way down after leaving Bussorah, until you begin to approach Fao, and then the river widens considerably, and the plantations of dates even disappear. Large herds of buffalo, wallowing in the marshy land or bathing in the river, which they seem to enjoy very much, with their noses just above water, and nothing more, are constantly in sight; and on the whole, with the date-palms, fruit-trees, living scenery, and the large establishments on the banks of several powerful sheikhs, the river presents rather an interesting appearance, considering that both banks of it are but a few feet in height above its surface, and as far as the eye can reach is a perfect flat. Thermometer in my cabin 90°.

19*th*.—We anchored off the town of Bushire, distant about two and a half miles, in four fathoms. A Dutch bark, from Batavia, laden with sugar, was the only other vessel in the roadstead, and was at anchor close to us. We had no sooner dropt anchor than a host of boats laden with cotton and wool, that had come off from Bushire to wait our arrival, pushed alongside, and we were soon hard at work receiving cargo; but the operation of weighing the bales on board at the gangway, before passing them into the hold, causes great delay. These bales, if weighed on shore, might be hoisted into the ship in less than half the time now occupied in taking them on board. We were employed all day in discharging half-a-dozen small boats, holding only a few bales of loosely-packed wool and cotton. All day we had a strong

and pleasant breeze blowing from N.W. They call this breeze of N.W. wind here the Shamal, and set great store upon it at Bushire for keeping the town healthy. It commences usually about this time, and lasts for about forty days. I did not land on the day of our arrival, but yesterday I went on shore in the mail-boat, and remained there six hours, whilst the mails were being got ready for embarkation—time quite sufficient to enable me to have a good look at the town. It is built of a crumbly limestone full of shells, the stones being from one to two feet long, and two to four inches thick; in fact, they have more the appearance of large sun-dried bricks than they have of stone, and I should think might not be much more lasting. They are generally, however, covered up with a coating of cement, which gives them a very durable appearance. The streets of Bushire are narrow, and as crooked as they can well be, presenting on both sides the usual line of dead wall. The bazaar is very limited; you can walk all through it from end to end in two minutes. I saw little in it but the usual variety of condiments used by these Easterns in cooking, and a fair sprinkling of Manchester goods. To walk all round the town did not occupy me more than twenty minutes; it is built on a neck of land, with a wall for defence on the land side, although, so far as I could see, it would be of little avail to keep out an attacking party otherwise armed than with bows and arrows. The Serai is a wretched-looking place, and the Residency, though somewhat better kept, is more or less upon a par with it. The summer is now commencing, when the inhabitants mount up to their birdcages, built of cane and matting, on the flat roofs of their houses, and there they remain during the hot season, which lasts until the end of August. In Bagdad, on the contrary, the people are now retiring to their cellars for the summer, though they sleep upon the roof; and at Diarbekir they follow a happy medium, and remain during the day in their ordinary living-rooms, but retire at night to sleep on the roofs of the houses. At Bushire they have another contrivance to keep their houses cool; square wind-towers, open on all sides, stand up to a good height on the flat roofs of the larger houses, and carry a column of cold air to the rooms below, and I have no doubt there is a contrivance for shut-

ting up three sides out of the four, so as to make a more efficient wind-sail of it. Foreign merchants have country-houses in the neighbourhood, to which they retire after business hours. The town contains some fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants, out of which some five hundred are living upon alms, doled out to them from a fund collected in India for the relief of the famine. This miserable port of Bushire, into which no vessel drawing more than eight feet of water can enter, all others being obliged to remain in the roadstead, is the chief seaport of Persia! Since my arrival in and about this gulf, I have heard a good deal about Persia, and it is, there can be no doubt, a much worse governed country even than Turkey; and were it not that we think it politic to bolster it up against what we seem to consider our natural Eastern enemy, but which many people consider merely in the light of a bugbear—Russia—it would not be long in crumbling to pieces. But do what we will, the fate of Persia, as of Turkey, can only be delayed. The Governments of both those countries must die out, or be violently overturned, before the lapse of many more years. How can it be otherwise in countries bordering on powerful Christian nations, in which one-half the whole population, the female part of it, is of so little account that it is considered as mere chattels?

I visited at Bushire Mr M'Kenzie and the English corps of telegraph clerks, from whom I learned there were telegrams from London to the 13th, and that there was a probability the American difficulty would be amicably settled. Colonel Pelly is the Resident here. The mails were posted to leave at five, but the Resident's letters delayed it until 6.30, and the consequence was—the steamer being obliged to leave the roadstead during daylight—that we had a sail of two hours or more to get on board her in the offing. We are now (noon) running down the coast with high hills in the distance, and should reach Lingeh, our next port, at daylight to-morrow morning. Latitude of Bushire, 29° 1′ N.; longitude, 5° 5′ E. Exports—cotton, wool, hides, horses, carpets, shawls, tobacco, and otto of roses. Imports—rice, cotton, and woollen goods, sugar, pepper, and spices, iron, tin, lead, steel, and cutlery. Thermometer to-day 90°. We reached Lingeh at noon yesterday,

the 20th. I started on shore at once with the second officer carrying the mails. Lingeh is a poor little place, built, like Bushire, of a concrete stone, sand and shells, which they dig out round about the town. In the immediate neighbourhood of the town there is a good sprinkling of date-palm, and there are numerous wells, some twenty-five to thirty feet deep, dug among them, of which the water, though abundant enough, is, I believe, somewhat brackish. Lingeh is a dirty place, and in walking about I found the heat excessive. A pearl merchant whom I visited, and who showed me a pearl for which he asked 1000 rupees, gave me a glass of sherbet, a most grateful beverage in hot weather. We remained on shore until 5 P.M., waiting at the post-office for the mails, and in half an hour afterwards we were on board and under way for Bunder Abbas, where we are now at anchor, arriving at 7 A.M. We found here H.M. gunboat *Lynx*, Keats commander, and a Dutch ship from Batavia, and soon afterwards the *Euphrates* steamer came in from Bombay, bound up the gulf. During the night and the next morning, before we got into Lingeh, we experienced very thick fogs, so much so that about 9 A.M. we were close aboard the island of Frùr before we could see it; and it was most curious, for in one half minute from the time of its being thoroughly hidden from us, it was all clear and bright close alongside of us. It was like raising the drop-scene at a theatre. We had previously seen the outline of the island over the bank of dense white cloud which hid the body of the island from us, and at the moment the curtain of fog drew up, we were steering right for it, we ourselves being entirely free from fog. The transition was the quickest thing of the sort I or any officer on board the ship had seen. I was myself standing at the time leaning over the rail at the front part of the poop-deck with the captain and a passenger, all three of us peering into the fog-bank for the island, and wondering what had become of it, so close had it appeared to be to us when we last saw the outline fringing the fog-bank an hour before. Whilst thus employed, I looked aft for one instant to see if we had passed it, and on turning back again, lo and behold! there it was, standing up as clear as a hill, almost right under our bows. The transformation was so rapid, from a

bank of white fog to the island itself, that it was more like a dissolving-view scene than anything else, only that it was perhaps more rapidly executed.

I went on shore for an hour. Bunder Abbas is a poor place, with some 1500 to 2000 inhabitants: only one European here that I have heard of, and he is leaving to-day, sick, by the *Euphrates*. They tell me the place is very unhealthy, notwithstanding that every house seems to be furnished with an air-tower on the flat roof for sending down a column of cool air into the rooms beneath. There is no Persian town of any importance inland from Bunder Abbas nearer than 400 miles. Behind the town, at a distance of fifteen miles, is seen the picturesque mountain of Gebel Ginnoh, 7690 feet high; and beyond that again is seen in clear weather the mountain of Bukumarth, 10,660 feet high, its crown covered with snow. Opposite to Bunder Abbas is the island of Hormiz, once famous as the stopping-place of all ships trading in the gulf between the East and the West, now inhabited by some 400 fishermen. The Portuguese have left upon this island marks of their occupation in a well-built fortress of blue stone. Thermometer 90°. The submarine telegraph stations in the Persian Gulf are Fao, Bushire, Hengam, Jask, Guarder, and Kurrachee.

22*d.*—We had to wait yesterday at Bunder Abbas for the mails until 10 P.M., and at that hour both we and the *Euphrates* got under way: we for Muscat, and she bound up the gulf. We raced for half an hour, but the *Euphrates* is no match for the *Ethiopia*. Fine weather and smooth water ever since we left Bussorah. The heat increases, and in my cabin at this moment the thermometer stands at 91°.

24*th.*—We anchored at Muscat, on the coast of Arabia, yesterday at 8 A.M., and after breakfast went on shore and visited the ship's agent, whom we found down with dysentery; and, nevertheless, he refused to leave his post and come on board the *Ethiopia*, although told by the doctor that he would die if he did not leave Muscat. The heat was intense on shore, 105°, they said, in the shade. Bought some otto of roses, and a piece of cotton cloth made from brown cotton, and a piece of stuff for ladies' bands. Lunched with Major and Mrs Ross. Returned to the ship at five, and at 10 P.M.

we were again *en route:* it took us until that hour to embark eighty tons coal. The *Lynx* gunboat came into port an hour after us, and left again before us. There were some five-and-twenty ships in Muscat; three or four with rice from Calcutta, and almost all the others laid up until the south-west monsoon had passed over, when they would again commence running between Muscat and Bombay. The port of Muscat is a cove in the shape of a horse-shoe, three sides formed of very rugged cinder or clinker like serpentine hills, with deep water close to, unless at the landing-place, where there is a flat to some extent, upon which the town stands, many parts of which are in ruins. The bazaar is large, but very poor and miserable. The Residency seems a comfortable house, and perhaps the Imaum's may be so too. In the court-yard of the latter I saw a tame, maneless lion, loose, walking about. The respectable houses of Muscat may be counted upon your fingers. Over the door of the customhouse, a Portuguese building, is the date 1647. There are also three or four forts built by the Portuguese, to all appearance in a good state of repair.

24th.—Muscat, another small town close by, and Muthrah, also close alongside, the three together contain, more or less, some 20,000 inhabitants. They say the surrounding hills are not volcanic; nevertheless, they have all the appearance of being so. There is not a bit of anything green about them, though Muscat is well supplied with fruit, which all comes from a distance, some two or three days inland, and it is tolerably well supplied with vegetables also. It exports dates, ivory, gum, hides, cotton; and there is wheat sufficient for its own consumption grown in the neighbourhood. Lat. 23° 38′ N., and 58° 57′ E. long. Up to to-day we have had the water smooth; now, however, we are rolling a little, and shall doubtless continue to roll for the rest of the passage. Thermometer in my cabin at noon 90°.

26th.—Yesterday morning at eight o'clock we anchored off Guarder, about three miles from the landing-place on the beach; and as the postmaster and the agent of the Bombay Government were not expecting us to arrive before the 28th, the mails were not ready, and we were consequently detained waiting for them until 6 P.M. Guarder is situated on the

Persian side of the gulf, but is in the hands at present of the Sultan of Muscat, who only lately thrust out his brother and took possession of it himself. The town contains some 1500 inhabitants, principally Belochees, and is a telegraph station. Two young gentlemen from the station came off and passed the day on board the steamer. We embarked at Guarder two boat-loads of cargo, consisting of ghee, cotton, and sharks' fins. We found the *Lynx* here, and she left in search of the *Briton* a couple of hours after we anchored. Guarder is situated on a long strip of sand, open to the sea on both sides, and connected with high land at both ends, the whole forming a deep bay. It is 250 miles from Kurrachee, towards which port we are now bowling along, and ought to reach to-morrow morning at daylight. Weather fine, and somewhat cooler; 84° in my cabin last night, and this morning also when I got up. A little swell on. We have had fine weather ever since we left Bussorah; in fact, ever since we left Bagdad. Variable winds, never very strong, with the heat in the shade at noon always about 90°, sometimes a little higher, and in the night varying but slightly from 90°. June and July, they say, will be still warmer in the gulf.

27*th*, *Kurrachee.* — At 7 A.M. we crossed the bar and anchored in Kurrachee. Breakfasted at the travellers' bungalow, and then to the post-office, where I found letters from home. Arranged with Captain G.'s servant to accompany me to Lahore; wages twenty rupees a month, he finding himself in food, which of course he never did. Kurrachee—that is what they call the encampment—is good three miles from the port; it is a skeleton city to all intents and purposes, and upon a very large scale. The houses are all new built of sandstone. The roads—for really the houses are so far apart from each other they cannot be called streets—are macadamised, and in good repair. The only railroad yet is the one that runs to Kotree on the Indus, opposite to Hyderabad.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the Indus in steamer—Current six knots—Babool wood for fuel—Chattees or floats—Hotter than purgatory—Sea-fish come up to spawn—River three miles broad—Heat from sandstone hills like hot blast—Government revenue for fishing—Pallah fish—English *v.* natives; former should know better—Temperature 116°—Forests, herds of buffalo, sugar-cane—Villages miserable—Sukkur—Bungalows a delusion—Old minaret; legend; suicides from it—Indus flotilla laid up—116° under awning—Cotton—Birds—Passengers, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Parsees, Christians—Enjoy a bath in the river—Alligators—Enter the Punjaub—Lascar sailors—Scinde men and women—River four miles wide—Patience of the crew—Chenaub river—Date-palms—Change pilots daily; their mode of returning—Mouth of the Sutlege—Nine-knot current—Mooltan and Lahore Railway—Air laden with dust—Rail to Lahore—Observations on board steamer—Native crew looked upon as dirt by European officers—Officer's opinion of Lords Mayo and Northbrook outrageous—Unjust treatment keeps up bad feeling—The natives quiet and docile—Murree—Brutality towards the natives; may end in a universal outbreak—Hotel kept by a European—Disgusted, leave the public gardens, menagerie—Goojerat—Military station of Rawul Pindee—Murree hill station—Pleasant temperature—Mist—Kohala, first stage to Kashmir—Thunderstorm—Ilex, horse-chestnut, and walnut trees—Chuttar—Suspension bridge—Enter Kashmir—Timber floated down—Trees—Gorgeous butterflies—Himalayas—The Jhelum full of fish—Observations on the Jhelum—Ghurrée—Hard lines for coolies—Fine scenery—An aquatic Blondin—Travelling in Kashmir—Human flesh counts for little in India—Chicotée—Author dislikes the "quiet" of guide-books—Reflections—Dr Cumming's prophecies—Thúndalee—Rice and cotton grounds—Deep gullies and high hills—Road strewed with apricots—Fine views—Trees—Báramúla—Old Hindoo temple of Bhuniar—Sikh forts—Valley of Kashmir—Guide-books incorrect—Noisy Jhelum now placid—Take to boat—Wulla Lake—Country partially flooded—Horned cattle and horses—Noroo Canal—Shadipore—Sreenuggur.

28th May, on board steamer on the Indus.—Last night at 9.30 I left Kurrachee by rail for Kotree, distant 105 miles, and at 7 A.M. got to the end of my journey; so that, including stoppages, we travelled on this Scinde railway about as fast as a good horse could trot—a little over eleven miles an hour. So far as I could see as we moved along, the country we passed through was nearly, if not quite, dry and barren. The train took us within five minutes' walk of the steamer, so I was not long in getting on board; and about 8 A.M. we got under way, with a laden barge lashed on each side. The river is very much swollen, and though we may be going along ten knots through the water, we are not progressing more than four over the ground. Already we have passed some parts in which the river is three miles wide. The line

of steamers and the line of railway belong to the same company. The banks of the river are low and uninteresting, but few buildings seen from the steamer's deck, and a good deal of jungle, and in places forests of the babool-tree, which supplies fuel for the steamers. Men floating down-stream upon chattees fishing, carrying in their hands a long pole with a net attached to it, seem to be a specialty of the Indus. The thermometer over my head, underneath a triple awning, where I am now writing, stands at 100°, and still the heat is not oppressive. I shall begin to believe soon that we may get used to anything; and perhaps there is more truth than is generally believed in the saying that eels don't suffer on being skinned. All through the Persian Gulf the thermometer was rarely below 90°, and often above it; and should the heat go on increasing as we proceed up the river—and which I am assured it will do—why, I trust that none of my Roman Catholic friends will think of spending a single shilling to release my soul from purgatory, for I feel sure that I shall rather like the heat there, and be loth to leave it. I find myself again the only cabin passenger, as I was on board the *City of London* from Bagdad, and the *Ethiopia* from Bussorah. This is a powerful little paddle-wheel boat, 120 horse-power engines, and drawing only 3½ feet of water, and about 155 feet long. I am told we may be twenty days in reaching Sher Shah, and there we take the rail for Mooltan and Lahore. It seems a long time to be confined to this little craft.

29th.—My second day on board. Slept last night on deck, and pretty comfortably. We made fast at 6 P.M. yesterday, and could not have done more than twenty-five miles of the more than 570 that divide Kotree from Sher Shah. This morning we were under way at 5 A.M. up to noon; we have been making an average of four miles an hour. There is a breeze blowing which makes the heat bearable, though the thermometer under the awning has gone up to 105°; when I turned out at 5 A.M. it was standing at 86°. The current must be running in places eight knots, and there are many snags showing themselves above water. The banks are very low, very sandy, and very uninteresting. With the exception of a few country craft proceeding some

up and some down the river, there is nothing to enliven it; neither bird, beast, nor fish to be seen. At this time of the year these country craft take two to three months between Kotree and Sher Shah. The heat in the cabin is very bearable, particularly when the skipper is lying asleep on the table, as it is then, and then only (unless during meal-time), that the punka is kept at work. The mosquitoes, too, are troublesome, and bite hard. Another disagreeable is being obliged to keep the cabin bull's-eyes closed, for were they open we should be subject to an occasional inundation, so low is this boat in the water, and such a bobbery does she keep up in forcing herself along, hampered by the two barges, one on each side, laden with cargo.

A very fine salt-water fish is taken in the Indus at this season; they evidently come up to spawn, for any that I have seen on the table have been full of roe.

30*th.*—We made fast to the bank at 5 P.M. yesterday, close to one of our stations for taking in wood. Our progress yesterday must have been about forty miles. I paid a visit to a large native village, Majenda, close at hand, where I bought some mangoes. The reflected heat from the sand on shore was stifling. As night drew on, the atmosphere became cooler, though we suffered dreadfully from a hot wind, accompanied by clouds of dust; later on, we were enabled to take up our position on deck, and so we managed to pass the night comfortably enough. This morning we were under way at five o'clock, and have, I think, up to now (noon), been making fair progress. There is a strong breeze aft, which helps us somewhat, and more so still the numerous boats which are near us, also bound up-stream. They advance faster than one would imagine, but they have the advantage of us, by being able to pass up in very shallow water, where their big sail is assisted by half-a-dozen men tracking. We, on the contrary, are obliged to keep in the deepest part, and have often to pass from one side of the river to the other, where it may be three miles broad, to keep in the constantly-changing channel. The thermometer under the awning to-day marks 108°, so that we walk the deck in an atmosphere fairly heated. In the cabin, under the punka, and somewhat below the line of

water rushing past, it stands at 93°. On deck at 5 A.M., when I got up, it was standing under the awning at 86°, and it felt then delightfully cool and pleasant. We are now close upon a line of sandstone hills, which come right down upon the river; and the heat from them, they say, will be so great, that should we not succeed in passing beyond them before we tie up for the night, it will be good-bye to all sleep for us.

31*st.*—The latter part of yesterday was unsettled weather, squally, and the wind changeable, with a couple of light showers of rain. The river had risen, it seems, yesterday, about two inches, and had become in places more rapid; and the end of all this was, that night overtook us a few miles below Schwan, and we consequently made fast to the bank at 7 P.M. We must have made about forty miles in the seventeen hours we had been steaming. The wind came off to us from the heated sands like the hot blast of a furnace, and kept the thermometer under the awning to upwards of 100°, to which it dropped at 8 P.M.; and when I got up this morning at 4 A.M., it stood at 84°. It is now 11 A.M., and it marks 108°, and in the cabin under the punka 96°—a very bearable heat, were it not for the mosquitoes, which are a great plague to us. Last night there was no breeze, and the heat on deck quite drove away sleep. The skipper had a punka going all night over him, and in this way he takes precious good care of himself. At six we drew up at Schwan, and took on board firewood, and left again at eight o'clock, and have since been making pretty fair progress. The Government, it seems, gets a revenue from the fishery on this river. The principal fish taken is the *pallah;* it comes into the river from the sea about February, and is caught as high up as Sukkur, and even beyond sometimes, upwards of five hundred miles from the mouth of the Indus. The manner of taking this fish is peculiar. The fisherman, armed with a net attached to a pole perhaps twenty feet long, embarks on a chattee or huge earthen vessel, and makes his way into the middle of the stream, laying his body across the chattee, with his stomach closing the mouth of it. In this shape he floats down-stream, with his net thrust down close to the bottom. The *pallah* is always caught swimming against the

stream, and when the fisherman finds that a fish comes in contact with his net, he draws a string which closes the mouth of the net, and then draws it up, takes out the fish, and after killing it by running a sharp piece of iron through its heart, he places it in his chattee, and then goes on with his fishing. It is curious to see these fishermen following their avocation, floating down the stream, sometimes a dozen or more of them in a line, a hundred yards or so apart. The river is apportioned out to them, I am told, into about four-mile lengths. The skipper and mate of this craft complain more of the heat than I do, which should not be, seeing that the latter has been eight years on the river, and the former thirteen; but so it is, nevertheless. They are both of them of that class that do their utmost to keep up an antagonistic feeling between the Englishman and the native—a class, I am afraid, too common in India—never speaking of them, or even to them, but as niggers or brutes, considering them as a conquered people, and that they should be treated as a conquered people were treated 2000 years ago, and kept in order by the lash and the bullet; and with all this they complain of a want of gratitude and respect to them on the part of the natives!

June 1st.—Yesterday afternoon I went on deck, and found the thermometer under the awning standing at 116°, with a strong breeze heated up to that point coming off from the sandy flat we were passing. It felt like a blast from the open mouth of a red-hot furnace. The blast after awhile died away, and the wind shifted to a light breeze from the opposite quarter, which brought the glass down in one hour to 110°; and such was the effect of the sudden fall of six degrees, that I felt the 110° temperature to be delightful; and, at the time, thought I should never like to see it any lower. As the squalls shifted, so the glass rose or fell between the hours of three and eight o'clock, and at bedtime it had settled down to 102°. When I turned out at 5 A.M. to-day, it stood at 86°, and now, at noon, it marks 112°. We made fast to the bank last evening at 5.30, and took in a good lot of wood. Whilst we were fast at the bank, some fifty country sailing craft, with enormous lateen sails, passed us, bound upwards, at the rate over the ground of at least

three miles an hour, with a breeze of wind we could scarcely feel. These craft quite skim the surface, though some of them may be nearly, if not quite, a hundred tons burthen, and sail, consequently, very fast. We were under way at 4.30 A.M., and have been making good way ever since. Yesterday we could hardly have made twenty miles, and at one time, for an hour or more, we appeared to be fairly standing still, though we were going through the water at the time good nine knots. The two laden barges we have alongside must be, one a hundred tons, and the other eighty.

2*d.*—Forests of the babool-tree and herds of buffalo on the river banks. A porpoise is the only fish I have seen. We arrived at our station at 5.30 P.M. yesterday, where we made fast and wooded, having done a good day's work, about forty miles. We were close alongside a village and some signs of cultivation, a patch of sugar-cane, and some water-melons; a pair of bullocks, too, were employed raising water for irrigating. Fowls and eggs were brought down for sale; 6d. apiece was demanded for the former, and 4d. a dozen for the latter. A dozen fishermen were collected here, and went off in a line on a fishing excursion, some with chattees, and others with large calabashes, to float upon. At bedtime the thermometer stood at 102°, and at 90° when I got up at 5 A.M.; now, at 10 A.M., it marks 109°. There is but little wind, scarcely more than that caused by the vessel going through the water at the rate of nine knots an hour, with two heavy barges in tow, and not more than four knots over the ground.

3*d.*—We stopped at 3 P.M. yesterday, and took in 400 maunds of wood, one hour's work, and then went on again until we stopped for the night at 7 P.M. We must have made a good day's work yesterday, fifty miles I should think. There is but little variation in the scenery: very low banks, even swampy in places, and thickly covered with young tamarisk-trees (jowh) and acacia (babool); the villages are of the most miserable kind, but more numerous—a slight framework of poles, roughly covered over with straw, and nothing more. Since we left Kotree, I have had to chronicle one slight disturbance in the weather, and that of very short duration; with this single exception, it has been fine through-

out. When I rose from the deck this morning, the thermometer stood at 84°; by ten o'clock it had got up to 108°, and now it marks 112°. We were under way at 4.30 this morning, and hope to reach Sukkur pretty early to-morrow. Sukkur is good half-way between Kotree and Sher Shah. As we have cargo for Sukkur, we may possibly be kept there for two days.

4*th.*—Stopped at 3 P.M. yesterday and took in wood, and then went on again until 8.30, when we hauled alongside the bank for the night. We were away at four this morning. The night was cool, and the thermometer at 5 A.M. was down to 80°; by ten it was standing at 112°. We then stopped and took in 200 maunds of wood. It costs fifteen to eighteen rupees per hundred maunds of 80 lbs. each, which will be as much as we shall require to take us to Sukkur, about twenty miles distant.

5*th, Sukkur.*—We arrived here at 6 P.M., and we were no sooner fairly made fast than I went on shore with the notion of getting a comfortable dinner and passing a quiet night at the travellers' bungalow; but I was disappointed, for the travellers' bungalow turned out to be without anything to eat. Neither was there a cook or utensils for cooking, not even a stretcher to lie down upon; so there was nothing for it but to return to the steamer, and I was fortunately in time for dinner. I passed the night comfortably enough on deck, my old quarters. This morning went to the bazaar before breakfast, and bought some thin stuff, and left it with a tailor to be made into trousers and *pajamas*, and then visited the minaret, the only one here, and to which a legend is attached. The minaret is centuries old, and was built, they say, by a lover who was called upon to do something to immortalise himself before his loved one could be induced to look favourably upon his pretensions. The minaret finished, the pair ascended to the top, when, as the story goes, the fair one said jocularly to her lover, "You dare not jump off this minaret, now that you have built it!" She had no sooner spoken than he took the fatal leap, and was of course instantly killed, for the minaret must be 100 feet high. I think they say that the fair one, horrified by the fate of her lover, followed his example, and, like him,

was crushed to pieces on the rock beneath. Whether this story has anything to do with it or not, certain it is that more than one person has lately committed suicide by jumping from the top of the minaret, and the Government have consequently shut up the entrance to the steps that lead to it.

Sukkur is a stone-built town, with tolerably clean streets, and an extensive flight of stone steps leading from the river up to the bund, and upon which there are some very fine mango and other trees. Sukkur contains, they say, some 10,000 inhabitants; among them is a good sprinkling of Europeans. On the opposite side of the river, the left bank, is Roree, and on a rock in the middle of it is a fortress. Here it is proposed to build a bridge, and to proceed with the railway on the left bank to Mooltan. The railway which is to connect Sukkur with Sher Shah up the river, and with Kotree down the stream, is being now actively proceeded with. The Government Indus flotilla, consisting of some half-dozen iron steamers, is now laid up here, their ultimate fate still undecided.

6th.—We remained at Sukkur until this morning, and at 5 P.M. made a fresh start *en route* for Mooltan. We landed a few tons of cargo at Sukkur, and received a few packages for Mooltan, and one passenger. The weather was very hot yesterday, 116° under the awning. As we steamed through the Sukkur Pass, in which the river is compressed between the island and Roree, where the current frequently runs so strong that steamers have difficulty in stemming it, we came in sight of the entrance gates of the Sukkur Canal, on the right bank of the river—a gigantic work, by which a great extent of country is brought under cultivation; and on the opposite side, on the left bank of the river, we could see the entrance of the Nurra, deepened by canalisation, also carrying a large body of water. Sukkur, and everywhere about it for a few square miles, is limestone rock; and Roree on the left, and Sukkur on the right bank, with an old fortress of considerable extent on one island, and a well-preserved ruin of an ancient nunnery on another, make together a good picture; but you soon lose it, for you are hardly well through the pass when you come to low banks, all alluvial.

7th.—We hauled alongside the bank at six last evening at Roda station, and took on board sufficient wood for this day's work. There is a large patch of cotton growing here. At 2 P.M. the thermometer stood at 114°. The first part of the night was very hot, and it was not until towards morning, when a fresh breeze, moderately cool, sprang up, that I could get any sleep. At 4.30 this morning we were off, and at nine stopped and communicated with the steamer *Indus* bound down-stream. Birds numerous, and terrapin plentiful on the banks. Temperature at 5 A.M. 86°, and now (2 P.M.) 110°. No change in the appearance of the river banks—low everywhere, and with but little cultivation.

8th.—Did not reach the regular wood station, but stopped at 6.30 for the night. No breeze to cool the air for us, as we lay on the deck in vain courting sleep until four o'clock this morning, when the bustle consequent on getting under way, and the washing of decks, obliged us to turn out. At 5 A.M. the temperature was 86°. At 6.30 we reached our wood station, and here we found a few better sorts of huts than we had met with elsewhere. As the shore was convenient for the purpose, all our deck passengers, male and female, took to bathing, the women moving away from the men a hundred yards or so. The bathers seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly in the water, and one bald-headed gourmand revelled in the luxury of smoking his hubble-bubble with the water up to his chin. Among the women was a young bride, whom her friends seemed to take especial pleasure in washing. The passengers consist of an admixture of Mussulmans, Hindoos, Parsees, and Christians. We have been an hour and a half occupied in taking on board 500 maunds of wood, and we are now under way again. 10 A.M., 102°.

9th.—From noon yesterday up to the time of stopping for the night we encountered a strong current, so strong at times that we were enabled to do little more than hold our own against it, and were driven at last to haul alongside the bank so far from our wood station that it has taken us five hours this morning to reach it. The river is very wide here, and full of shallows, and the banks are but a trifle above the surface of the stream. We passed the mouth of one canal, which carries a large body of water into the desert, by which,

I am told, some thirty miles of country, as the crow flies, are already benefited. Numbers of alligators on a long shallow close to which we have passed this morning. At 5 A.M., 86°; now at ten, 96°. We are now alongside the bank taking in wood to last us until to-night, when we hope we may have arrived at the next station; but this is doubtful. We have now reached the commencement of the Punjaub, having hitherto been travelling by the river boundary of the Scinde territory.

10*th.*—We did not arrive at the wood station last night, as we had hoped to do, though we steamed on until eight o'clock. We had to bring up some four or five miles before we came to it. The night was moderately cool, and I passed it comfortably enough, though we had little or no breeze to help us. At five this morning, half an hour after we got under way, the thermometer marked 84°; at 10 A.M. it stood at 98°, and now it is at 108°. We reached the wood station at 7 A.M., and took on board 400 maunds. We come in sight of huts occasionally, and large herds of buffalo. The banks of the river low and very uninteresting, as I feel that this diary is. Hardly any cultivation.

The sailors or lascars of this craft get thirteen rupees a month, and for each of them five rupees a month is handed to the tindal, who provides the mess—a pound of meat a day for each man, besides dried fish, onions, ghee, rice, and other small matters. They are well fed, and the tindal is believed, nevertheless, to pocket out of the whole affair something like twenty rupees a month. Including the firemen and engineers, the crew of this craft numbers thirty men. In doing their work, they seem always to be six upon four, huddled together one upon top of the other; and it is not unusual to see a fellow stop in the midst of washing decks, put the bucket to his mouth, and deliberately wash his teeth, an operation in the performance of which they are mighty particular; and beautiful teeth they invariably have; and if you see a score of them standing together, you might be sure that nineteen of them are showing their teeth. We have hardly a native in this boat the features of whose face are not regular, and in many cases handsome, and whose carriage is not good. In their persons, these

Scinde men are very cleanly; pretty nearly all Mussulmans, though I am told there are a few Hindoos among them. We have half-a-dozen women on board, whose fingers and arms are loaded with rings, their legs with heavy silver anklets, and their ears and noses with rings also; even a little girl of four years old is rigged out with a profusion of all these ornaments. Most of the men, too, wear earrings.

11*th.*—About 5.30 P.M. yesterday we got aground on a sandbank in the middle of the river, which is here good four miles wide; and after running out a couple of anchors, and making some puny efforts to get off, we relinquished the attempt for the night; and ever since daybreak this morning—and it is now noon—we have been endeavouring to move, but so far unsuccessfully. The heat is very trying, standing still as we are, though the night was pretty cool. Thermometer at 5 A.M. 85°, at ten 96°, and now at noon 100°. At 2 P.M. we are on our way again, which is more than I expected. The current of five miles an hour, which is running here, makes it very troublesome work laying out anchors, an operation performed entirely by the natives, under the management of the native serang. Neither the skipper nor the mate chose to expose themselves in the boats under such a sun as we have here now. The fellows have worked in the boats ever since daylight, eleven hours, without eating anything, and without a grumble, though they have been very considerably bullied.

12*th.*—We passed last night alongside the bank comfortably enough, having hauled up at 6.30. This morning we were under way at 4 A.M. or a little after, and by nine we were again brought up at a station where we spent hard on a couple of hours taking on board 700 maunds of wood. We consumed nearly all we had on board when we grounded, for we were obliged to keep up steam to a certain point in case of emergency, even when we were immovably aground; so that our reserve stock in the bunkers, which had not been touched before from the time of leaving Kotree, had to be appealed to, and had become somewhat low. At about 8 A.M. we passed Mittum Koti, and almost immediately afterwards the old mouth of the Indus, or what had been the mouth of the Indus only a year before, when it became silted up, and

the river then broke through into the Chenaub some four miles higher up. The Chenaub is still a wide river, but with less current than we have lately experienced in the Indus. The banks show more signs of cultivation. At 5 A.M. 85°, at ten 102°; a strong breeze blowing right aft, which makes it pleasant on deck, though the puffs occasionally come off-shore pretty warm.

13*th.*—There are some date-palms now on the banks of the Chenaub, which are more enlivening to look at than the jowh (or tamarisk) and the tiger-grass, which has been pretty nearly all but constant ever since we left Kotree. The Chenaub, though not so wide as the Indus, is still a considerable stream. We have been on a sandbank to-day, but got off without much trouble. We brought up at a wood station at 7.30 last evening, where we embarked 600 maunds of wood, and remained there until 4.30 this morning; and although we have been once aground since, we have, on the whole, made good way, favoured by a strong breeze from S.W. One of the river craft passed us yesterday afternoon bound for Mooltan, almost as if we had been at anchor, and by this time must be fifty miles ahead of us, for she would run all night. Our pilot (for we change pilots every day) left us yesterday afternoon on a goat-skin; he had twenty miles to return to his home down-stream. The goat-skin was tied by the legs round the pilot's thighs, the throat held in his hand until fully inflated; he then dropped over the stern of the barge into the river, and was soon out of sight. On his head he carried all his kit, and was swept down-stream at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The river is pretty full of alligators, but it would seem they do not meddle with men in the water; they must be good-natured fellows of their species, these alligators, for in Central America you have only to tumble into Lake Nicaragua, or some other lake or river, and you get snapped up in a moment. At noon to-day we passed the mouth of the Sutlege, leaving it on our right hand. Thermometer at 5 A.M. 86°, at ten 102°. The strong breeze tempers the heat, or at any rate makes it more bearable; at 2 P.M. 104°. This is my seventeenth day on board. We hope to run on until nearly eight o'clock this

evening; and if so, we shall have made a good day's work, and may possibly reach Sher Shah to-morrow evening.

14*th*.—We had a strong current against us yesterday, and were consequently obliged to bring up at the bank before reaching the wood station, for we could not see our way after 6.30. The night was tolerably cool—that is, after eleven o'clock, for the breeze did not spring up until after that hour. This morning at 4.30 we were away again, and at six stopped at a wood station, and took on board 400 maunds. We are now (10 A.M.) fighting a hard battle with a current that sometimes gets the better of us; and when this happens, it must be running nine knots, for we ourselves, when the wood is good, are generally making way through the water at about that rate. The river has risen considerably, and in many places has overflown its banks. Our pilot left us at the wood station, and went off as usual on his inflated skin. It would take him, he said, about seven hours to reach his home. The thermometer stood at 92° at five this morning, and now, at ten, it marks 100°.

15*th*, *Sher Shah*.—We reached this terminus of the Mooltan and Lahore Railway at 9.30 this morning, just in time to miss the only daily train that runs to Mooltan from Sher Shah, a distance of eleven miles; so, unless we can get the station-master to send us on by trollies, we shall have to remain here until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. There are two or three huts at this station, and nothing more. The railway station, although a rail extends to the landing-place, is a mile and a half distant. Although the thermometer did not get beyond 100° last night, or not quite so high perhaps—for this morning at five it marked only 92°—the night was most oppressive, for there was not a breath of air stirring, and it was certainly the most uncomfortable night I have passed on board this craft. This travelling on the Indus and Chenaub in the summer months is very tiresome, for we have been coming from Kotree, a distance of about 575 miles, not counting the day we remained at Sukkur, eighteen days. The heat has been excessive, averaging 100° in the twenty-four hours during the whole nineteen days. For the last two days the banks of the Chenaub have been all but overflowing everywhere. This steamer is but a tug-boat, and though

her accommodation is well enough, yet the fact of her having to bring along two large flats, with cargo and passengers, makes her very uncomfortable. What with the tremendous noise caused by the three craft driven through the water against a current sometimes running nearly nine knots, and certainly averaging six, by a bit of a boat working up to four or five hundred horse-power, and constantly getting aground, or jamming up against the banks; and, worse than all perhaps, the blowing off the boiler's steam half-a-dozen times a day,—I say, with the uproar caused by all this, the making a passage in one of these boats is anything but a pleasant operation. From the first I have looked upon my trip on the Indus as purely penitential, and as such I have borne its inconveniences without a murmur. As far as Sukkur I was the only passenger, eight days; at Sukkur another came on board, on his way to Simlah; and higher up the river, at Mittum Koti, we were joined by a gentleman connected with the opium department, who had been travelling in the Punjaub on a special mission.

17*th*, *Lahore*.—On the 15th we were all day at Sher Shah, having arrived, as I said before, about an hour after the train had started. The weather was extraordinarily close and hot; no air stirring, and the atmosphere filled with an impalpable dust, which prevented one from seeing any object clearly and distinctly even at a few yards' distance, and bounding the vision completely beyond a couple of hundred yards or thereabouts. This state of things continued up to early this morning, when the atmosphere cleared as we neared the Lahore terminus. For two days we never had a glimpse of the sun, though there was not a cloud (a vapoury cloud) in the sky. I am told that this sort of weather usually lasts more or less in Mooltan in summer for three or four months on a stretch. How people manage to live, breathing such an atmosphere, loaded with dust, for so long a time, is difficult to understand. We reached Sher Shah at 8.45 yesterday morning, and it took us three-quarters of an hour to get to Mooltan, a distance of only eleven miles. At Mooltan we went to the *dak* bungalow, whence we essayed, after getting breakfast, to take a look at the city; but the heat was so stifling, and the atmosphere so laden with fine dust, that we

were fain to get under cover again as quickly as possible. At 4.50 P.M. we started by train for Lahore (208 miles), and reached the city at 5.30 this morning, more than twelve hours—a miserable pace for a steam-rail. My first visit, after enjoying the luxury of a cool-water bath (for on board the steamer on the Indus the water was always superlatively warm), was to the post-office, where I found a budget of letters. The whole distance between Mooltan and Lahore, so far as we could see from the train, was a desert, or say a sandy desert with a sprinkling of stunted trees here and there, and as flat as the palm of your hand; a ride through a more uninteresting country it would be difficult to imagine.

I do not regret my trip up the Indus; there was excitement in it. The efforts made by our little steamer to force her way against the current, at times almost too much for her, lugging along, as she had to do, two laden flats heavier than herself, which could not be relaxed for a moment; constantly crossing and recrossing the stream to keep in the proper channel, which was always shifting; stopping frequently twice a day to take in wood; the constant surveillance necessary to keep the craft from running aground; stopping the engines a dozen times a day without any warning to clear the feeding-pipe, which was constantly getting choked by rubbish floating down the rapid stream, or to blow off the boilers; the coming and going of our pilot on his inflated goat-skin, which happened every day; the peculiar mode of fishing for pallah followed by the natives; large country boats passing up and down stream; an occasional alligator or a porpoise showing up for our amusement; the alluvial banks of the river tumbling in by tons at a time, washed away by the angry swollen stream, carrying with it sometimes large trees, and occasionally the fragile native huts: all these things kept us constantly on the alert. Then, again, it was amusing to stroll about on the deck of the large flat, where, formed into little parties, were a hundred and odd passengers, Christians, Parsees, Mussulmans, and Hindoos, men, women, and children; in fact, there was no lack of excitement on board our little boat. The manner in which the officers of the steamer treated the crew and native passengers could not but draw

constant attention: they never spoke to them or of them, either before their faces or behind their backs, but as brutes, savages, or niggers; and a day never passed that there was not kicking and cuffing going on. A word otherwise than in a savage tone I never heard addressed by an officer to a man all the time I was on board. The men on every and on all occasions were treated by the officers as dirt under their feet; and in so coarse a manner, in fact, that I used to feel ashamed these men were my countrymen. One day, at the dinner-table, when I was the only passenger, the skipper and the mate were abusing the natives generally for their want of gratitude and good feeling towards them, calling them at the same time by the most opprobrious and degrading names. After dinner, when the servants had left the cabin, I said to the first officer, "Do these native servants, who all understand English, and before whom you have been talking in such unmeasured terms of abuse of the natives generally, identify themselves with you as apart from their countrymen, or do they consider themselves as part and portion of the people you have been abusing?" "Of course," he said laughingly, "the brutes identify themselves with their own people." I then suggested that perhaps it might be unwise to talk before these servants, knowing, as he must, that they would certainly repeat to every one of the 150 natives on board the steamer, and possibly in a very exaggerated form, everything that had been said at the table. Was it not, I asked him, unnatural to expect gratitude (gratitude for what?) and good feeling from people whom he abused on all occasions in such unmeasured terms—whom he treated as dirt under his feet; men to whom he never spoke but in a tone that showed he considered them as mere filth, unworthy of any but the grossest treatment? This way of looking at the matter seemed to be something quite new to him, and quite strange also. It had never entered his mind that these natives should be treated, or had any right to be treated, otherwise than as dogs, or, as he was fond of calling them, a conquered people. It must also be borne in mind that this behaviour of the officers towards the natives is not exceptional, but, on the contrary, is more or less a fair sample of the manner in which the natives are treated by Englishmen employed on

board vessels in the Indian coasting trade. The great bulk of these Englishmen are prejudiced, if not ignorant; and those among them who have been long in the trade have had it, I am afraid, instilled into them that the natives must be coerced, must be kept down by rigorous treatment—must, in fact, be made to feel on all occasions his positive inferiority to the race who rule him. This class of Englishmen possess great power for doing harm in India. In their occupations they mix up more freely with natives than men in higher positions do; and I believe it is these men more than any others who, by their unjust treatment of the natives, keep up the bad feeling that exists, and render abortive the honest endeavours of such men as Lord Mayo to bring about contentment in the country, and something like a feeling of confidence in the breast of the native. I don't believe there is any other people in the world who would bear so patiently such ill-treatment as these natives do. On board this steamer there were 150 natives to half-a-dozen Englishmen; how is it, then, I have often thought, that the 150 allow themselves to be abused to the extent they do by the half-dozen Englishmen? How is it that instances of mutiny among them are not more frequent than they are? How is it they don't rise at night, and throw these half-dozen petty tyrants into the sea? If they at all resembled the picture drawn of them by their oppressors, they would do so, for under such circumstances men seldom calculate consequences. The fact is, the natives generally are the quietest, the most docile, and the most easily-governed people under the sun. Who that considers the relative numbers of the governors and the governed in India can come to any other conclusion?

24*th*, *Murree.*—The first thing I saw, on sallying out for a walk from the hotel this morning, was an exhibition of power which position gives over thorough helplessness—a young fellow, of whom there are many here just now, beating a native servant, who neither murmured nor resisted. Now here you have an instance of the brutality of an educated class. How is it, I ask myself, that all these young fellows—and I am afraid a good many of the old fellows too—in their treatment of natives, are just as brutal as the uneducated seafaring Englishman in the Indian coasting trade? In their

intercourse with the native servants, the manner in which they address them, the tone and the language they use towards them, all is designed to impress upon the native his positive inferiority; that he is, in fact, a slave in all respects but the name to his proud conquerors. How is it, I ask, that the educated Englishman—sons, for the most part, of our own aristocracy, who in England have, perhaps, never dared to raise a hand against a man in an inferior position of life to themselves—should hardly have arrived in India when he at once takes to kicking and cuffing the natives? Does he adopt the habit because it gives him pleasure, and knowing that he can generally indulge in it without the risk of retaliation? One would really suppose that these young fellows, had the thing been possible, in place of being Englishmen, who had been living, up to the time of leaving home, in a country where the poor man is at any rate as safe from corporeal ill-treatment as the wealthiest individual in the land, had spent their youth upon the sugar estates of Jamaica, or on the cotton lands of the Southern States of America, before the curse of slavery was abolished in both places. Be this as it may, we have the broad fact before us, that our countrymen in India, filling subordinate positions in every station of life, civil as well as military, treat the natives generally as dirt under their feet, and never lose an opportunity of impressing upon them by word or deed their thorough inferiority in the scale of human beings. There was one observation I could not help making to myself on board the steamer on the Indus, that the half-dozen Europeans on board were all pudding-faced, slouching fellows, whilst almost every individual of the Scinde and Punjaub crew were well-grown men, with handsome features and a noble carriage; and yet these hundred men permitted themselves to be lorded over, to be called by the names most hateful to them, and to be kicked and cuffed, by these half-dozen ordinary-looking Englishmen, without daring to resist. These Indians surely must be something more than human beings, or something very much less, if such treatment as is meted out to them should not sow the seeds of deep and lasting hatred to their rulers generally, which it needs not be a prophet to foretell must some day or other, when a favourable opportunity presents

itself, bear the fruit of a universal outbreak. Doubtless the present policy of the Indian Government is exercised in the direction of protection to the masses from the oppression of the few, but it is more than probable that the brutal conduct of the Europeans filling inferior positions in India will go a long way towards neutralising that policy.

On my arrival at Lahore, I went to the Royal Victoria Hotel, and which I was glad to leave again the next day. It is managed, or mismanaged, by an Englishman, who, like most of our countrymen in India who pretend to keep hotels, I found was much too great a man to look after his hotel, or in any way to attend to the wants of his visitors: so I returned next day to the *dak* bungalow, where I had been for an hour on my first arrival, and there joined my fellow-passenger by steamer and railway; with him, too, I visited the public gardens, and the Montgomery and Lawrence Halls: the former, which cost £20,000 only a few years ago, is now being pulled down in consequence of a serious settlement produced by permitting a small canal to be brought too close in passing one end of the building. The public gardens have been very creditably got up, and are kept in good order. There is a menagerie attached to the gardens; but really the heat was so great when I visited it, that the birds and beasts were all panting for breath, and in their own minds apparently pining after the freedom of natural life in the forest. There was one animal, however, who was rationally employed in mitigation of his misery, and that was a large black bear located at the bottom of a deep well, but with a very scanty supply of water: here Bruin was occupied, as he stretched himself out in his shallow bath, in splashing himself with water, using one of his forepaws for the purpose, and in turning over occasionally, that both sides might be served alike. Evidently Mr Bear understood how to make the most of a bad position.

On the 21st I hired a Government conveyance, a sort of van with accommodation for two inside and two outside passengers; but, to be able to carry my luggage with me, I hired the whole of the van, for which I paid R.70.8 to Rawul Pindee, distant 170 miles. Soon after leaving Lahore, at 5 P.M., we crossed the river Ravee by a bridge of boats, and at

daylight next morning we were ferried across the Chenaub and the Wuzerabad, and landed at Goojerat. At noon we reached Jhelum, after first crossing the river in a ferryboat; and there we remained until 6 P.M., when we again got under way, and reached the very extensive military station of Rawul Pindee at six in the morning. Here I abandoned the van and got breakfast, and at nine left in another Government conveyance, a sort of dogcart drawn by a pair of horses, with a covering against sun and rain, for this hill station, Murree, where I arrived at two o'clock, distance forty miles. I experienced considerable delay in finding a place to put up at, but ultimately succeeded in getting a room at Powell's Hotel, where I am now enjoying the change from Lahore temperature, ranging between 90° and 100°, to Murree temperature, between 70° and 80°.

The road all the way from Lahore to Rawul Pindee is good and nearly level, until the Jhelum river is neared, when it becomes slightly hilly and through a rough country. The cultivation is nowhere extensive on the whole route. Starting from Rawul Pindee, until you come to the foot of the hills, you travel at a rapid pace, over a road than which there is none better in England; and indeed the whole road to Murree is very good. Ever since I arrived here the place has been enveloped in mist, and the highly-vaunted scenery of the Himalayan Mountains has been yet unseen by me, though I have been more than twenty-four hours in its midst. It put me in mind of what I once encountered at St Johns, New Brunswick, where I remained three days immersed in a fog, which during that time prevented me from seeing quite across the principal street. The houses, pretty villas for the most part, are dotted over a large extent of hills completely covered with trees, so thick that the excellent roads running in every direction are entirely hidden, and apparently the houses seem to be perched among the trees in inaccessible places; but this is not the case, for there is a good path, if not a carriage-drive, leading to every house in Murree.

27*th*, *Kohala.*—At 7 A.M. I left Powell's Hotel, at Murree, on horseback, with my man Antonio on a mule, our luggage being carried by five coolies, to whom I have paid eight annas, or 1s. each, for bringing it twenty-one miles, and I

am not quite sure that I have not paid them an anna each more than they were entitled to. For my horse I paid Mr Powell four rupees, and for the mule one rupee; this is for the first stage from Murree towards Kashmir, twenty-one miles. In future the charge for a horse will be eight annas a stage or march, from bungalow to bungalow, average distance about twelve miles, until we reach Sreenuggur.

I breakfasted at Dawul, twelve miles from Murree and ten from Kohala. There is a good *dak* bungalow at Dawul, and here also there is one, prettily situated among the mountains, thickly clad with trees, and just above the rapid river Jhelum, which is the boundary here between our territory and that of the Rajah of Kashmir. I arrived here at 2 P.M.; Antonio, with the coolies, did not show up until past four o'clock.

The ride from Dawul.—The road is good all the way from Murree to the Jhelum, a descent in the twenty-one miles of about 4000 feet. This place, according to my aneroid, is about 3100 feet above the sea, and Murree is about 7300 feet. Soon after I got under cover here, it began to thunder, and so continued very heavily, accompanied by much forked lightning, for somewhat more than three hours. At first the thunder came with a dust-storm, and finished up with a deluge of rain. The road from Murree to Dawul is through forest for the most part: ilex, horse-chestnut, and walnut predominate. For the last three miles the road runs along by the right bank of the Jhelum; and a mile and a half before reaching this bungalow, it crosses by a pretty little suspension bridge a mountain stream which enters the Jhelum at right angles. The mist of Murree still continues, and so far I have had no glimpse of the distant Himalayas. It is warm, the thermometer standing after the rain at 91°.

28*th*, *Chuttar.*—This place consists of half-a-dozen peasants' cottages, and a *dak* bungalow, a two-story stone building, affording no accommodation beyond a couple of stretchers, a couple of chairs, and two tables. It contains, in all, six good-sized rooms, and is surrounded by a balcony up-stairs and down. The place is in charge of a *thekadar*, who supplies travellers with chickens, eggs, and milk, brought from the village, but nothing beyond. The village and the bungalow

stand upon a plateau about 3100 feet above the sea, overlooking the Jhelum, and at an angle of the bed of a mountain torrent which runs into the Jhelum; but there is no water to speak of in it at present. The plateau must be 500 feet above the river. The distance from Kohala to Chuttar is set down at eleven miles. On leaving the bungalow at Kohala, five minutes' walk up-stream brought us to a neat suspension bridge spanning the river, and over which we entered into the territory of the Maharajah of Kashmir. The Jhelum is about seventy-five yards broad at the bridge, and, so far as I have seen of it, retains about the same width for many miles up and down stream from Kohala. It is deep and rapid, and now very muddy, the surface of it being half covered with logs of timber floating down, each on its own account, to the several depots. How these logs discover their own particular depot, I can't tell; they certainly all seem pretty lively as they float down-stream, but they are hardly sharp enough, I should think, to distinguish between their own and their neighbour's depot. After crossing the bridge, we at once commenced the ascent of the Dunna Dunk, the road leading at the same time up the mountain, and along in sight of the river below. In fact, during the whole ride of eleven miles, we only once lost sight of the river for a few minutes, though we were at times more than 1000 feet above it, and at others only a couple of hundred. The road is good for horses the whole way, and well wooded from end to end; the acacia, ilex, willow, pomegranate, apricot, and other trees, covering the whole side of the mountain. As I came along, I saw some of the most gorgeous butterflies I had ever set eyes on. It took me three hours to get here from Kohala, and the luggage coolies spent over the journey four and a half hours. I have already eaten two breakfasts (it is now two o'clock), and am now resting here until to-morrow morning, it being too hot to ride onwards to-day; the thermometer standing in the balcony at 97°, and in the sun at 120°.

The mist was off the mountains as I left Kohala this morning, and for the first time I got a pretty fair view of the lower range of the Himalayas, but saw no snow anywhere. In fact, in travelling this road so far from Kohala, I

have been penned up among mountains starting from my very feet up to a great height, and shutting out entirely all view of those more distant. There is no barrenness anywhere; the mountains are clothed with green from top to bottom. I have seen but little cultivation to-day; rice and Indian corn to a small extent only, and not half-a-dozen head of cattle on the whole road. The Kashmirians whom I have met to-day make very profound salaams, that is, when they dare to make a salaam at all, and sometimes the poorer sort stand stockstill as you pass them. They are quite as humble as the Queen's own Indian subjects.

29*th*, *Rhara.*—We have been three hours coming over these nine miles from Chuttar. The road crosses many deep gorges; and as it rained all last night, the torrent-bed near Chuttar, which had no water in it yesterday, was this morning filled to the brim, and a good deal of time was occupied in crossing it.

During the whole route the Jhelum is kept in sight, considerably more swollen, and bearing along on its surface logs of timber without end. This bungalow, situated some fifty feet above the river, is about 3000 feet above the sea; it constitutes Rhara, for there is not another building in sight of it. There is, however, some little rice cultivation about, and doubtless some few cottages might be found stowed away somewhere among the trees. The Jhelum, I am told, is full of fish, but none but English excursionists ever catch any.

29*th.*—This morning a distant peak of the Himalayas, with a little snow on it, was in sight. I have been here now since half-past eight this morning, and have made a mistake by remaining, for the day has turned out first-rate for travelling, being cloudy, and the thermometer at 88° only under the balcony. The noisy Jhelum is coursing along just below me, carrying with it logs of timber, trees (root and branch), as well as severed roots and branches of all sizes and descriptions, both rotten and sound. They are all carried down at the same pace, seven to eight miles an hour, regardless of their worth: it may be likened to the stream of life hurrying on with its freight of human beings—all sorts, rich and poor, the worthy and the worthless—destined all for the same

bourn. It is amusing to watch these trees tumbling over each other, as they are hurried down the stream. Occasionally you may observe one bigger than the rest turn into the eddy, where it manages for awhile, in spite of the turbulent stream, to hold its own; but its efforts are in vain: a turn or two round, and it falls again within the influence of the pitiless stream, and is carried with the rest towards that bourn whence it never returns. If this Jhelum has scooped out its own bed amongst this Himalayan range, the work must have taken a mighty long time to accomplish, for in places it must have had to cut through mountains thousands of feet in height; and if it should ever desire to change its course, it certainly will never be able to do so in this neighbourhood, jammed in as it is between the rocky banks of perpendicular precipices rising to the height of thousands of feet on either side of it. Poor Jhelum! You have yourself made your own bed (I suppose), and you will have to lie on it as long as you live.

The Jhelum, called by the natives *Vethusta*, by the Mahometans *Vehut*, is the *Hydaspes* of the ancients. It is formed by a junction of three streams, the Arput, the Bringh, and the Sundrahan, in Kashmir, close to Kunbul, and about sixty miles from Báramúla, where it leaves the valley of Kashmir. It enters the Punjaub, and at a place called Sida it joins the Chenaub, and flows on with that river until far below Mooltan, when both become absorbed in the Indus. Jhelum! I look upon thee already as an old friend, and I have not half done with thee yet; for I have to follow thee up on horseback all the way to Báramúla, and there I shall have to embark upon thy bosom (which I trust to find more tranquil than it is hereabouts), and on it be tracked along all the way to Sreenuggur, the distance from Rhara being about 135 miles. They tell me, Jhelum, thou hast had many a victim at and below Kohala; but the suspension bridge has made me feel quite friendly towards thee. It is but right to speak of both men and things as we find them.

30*th*, *Ghurrée.*—It has taken me five and a half hours to come to this rest-house from Rhara, where I slept last night, and which we left this morning at 5.15. We stopped for an hour at Thúndalee until the coolies arrived with the luggage

(fourteen miles), and then came on here, eight miles more. The latter part of the ride pretty hot; thermometer in the shade 92°. The same coolies who brought my luggage from Rhara to Thúndalee continued with it on to Ghurrée, and, to be allowed to do so, they had to pay the Government at Thúndalee half an anna a man, and another half anna a man here at Ghurrée. A coolie receives four annas per load for luggage (sixty pounds perhaps), for each stage, whether the stage be short or long; so that each coolie was entitled to receive from me eight annas, or one shilling, for bringing his load twenty-two miles, less the anna of which he was mulcted for having been allowed to work out of bounds. Hard lines this for the poor coolies! The road all the way (twenty-two miles), made for the most part along the mountain-side, with a few very sharp ascents, keeps within sight of the Jhelum, sometimes running close down to it, and at others a thousand feet above it. The river and the mountain scenery blend together very harmoniously between Rhara and Thúndalee (fourteen miles); and here and there, assisted by more cultivable ground than I have elsewhere lately met with, and some very picturesque sweeps taken by the Jhelum in its efforts to find an easy passage through the mountains, make some views by which the traveller cannot but be particularly struck. The mist, which had for many days hung about the mountains, has this morning completely disappeared; and yet I have seen only one peak with snow upon it. Ghurrée, by my aneroid, is 3500 feet above the sea. The rise in the last twenty-two miles has been 500 feet, and 350 within the last eight miles; and this increase in the elevation has been evidenced by the Jhelum having become, between Thúndalee and Ghurrée, almost a rapid. In sight of this bungalow, a few hundred yards down-stream, the river has widened out, and an island covered with trees has sprung up in the centre. This is the only island I have yet seen in the Jhelum. As I wrote this last word, a man presented himself before me, asking if I desired to see a feat in swimming in the long rapid that flows past this bungalow; and forthwith he stripped (not a difficult matter), and struck out into the rapid, and succeeded in landing on the opposite side of the river, after having been carried down-stream a couple of hundred yards, in the course of which he made several neat somersaults, which would

not have disgraced even Blondin himself. The river is here really rapid, and some sixty yards broad. Ghurrée, besides the *dak* bungalow, consists of a few flat-roofed cottages. Rice to some extent is cultivated, and to-day I have observed many men employed in transplanting it. This bungalow is prettily situated, close to the river bank, upon a plateau of some two to three hundred acres lying between the river and the foot of the mountain. For the first time I saw some prickly pears to-day, bearing a handsome large yellow flower. Starting from the British frontier, there is no carriage-road by any of the routes into Kashmir, neither is there a single road for wheeled vehicles in that country. The excursions into Kashmir from India are made generally on foot by young men who go fishing and shooting; by ladies in doolies borne along by men; and by old men like myself, on horse-back. Ponies are to be hired at every *dak* bungalow on all the routes, distant apart from eight to fourteen miles: they cost eight annas (1s.) a stage from bungalow to bungalow, whether the distance be eight or fourteen miles, and are changed at every stage. A man is always sent with the pony, and is included in the charge of eight annas. Human flesh does not count for much in India. There is many a man who only earns, and manages to live on two rupees (4s.) a month.

July 1st, Chikotée.—This is on the Jhelum, and, according to my aneroid, stands at 3800 feet above the sea, being 300 feet above Ghurrée, twenty-four miles farther down-stream. Between Ghurrée and Thúndalee, the guide-book tells us, we are carried by the road inland, and that into quiet scenery, "very pleasing after being so long subjected to the close acquaintanceship of the noisy Jhelum." Certes, the quiet I got into was like the quiet of death, which I don't think at all pleasant. Give me the noisy, romping Jhelum: to be near it, watching its convolutions, is exciting: I like it. Death in the battle-field might be different; but death, the ordinary death of a sick man: first, perhaps, the loss of mind; then some days of stupor, and, as the event draws nigh, unconsciousness of all that is passing around him: efforts are made by his friends, perhaps, to arouse him, to excite his attention by some act which in other days could

not have failed to awaken him up. All is of no avail now: with closed eyes and quickening breath the immediate result is but too closely foreshadowed: his respiration becomes turbid, his breathing shorter and shorter, until at last, with half-open mouth, he gives a gasp, and those who are watching by his bedside—in a whisper it may be—exclaim, "It is all over!" Can it be possible that any man during this insensibility which generally precedes death ever had a glimpse into another world? I remember to have heard a celebrated London preacher once say in a sermon, either that he believed such glimpses were enjoyed by saints who were very ill, but who had recovered, or that he had really known an instance of the sort. Was he drawing upon his imagination, I wonder, when he was thus addressing his congregation; or did he attain to such knowledge by the same deep reasoning that enabled him to foretell that the world would come to an end in 1870? O that imagination! how many evils result from over-abundantly indulging it! I owe my greatest grief to giving too much play to my imagination. Within bounds it may be all very well, but let it loose, and no man can foresee into what trouble it may lead him.

I started from Ghurrée at five this morning, and reached Thúndalee at eight, distance twelve miles. After leaving the Jhelum at Ghurrée (it was only for awhile), we got in among a good deal of rice cultivation and some cotton grounds; but what was really a pretty sight was two or three acres of swampy ground we tumbled upon, covered over entirely by the freshest and greenest of rushes—not very many of them—mixed up with a grand display of the beautiful lotus plant, all in full bloom. It was, I thought, one of the prettiest things I had looked upon for some time. After this I passed into the silence of death: I did not like it; and was well pleased when, *malgre* the guide-book to the contrary, all at once I came again upon my boisterous friend the Jhelum. At Thúndalee we were detained two hours waiting for coolies, so that we did not get away from the bungalow until half-past ten o'clock. The stage to this place, Chikotée, is fifteen miles good, and the road passes through half a hundred (more or less) deep gullies, and over as many high hills, always, however, within sight or sound of the Jhelum. It is

a very tedious road, and took me nearly four hours to get over the fifteen miles, and the coolies with the luggage were more than seven hours over it. The road in great part is shady, which I appreciated, and was really literally strewed with small apricots blown from the trees that line it. Apricot and pomegranate trees abound more than any other through this route. Thermometer in the bungalow at 7 P.M. down to 78°. What a blessing!

2*d*, *Oorun Boah.*—Slept last night at Chikotée, and left at six this morning for Oorée, distance fifteen miles, and arrived there at 10 A.M. This stage is said to be the stiffest on the whole route. Well, there may be more descents into deep gullies, and more ascents by rougher roads than usual, but that is all. The small bridges spanning mountain-streams in many of the gullies are in bad condition, and I was nearly coming to grief in passing over one of them—a very narrow one; for my pony put one leg through right up to the shoulder. Fortunately, I succeeded in sticking to the saddle, for there was not breadth of bridge on either side of the pony to give me a landing-place, and over the bridge I should have had a fall among water and boulders of at least a dozen feet. The pony, however, made good use of his three free legs, and, like a man, succeeded in extricating himself. There are many fine views to be enjoyed on this stage—one in particular, obtained from a jutting point at a great height, commanding an extensive range both up and down stream. On arriving at Oorée, I breakfasted, and left again at 1 P.M., arriving here at 4 P.M. The distance is only ten miles, but the road is interesting, so I came slowly along. The greater part of it is by the river, lined on both sides by a variety of fine trees, among others the deodar and the chenar (plane), growing to a great size. The walnut, too, was very fine; the mulberry, apricot, and pear in profusion, as well as the cherry and the inevitable pomegranate, sometimes loaded with fruit, and at others with blossom. The Jhelum is a torrent hereabouts; indeed, for miles it is more than a torrent or a rapid, but something between a rapid and a waterfall, and this for miles. I was never tired of gazing at it, tumbling along, head over heels, some twenty or thirty miles an hour. To-morrow, at Bára-

múla, I shall see it calm and quiet, and its surface glassy as a mirror; at least, so they tell me.

3*d*, *Báramúla.*—It is now 3 P.M., and I have been here nearly four hours, having left Oorun Boah at six this morning, the distance being thirteen miles; the road good along by the Jhelum the greater part of the way, and well furnished on both sides with a variety of forest and fruit trees; the deodar in abundance, sometimes five to six feet in diameter five feet from the ground. The walnut and the plane (chenar) both become large trees here. I visited an interesting old Hindoo temple (Bhuniar), about three miles on the road from Oorun Boah. Although the stone of which it is built is much worn by weather, showing it to be very old, the building itself is otherwise pretty nearly intact. The entrance is through an imposing archway into a quadrangle, about 35 by 45 yards in extent, surrounded by a wall some 15 feet in height, in which there are arranged some sixty niches, or perhaps cells might be the proper term for them, as they are too large to be called niches. These cells are separated from each other by pillars, with base and capital, perhaps 14 inches in diameter. In the centre of the quadrangle is the temple, with a flight of fourteen stone steps leading up to the entrance. A priest unlocked the door of this sanctum, but said it was not usual for strangers to go inside. I suppose the room to be about 20 feet square, with a raised altar in the centre, on which I saw a horn and a bell, and nothing more. I must look out for the history of this temple in some of the numerous works that have been published about Kashmir. A little farther on the road, two Sikh forts are seen, one on each side of the river. About five miles before arriving at Báramúla, the road enters a somewhat extensive valley under rice cultivation, and after passing through it, the road crosses a high ridge, from the top of which a good view is obtained, in clear weather, of a large portion of the valley of Kashmir. The guide-book says, "As far as the eye can reach is a vast expanse of meadow-land, with groves of the stately poplar." As far as my eye could reach from the top of the ridge, I saw little else but water; the valley seemed inundated, and looked very like a fit place for malaria to take up its abode. As I

descended from the ridge to the rest-house, I passed some fields of very wretched-looking barley. To reach Báramúla from the rest-house, the river must be crossed by a wooden bridge (of deodar entirely) some 180 yards long. The Jhelum is no longer noisy; it presents a gentle current and a glassy surface at last. Báramúla is a town of 250 houses, all built of an admixture of mud, stone, and timber, and most of them of either two or three stories, but all in a state of thorough dilapidation. I was soon attacked by a bevy of boatmen seeking to convey me to Sreenuggur, each with a handful of *chits* from travellers by whom they had been employed on other occasions. After looking at the boats, I chose one, and made a bargain to be carried in it to the city for two rupees and a half. The crew, who all live in the boat, consists of three men and two women, who take their turn in tracking the boat up-stream. So here I am, after finishing the land part of my journey from Lahore to the capital of Kashmir, to be finished up by an eighteen hours' trip on the Jhelum, and through one or two canals, and across Lake Wulla. I might go hence to Sreenuggur by land, two stages of fourteen and seventeen miles, but I have preferred the water route, though I am threatened to be devoured by mosquitoes in passing through the canal part of the journey. To-day, for the first time since I left Murree, a fresh breeze of wind is blowing from the north; thermometer 86°. This place my aneroid makes about 5400 feet above the sea, being about 300 feet higher than Oorun Boah, which I left this morning. The Jhelum takes its rise somewhere up the valley about sixty miles from this. It widens out here; and immediately above the bridge it must be good 300 yards across. The bridge over the Jhelum, which I have before me as I write, is, they say, 146 yards long and 16 feet broad. The piers, of which there are six, are constructed of logs of deodar, laid one across the other at right angles, each layer being broader than the previous one, and the whole structure fastened together by treenails. The piers are kept in their places by being well ballasted, and are connected together by long stout logs of deodar, laid two feet apart. The platform or roadway over the bridge consists of rough planks placed close together diagonally,

from the centre to the sides, and fastened by treenails. The roadway is somewhat higher in the centre than at the sides, and is very unpleasant to travel over. The average depth of water in the Jhelum where the bridge is built, they say, is twenty-four feet.

6th, Sreenuggur.—At 7 A.M. on the 4th we started from Báramúla in a boat manned by two men, a boy, and two women, a little girl six years old, and two infants, who, the father was careful to inform me, had both been born on the same day, and on board the boat. One of the twins was not quite well, and cried a good deal, and could only be quieted by a dip every now and then in the river. It took us six hours nearly to reach Soopor, a town about the size of Báramúla; and half an hour after passing Soopor we entered the Wulla Lake, and there we passed through some thousands of acres of the water-lily and the zinghara, mixed up with other aquatic plants. From Wulla Lake we entered a canal on the south side of the lake, and found the country flooded for some miles, and villages and clusters of houses everywhere surrounded by water, and, in some instances, the flood had entered the cottages, and shared possession with the rightful owner. Horned cattle and horses were there in abundance. The flood, I was told by the boatmen, covered thousands of acres, that last year were under rice, in place of being under water, as now. Great damage must be the result, I should think. Fortunately the valley is pretty much on a level where this flooding has taken place, consequently the water spreads over a large surface, and in no one part is there much current running. Passing from this flooded part of the valley we entered the Noroo Canal, where the water was within bounds; and just at nightfall we arrived at Shadipore, a small village on the Jhelum, and remained there until daybreak next morning, when we again commenced moving up-stream by tracking. On the banks of the Jhelum we proceeded by tracking—the mother of the twins occasionally taking her turn at the work, assisting or relieving one of the men. An old woman, the mother of the owner of the boat, steered with a paddle during the whole journey. Through the lake and over the flooded country we progressed by poling; the paddles served only in deep water,

when we had to traverse the river in order to find a bank upon which the trackers could walk. Trees innumerable appeared to be growing out of the water; and among others, we passed numbers of beautiful isolated specimens of the chenar or plane, which flourishes wonderfully in this valley, growing to a great height, and covering a large extent of ground with its branches; the trunk five or six feet from the ground measuring eight to ten feet in diameter. The mulberry and the pear tree also grow larger and finer here than I have ever seen them elsewhere. At 11.30 A.M., or in about six hours after leaving Shadipore, we drew up at the post-office of Sreenuggur, the capital of Kashmir.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Sreenuggur, capital of Kashmir—Guide-books' opinions very flowery—Throne of Solomon—Old temples—Lingam with serpents—Persian inscriptions—Temperature delightful—Quaint city—No wheeled vehicles—An officer to take care of foreigners—Great hospitality of the Maharajah—Free bungalows for visitors—Four legalised routes—Provisions cheap—Shooting, fishing, and flirting—Origin of Kashmir shawl-pattern—Well-timbered land—Miles of orchards—Pandruttun—Hindoo temple—Shawl-shop—The city a jumble of houses, dirty streets—Hindoo temples—Mosques—The Government is Hindoo—Population, Mahometans and Hindoos—Manufactory of shawls crowded and stinking—New bazaar—Works in gold and silver—Labour cheap—Fort Hurri Purbut—Apple-tree Canal—Ruins of the Akhorn—Shah Hamza—Rock dedicated to Vishnu—Great mosque of Shah Jehan—Old ruins—Dul or City Lake—Lotus and other plants in flower—Shawl-washing—Kraleegur built on islands—Ruined mosque—Tomb—Floating gardens of melons and cucumbers—Huzrutbal; the mosque has a hair of the Prophet's beard—Grove of plane-trees—Shalimar Bagh gardens—The zenana—Nusseb Bagh gardens—Wonderful tree vegetation—Origin of the valley—No rice, no man—The Badsháh the noblest ruin in the city—The Maharajah owns all the land; lets for cultivation, and gets lion's share—He turns tombs of his predecessors into storehouses—Old mosque going to ruin—Caterpillars turned into wood—New palace—Ruins—Statues—Lingam—A word to the "weather-wise"—Mr Glaisher—Great flea nation—The Musjid built by Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem, now a rice-store—Mahometan mosques turned into barns by Hindoos—Manusbul Lake; very large lotus—Ruins of palace, garden, and temple—The fakir preparing his grave—Palhallan to Gulmurg on ponies—Pitched tent—Visitors' tents on the hills—Sanatorium—Description in guide-books, author's description—English Church, chaplain, doctor, and commissioner under Indian Government—Brown and black bears—Himalayas, noble scenery—Bad weather—no church, no bell, but fowling-piece fired—Birds—A gleam of sunshine—Grave for a white child near author's tent—Funeral—Postman—Magam—Tree with three legs—Magnificent trees—The Kashmirian, his character by Moorcroft; by author—The present Maharajah a humane man—Fierce storm—No fleas—Cholera—Barley-treading by oxen—Colonel Gardner—Islamabad—Iron mines of Chár—Smelting-furnaces—Pundo ruins—Cheap pottery—Meat, best hind-quarters—Hindoo temple and Lingams—Bronze god—Bronze bull—Great ruin of Mattun—Holy spring of Kashmir—Holy fish—Pilgrims—Garden of Sirkari—Noisy women, not very lovely; dress, ornaments—Rent of fishing-ground—Hindoo story—Springs at Aitchibul—Caves of Bhoomjoo; myriads of bats—Temple and Lingam—Islamabad; Cholera very bad; prayers ordered—Duty paid on shawls—Army—Doongah, or traveller's boat; other boats—Death of the Kotwal's wife of cholera—Flooded paddy-fields—Road lined with pear and apple trees—Aliabad Serai—Fine scenery—Limestone hills—Barramgula in dominion of Rajah Motee Sing—Thunna Mundi—Bullocks laden with salt for Kashmir—Temple and Lingam—Rampore—Leaving Kashmir—Found money-changer—Cemetery of native kings—Thunderstorm—Chungus—Difficulty in road—Mogul serai—river Tawi—Workers in gold and silver—Road lined with pomegranates—Coolies unsatisfactory—Sardabad—Bhimbur, last stage in Kashmir—Transfer of Kashmir to the Maharajah Golab Sing.

6th.—Here I found three packets of letters forwarded from Calcutta and Lahore, and in ten minutes afterwards we reached a bungalow, the lower part of which had only just been vacated by a traveller; so we took possession of it.

The guide-book, in describing this trip by water from Báramúla to Sreenuggur, says, "The passage up the Jhelum is most delightful; the soft balmy air, the broad smooth glassy river, the rich and cultivated fields, and, above all, the grand and snowy mountains which entirely surround the beautiful valley, must be felt or seen to be fully appreciated." Another guide-book says, "There is something peculiarly pleasant in this mode of locomotion; the placid bright face of the silent river, the quiet and calm of the scene on every side, silence scarcely broken by any sound beyond the gentle rippling of the water against the sides of the boat; all combine to create a feeling of happy pleasurable repose, in strange contrast to the rough and noble grandeur of the scenery just left behind; a sudden change, indeed, from the stupendous mountains just crossed, and this glistening quiet river now being traversed. How different from the turbulent rushing torrent the traveller has known it to be, whilst, up to this, following its mountain course!" Did I realise all this? Well, the air was soft enough, certainly, not a breath stirring, and the thermometer at 90° under our mat awning, that covered two-thirds of the boat. The Jhelum is broad enough and glassy enough (not a breath of air stirring, as I said before), but the water was very muddy. There can be no doubt at all about the quality of the soil, for the whole valley, ninety miles long, with an average breadth of eighteen miles, is believed to have been at one time a lake, so that the soil is all alluvial; but the cultivation is bad, and the crops that I saw, barley and natural grasses, wretched in the extreme. Some of the rice crops that I met with in my journeys on horseback had the appearance of nice cultivation, and I suppose there must be some part of the valley under rice at this moment, but I did not see it. But who can see, from the deck of a very low boat, all the crops that might be growing on a thoroughly flat surface on each side of a river he is travelling on? To my mind, a great part of this transit by water from Báramúla to Sreenuggur, so far as river scenery is concerned, is no better than what one sees upon the Nile; and who ever heard the Nile praised for its scenery? It is true the valley of Kashmir is encompassed by mountains

from five to fifteen thousand feet high, and there is a good sprinkling of fair-sized trees on the plains; but trees don't tell for much when they are growing on a flat, and are only seen edgeways from the deck of a very low boat. And as for mountains, why, the whole time occupied by my trip, they were partially covered by mist, and I never saw their outline from the time I started from Báramúla until I reached Sreenuggur; and as for any snow upon them, I could put into my hat all that I saw. And then the "feeling of happy and pleasurable repose," which this sort of quiet locomotion is said to produce, is, to my mind, more ideal than real. In fact, there is no great repose in this mode of travelling at all. You are cognisant that you are forced along, against a three to four knot current, at the rate of from two to three miles an hour over the ground, poling or tracking, as it may be, by the united strength of three or four poor fellows, who dare not relax their efforts for a moment or their labour would be in vain; and all this exertion, kept up for the best part of two days, is paid for by a shilling to each man and woman! I can understand that pleasurable emotions are frequently produced when, with the tiller in your own hand, you are gliding, it may be gently, over a placid sea in a sailing-boat with just wind enough to set your sails asleep: that I can understand; but that any mortal man ever experienced a "feeling of pleasurable and happy repose" whilst being subjected to the process of being tracked or poled along at the rate of two miles an hour over the ground, against a current of three knots, at the cost of a considerable amount of human strength and suffering, with the thermometer in the shade standing at 90°, I don't for a moment believe. To me, the journey was dull and wearisome, and I was very glad when it came to an end.

7th.—This morning before breakfast I ascended the Tukht I Suliman, or Throne of Solomon. Its elevation by my aneroid is about 6250 feet above the sea, and above the city I make it only about 700 feet. The former agrees with what I have seen elsewhere stated, but the latter is 300 and odd feet less. To the foot of this hill is about ten minutes' walk from my bungalow, and then begins the ascent by stone steps, some 800 of them. Following on, you meet with two short stretches

of level ground, and a steep bit at the end lands you at the foot of a temple called by the Hindoos *Shankur Chûrah*, and which is supposed to have been built 200 years before the Christian era. It stands upon a base of natural rock and of solid stone masonry, from which a flight of steps leads up to an octagonal base, surrounded by an elaborately-worked stone balustrade, and upon which the temple itself stands. This octagonal base is paved with stone to a width of about 9 feet all round the outside. The temple itself appears much older than the steps that lead to it. The interior is a circular chamber 14 feet in diameter; the roof is flat, 11 feet high, and supported by four octagonal limestone columns. In the centre of the floor or chamber is a quadrangular stone platform 1 foot high, $5\frac{3}{4}$ long, and $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet broad. It supports a Lingam of polished black stone, around which is carved a coiled serpent. The Lingam is 18 inches high, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. It stands in the midst of a slightly-raised basin, 2 feet in diameter, on the northern side of which is a narrow channel to convey the fluids poured over the Lingam into a cemented trough below. On one of the two pillars on the left hand are two inscriptions in Persian; that upon the front of the pillar states that this idol, or Bût, was made by Haji Hashti, a sonár, in the year 54 of the Samut or Hindoo era, or about 1780 years ago; whilst that at the foot of the back part of the same pillar states that he who raised up this idol was Quajah Rukm, son of Mirjan, in the year ——. The remainder of the inscription is below the pavement, and cannot be made out. From the summit of this hill an extensive view is obtained in clear weather over a great part of the valley of Kashmir, and a very good bird's-eye view of the city of Sreenuggur itself and its immediate surroundings. In the direction of the highest mountains, the atmosphere was clear of mist, and certainly the summits of them for a good long stretch had much more snow on them than I could hold in my hat, and it looked to me as if the snow had recently fallen. According to my aneroid, Sreenuggur stands about 5500 feet above sea-level. The thermometer this morning stood at 67°, and now, at 3 P.M., it marks 72°. Looking at this valley from the top of Solomon's Throne, so vaunted as it is for its great beauty, I could see nothing that

struck me as very remarkable. One-third of that part of the valley that came within reach of my sight was covered with water. The number of trees dotted about the valley was fewer in number than I had before believed, and there was no richness in the appearance of the crops. The long rank grass, which covers so much of the valley, looked very brown, and though doubtless there is a good deal of timber on the slopes of some of the mountains, yet there are many on which there is very little or none at all; although, where this is the case, brushwood or grass abound, and give, at any rate, a green covering to them. As for the outline of the mountains, I see no very striking or remarkable peaks among them; and as for the trifle of snow there is now to be seen, why, I have been so used to snow, have lived so much amongst it, and have seen it so often covering some of the highest and some of the most picturesquely-shaped mountains in the world, that I am not much impressed by what I see here among the Himalayas. So far I begin to suspect that the valley of Kashmir owes its great reputation for beauty more to its proximity to the parched plains of India than to any real beauty which it possesses in itself beyond what one may meet with in a hundred different parts of the world; and it is no wonder if it be so. Yes; the real beauty, the real worth of the place, is in its climate. Now, for example, whilst the thermometer is standing here at 67°, nowhere on the plains of India is it below 90°, and in many places over 100°. It is this principally that makes the valley of Kashmir so lovely in Indian eyes. It is a quaint place, too, this Kashmir, and this may help to make it attractive. In this country there is no such thing as a wheeled vehicle, simply because there are no roads adapted for wheeled vehicles to travel over. Indeed, the great bulk of the traffic throughout the valley is carried on upon my very old friend the Jhelum, and upon its tributaries, upon whose bosom you might count at times, between Báramúla and Sreenuggur, thousands of boats—cargo-boats, passenger-boats, ferry-boats, and occasionally pleasure-boats, generally covered over with a mat awning, but not one of them with a shred of a sail!—all propelled by paddles, by poling, or by tracking. Doubtless there is a good deal of originality about Kashmir. For example, there is an officer

here at Sreenuggur appointed by the Maharajah to look after and take care of foreigners when they first arrive. This good man called on me an hour after I had taken possession of half a bungalow (which I did without asking anybody's permission), and proffered his services in any way he could be of use to me; and soon after he left, I received from him a present of fruit, cherries and white mulberries, which I am told is to be repeated daily so long as I remain; and in the course of the day, half-a-dozen coolies made their appearance from the same gentleman, bearing along a supply of rice, ghee, butter, sugar, flour, salt and pepper, tea, milk, wood, and a live sheep—sufficient to keep me and my servants for several days; and this is to be repeated, I am told, on the eve of my departure; and in all this I am only receiving the common civility dealt out by this representative of the Maharajah to every mortal white child of Adam that comes on a visit into Kashmir.

There are some twenty or more bungalows here on the right bank of the Jhelum, for the most part standing in orchards, some meant for married couples, and others for bachelors. There are two rows of them, in fact, all built by the Maharajah, entirely and exclusively for the accommodation of European visitors to Sreenuggur, and for which no rent is either expected or charged. In fact, nothing is charged even for the accommodation received at any of the bungalows to be found at intervals of from ten to fifteen miles on all the four legalised routes for coming into Kashmir from British India. They are all built at the expense of the Maharajah, and no charge is made for them. Travelling, too, is cheap. Eggs, butter, milk, and chickens are all to be had at every bungalow as cheap as in Asia Minor, and wages are quite as low here as in India. You must bear in mind, however, that these free bungalows are not houses replete with comforts. The one I am in now may be taken as a type of the whole lot. It is a square two-storied building of mud, with a little timber as framework, the better to hold the mud together. It is raised from the ground upon a stone base some four feet high; and both floors are composed of our mother earth, and so full of hills and hollows that no chair or table ever yet made could be

induced to stand steady upon them, unless by much more than ordinary management and manœuvring on the part of the operator, who, in any case, must be a genius to have any chance of succeeding. Each floor contains four rooms, the largest 18 by 14 feet, the other three 15 by 9, and they may be 8 feet in height. They have no windows, but extensive lattice-work openings, which are in divisions, and movable, with a covering of oil-paper, intended to keep out prying eyes, and dust and sun. There are doors, such as they are, to some of the rooms, but no fastenings to any of them, not even to the outer door, should there happen to be one, which is not always the case. The upper story is reached by steps starting from a square passage just outside the entrance to the lower rooms. The building is covered with a pent roof, manufactured of an admixture of wood and mud, neither wind nor water tight, and usually covered by some sort of weed growing on the top of it. There is neither a parallel nor a straight line, nor a level bit, in the whole structure, nor an inch of wall not many degrees out of the perpendicular. The whole building is of the very roughest construction; it looks as if it had tumbled up "anyhow," and seems also ready to tumble down at any moment. This is the sort of building that the Maharajah has constructed at the city of Sreenuggur, on the banks of the Jhelum, for visitors to the famous valley of Kashmir, and for which, we must not forget, no rent is demanded. There are some twenty-six of these two-story mud edifices, all in a line, on the banks of the Jhelum, many of them standing in orchards, and all of them, once or twice during the season, subject to a freshet from the river. They are placed at twenty to fifty yards apart. The visitor, on arrival, takes possession of any bungalow, or, if he be a bachelor, any half bungalow, he may find empty; and empty they may all be truly said to be, for they never contain one single article of furniture of any description; but what he will find they contain in abundance are myriads of hungry fleas, and very likely some other small vermin. Some of the bungalows for married people are, I believe, more commodious than the one I have just described, but not much, and equally guiltless of furniture. The bungalows one meets with *en route* from British India

to the Happy Valley are decidedly better buildings, and frequently provided with a chair, a table, and a charpoy, or stretcher, to sleep on, in every room. In return for this outlay in bungalows, Kashmir has the benefit of an annual expenditure by foreign visitors of from £50,000 to £100,000 sterling. So far, in this season, there have been about 360 visitors to Kashmir. The season lasts from 15th April to 15th October, and all are expected to have cleared out by the latter date. Shooting and fishing, and, I may perhaps add, the opportunity of doing a little flirting, are the principal inducements to young officers to visit Kashmir, besides the climate. Married men, in bringing their wives with them, sometimes have other objects, in which, I am told, they not unfrequently succeed.

9*th.*—Took a long walk on the bank of the river up-stream this morning before breakfast, and passed one or two married bungalows, apparently of much better quality than the bulk of them. Examined some pretty fair barley, now crying out, "Come and cut me!" tumbling out of ear. The river very quiet, flowing along about two miles an hour, but very muddy. It is so tortuous, particularly in that part where they say the twists and turns gave the first idea of the celebrated Kashmirian shawl-pattern, that, after walking along by it for more than an hour, I was still almost close enough to pitch a stone upon the point I started from. The walk all the way was particularly well timbered. I met with some fine plane-trees six to seven feet in diameter (there is one somewhere in the neighbourhood thirty-three feet in circumference). Orchards of pear, apple, and mulberry trees extend for miles along the right bank of the river, and it is in these orchards the visitors' bungalows are built. Poplars, and very fine ones too, are mixed up with the plane and other trees, besides in many places growing alone, forming avenues, and intertwined with the grape-vine, the fruit of which, they say, is very fine. The morning was bright, though pleasantly cool; and I must say the country in my immediate neighbourhood struck me as interesting, notwithstanding its perfect flatness.

11*th.*—Yesterday before breakfast I walked to the village of Pandruttun, up-stream about three miles, and there I

visited a small Hindoo temple, standing in what was once a tank, now to all appearance a small swamp, eighteen inches deep in water, and covered with tall reeds. It is thus described in Dr Ince's guide-book: "The temple, built of stone, is pyramidal in shape, and each side is fifteen feet broad, and has a trefoiled arched opening; the interior is hollow, and the inner surface of its roof is most elaborately carved and ornamented." In this walk I saw some wonderfully fine plane-trees, beating those I noticed as having met with yesterday both in height and girth. Many of the oldest and largest trees have been most unmercifully lopped: where this has not been the case, the branches extend a long way horizontally, and form, where they are in rows, fine shady walks. After breakfast, walked to Summud Shaw's shawl-shop. This walk took me through a great part of the city; and what a city it is! It may be said to consist of a jumble of 20,000 houses, lining the banks of the Jhelum, of from three to four stories high, windowless all of them, very fragile-looking, built for the most part of mud, with a very slight framework of wood, with pent roofs overlaid with earth, and covered now with growing grass and other plants. They all lean anyhow, no two lines in a building ever being found parallel, and ready to tumble down at a moment's notice. The streets, with few exceptions, are very narrow and tortuous, and most disgustingly dirty. A few of them, and only a few, are paved with very rough stones. Intermixed with these wretched buildings are a few better-looking houses belonging to the principal merchants, and some few, more pretentious, in course of construction; and many Hindoo temples, generally small places (the Government is Hindoo), and many mosques. They say the last census, if there was ever one taken to be relied on—which may be much doubted—gave a population of 20,000 Hindoos and 130,000 Mahometans. I have been down the river to-day in a boat. One might almost say that wherever they could get a footing, that is, where stone, brick, or mud walls do not reach quite down to the river, women were to be seen employed in washing clothes, and young children, and some older ones too, were bathing. The city extends for about two miles on both sides of the river. They say the banks of the Jhelum, as far as the city extends,

had formerly a lining of stone (large blocks of limestone), but I confess I saw no remains of such a structure. There are the remains of what were, doubtless, at one time ghats or flights of stone steps leading from the river up into the city: they are numerous, and now so dilapidated that you mount up them at the risk of your limbs. I visited to-day a manufactory of the famous Kashmir shawls, a long, low, crowded, stinking room. The workpeople, men and boys, sat at their looms naked from the waist upwards. The operation of embroidering was being performed, and very slow work it seemed to me to be; and the cloth they were embroidering was in a most filthy state. The workpeople looked haggard and miserable; and no wonder, working in such an atmosphere: the stench was intolerable. The new bazaar, occupied principally by workers in gold and silver, forming a quadrangle, is in its buildings a great improvement on the general run of houses in the city. I saw some of the jewellers' work to-day: they turn out some good things, and work cheaply. In fact, every description of work is cheap here. A boatman hired by the month costs two and a half rupees, or 5s., and for that he gives you the use of his boat and all his time for a month; and these boatmen, whose yearly wages is consequently only £3 sterling, are stout strong fellows: in fact, their full employment lasts only during the visitors' season, from 15th April to 15th October; after that there must be a dearth of employment for them. At present, 80 lbs. of paddy can be bought in Sreenuggur for a rupee (2s.), and I am told that that quantity is sufficient to feed a man for a month.

12*th.*—This morning I started to pay a visit to the fort of Hurri Purbut, upon a hill two and a half miles distant from my bungalow, and, by my aneroid, 400 feet above the Jhelum; the guide-book calls it about 250 feet, but I am satisfied that must be an error. The road from the bungalow leads to the bridge that spans the Apple-tree Canal, not far from the sluice-gates, and then along a causeway; and turning to the right, through swampy cultivated ground, it passes through several small villages. The hill, on the summit of which the fort stands, is surrounded by a stone wall, built by Akbar about the year 1597. It is about three-quarters of a mile in extent, 28 feet high, and 13 feet

thick, and strengthened by bastions at intervals of about fifty yards. The entrance is through a gateway in the wall, called Kattee Durwaza. The fort is of stone, consisting of two wings placed at right angles to each other, and also a separate square building with a bastion at each end. Seen from a distance, the fort presents a formidable appearance, but it contains nothing beyond a few huts used as barracks, a couple of tanks filled with slimy water, and a small Hindoo temple. The only guns I saw were half-a-dozen field-pieces, one of which serves to fire a midnight and a daylight gun. The view from the fort is very much more limited than that from the Tukht I Suliman. I ascended the hill on the southern side, and descended by the northern, visiting in passing, on the southern side, a fine old ruin called the Akhorn Moollah Shah Musjid, after the tutor or spiritual guide of the Emperor Gehan Gir. To the west is the ruin of Shah Hamza, of great sanctity among the Mahometans. On the northern side of the hill, a large and irregular mass of rock has been dedicated by the Hindoos to Vishnu. It is covered with red pigment, of which the presiding priest presented me with some; and with this just now every Hindoo, man, woman, or child, in Sreenuggur, have their foreheads bedaubed. They are the ruling people here; and though only some 20,000, whilst the Mussulmans number some 130,000, they go about with this distinctive brand in a sort of bragging way, but, nevertheless, do not appear to be molested by the Mussulmans. The Orangemen in Ireland can hardly say as much for the forbearance of the Catholics. In my walk towards the river, to return to the bungalow by boat, I went into the Jumma Musjid, or great mosque, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan. It is a very large quadrangular building, with an open square in the centre, and a wooden steeple in the middle of each side. The roof of the building is supported by a triple row of wooden pillars, each formed of a single deodar-tree, thirty feet high, resting upon a stone base. The floor is paved with brick on edge. All around about this mosque are the ruins of buildings of bygone ages, and extensive burial-grounds, containing many curious monuments. I got into a boat at the fifth bridge (there are seven of them spanning the river, connecting the two sides

of the city, within a distance of two miles), and had a longish paddle against the current back to the bungalow.

13*th*.—At seven this morning I went off to visit the Dul or City Lake. We proceeded down the Jhelum for about a mile, and then entered, on the right bank, the Sunti Kul, or Apple-tree Canal, as it is called; but it is not a canal at all, that is, not artificial, but the natural outlet for the waters of the Dul Lake, which flow in a good-sized stream for about a mile, and then enter the Jhelum. The banks of this stream are thickly planted with trees, some of them very fine, and on its left bank is a grove of fine old chenar (plane-trees), a favourite spot for encamping, but liable to be flooded when the river becomes very full. Arrived at the Dul Lake, we enter through a pair of gates, usually open, but which shut of themselves when the river rises sufficiently, that by backing into the lake an inundation of the land around the lake is threatened. Just now there is a strong rush of water from the lake, and a little care is necessary to prevent collisions between the boats coming out and those entering the lake. The lake is about five miles long and two and a half miles broad, its average depth being about ten feet. The mountains on the north and east come down close to the margin of the lake. On entering, we directed our course towards the northern side, and paddling along through a coating of lotus and zinghara plants—the latter with the nut well advanced towards ripeness, and the former with a good sprinkling of large and handsome pink flowers, some of them eighteen inches in circumference—we passed the spot, well provided with large blocks of stone from a neighbouring ruin, to where the famous Kashmir shawls are brought from the loom to be washed, and soon after came upon the village of Kraleegur; and so tortuous was our course through it, that it seemed as if it were built upon a number of little islands, all well studded with timber. The whole thing was very pretty. Passing under a bridge connected with a causeway that extends all across the lake, we came upon a fine old ruined mosque built by the Shiahs in the time of Akbar, composed of brick and mortar, and enfaced within and without with elaborately-carved slabs of limestone. In a cemetery attached to the mosque are many curious and some highly-wrought tombs and tomb-

stones, with long inscriptions on many of them. Leaving the ruined mosque, we returned to our boat, and were not long before we found ourselves in the midst of the famous floating gardens, looking full of health, and promising the cultivators fine crops of melons and cucumbers. These floating gardens cover a considerable portion of this part of the lake. They are formed in the following manner, according to Moorcroft: "The roots of aquatic plants growing in shallow places are divided about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connection with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former position in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil, they are pressed into somewhat closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards in breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants, are now cut off, and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first intercepted in its descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a willow stake driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising or falling in accommodation to the rise or fall of the water." Things seem to grow wonderfully upon these floating gardens. I bought from one of the cultivators, who was at work upon his garden, twelve fine cucumbers for 3d. These long strips of gardens have waterways between them, wide enough to allow the gardeners to pass along by them on both sides in small canoes. I got out on to one of the gardens from the boat, and though very shaky, I did not fall through. In another part of the lake I observed some long beds, perhaps twelve feet wide, formed by throwing up the mud, and thus creating *terra firma*, ranged side by side, but with a waterway between them, also bearing very fine melons and cucumbers. Moving on in our tour round the lake, we came to a village called Huzrutbal, which has the privilege of possessing a mosque, somewhat highly decorated on the exterior, containing in its *sanctum sanctorum*, in a small silver box with a glass lid—what think you? Why, a hair of the Prophet's beard! As this sacred relic is only produced four times a year for the edification of the faithful, and only on certain great Mahometan festivals, of course I could not see it to-day, and as the going into the mosque necessitated pulling off a pair of

laced boots, I declined the invitation to go in at all. The chief festival upon which this precious relic is exposed to the wondering eyes of the faithful takes place in August, and then a scene presents itself on the lake worth witnessing. Thousands of boats are there filled with gaily-dressed people of all ranks and classes, men, women, and children, of all ages. A few hundred yards farther on, our progress round the lake brought us to the Nusseb Bagh, a magnificent grove of plane-trees, planted, they say, in the time of Akbar. It covers many acres. I measured one tree that appeared to be an average of the whole grove, and found it to be fifteen feet in circumference five feet from the ground. I afterwards measured another in the Shalimar Gardens: it was thirty feet in circumference. A little farther on, I landed on the Isle of Chenois, a small artificial island, which at one time possessed a temple; and afterwards Mr Vigne and two other travellers deposited upon it a black marble tablet with the names inscribed of several European travellers who had visited the Happy Valley some years before; but neither temple nor tablet is there now. It is a sorry little island, the débris of a ruin lying about it, and that is all. It is forty-six yards square, and three or four feet above the surface of the water. *Voila tout!* Our next stopping-place was at the Shalimar Bagh, a fine old pleasure garden made by the Emperor Gehan Gir, connected with the lake by a canal a mile long and twelve yards wide. On each side of this canal is a broad green turf walk overshadowed by large trees. This garden is about 600 yards long, and through the centre of it in its whole length run terraces, four of them, one above another; and down these terraces, kept within bounds, about fourteen feet wide, comes a stream of water brought from the mountain just in the rear, intercepted at each of the four terraces by a marble tank, from the bottom of which protrude a large number of inch copper pipes, in all perhaps two to three hundred, each of which throws a jet of water before allowing it to pass on to the terrace or tank just below. The arrangement, I should think, will not admit of a jet being thrown more than seven or eight feet high; still these numerous jets, accompanied by the little cascade formed by the water falling from one terrace to the other accompanying them, must have a pleasing

effect. The upper terrace contains a pavilion specially dedicated to the ladies of the zenana; terrace and pavilion enclosed by a wall, where doubtless the Emperor's favourites, centuries ago, enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent their position permitted. In the garden are some fine specimens of the plane, mulberry, and other trees. From this garden we passed on towards another of the same character, called the Neshab Bagh, also the creation of one of the Mogul Emperors. The water is drawn from the same source that supplies the Shalimar Bagh, and the arrangement for jets and cascades more or less the same also. After visiting another *toy* island, now a heap of ruins, we shaped our course in the direction of the gate, having been on the lake for nine hours; and as soon as we got through, we landed, and made the best of our way across the fields to our bungalow. The water of this lake is as clear as crystal, and as large drops of it, by the movement of the boat, were rolled on and off the large lotus leaves spread out on the mirror surface, and which cover a considerable portion of the lake, they looked like real crystals. The whole bottom of the lake is covered with plants, and looking overboard was like peering into a submarine garden.

14*th.*—On taking my usual morning's walk before breakfast, I stumbled upon a good-looking Kashmirian woman, with her fingers and arms full of rings, sitting on the shady side of a fine row of poplars, instead of being at work in the adjoining field of barley with a number of other women, a group to which she evidently belonged; she was taking a little recreation. To one child she was giving the breast, her bosom entirely exposed, whilst upon another child, with its head in her lap, she was busily employed in picking out lice: she looked up at me for a moment as I passed, but without interrupting her work. The women of Sreenuggur—I mean the ordinary class of women one sees on the roads or in the boats, in fact the working women—are not pretty. Doubtless many among the young ones would be very passable after a good tubbing; but they are all dirty in their dress, and I suspect in their person also.

The trees, again, the more I see of them, the more am I struck by their wonderful growth, particularly the poplar,

the plane, the willow, the walnut, and the mulberry. I have never seen such growth and such beauty too anywhere in this class of trees. But everything grows well here; and no wonder, with such a soil—alluvial, and heaven only knows to what depth. The sequoia or Wellingtonia here would grow into the dimensions of a large house, instead of attaining to the dimensions only of a small one, as it does in its native forests. I have a good mind to have some of the seed planted here, that I might see for myself how big it will grow; like the old woman who, having heard that parrots sometimes attained the age of a hundred years, bought a young one that she might herself be able to see if there was any truth in the story or not. This valley of Kashmir, we must bear in mind, has had an opportunity of forming a soil such as few valleys have enjoyed. A lake for how long no one knows, apparently some 800 feet deep to start with; when at length, tired of being penned up within confined bounds (though they can hardly be called narrow bounds—a hundred miles by forty), its waters broke through at Báramúla, and as the outlet enlarged and deepened, and the waters gradually subsided, the rich soil that for millions of years, perhaps (or hundreds of millions for aught I know), had been washing down into it from the surrounding mountains was deposited, and it was in this way, they tell us, that the present valley of Kashmir had its origin. No wonder, then, that trees attain such dimensions as they do here; that a handful of mud strewn over a bed of aquatic plants, whose connection with their roots has been severed, should create a soil capable of producing an unparalleled growth in melons, cucumbers, and suchlike succulent vegetables. But so it is: the floating gardens of the Dul Lake put to shame our English hotbeds, made with so much care and at such a cost. I have said that I bought yesterday from a gardener on the Dul Lake a dozen cucumbers for 3d., and from a boat that was fishing not a hundred yards from this garden I bought a dozen fish, very much resembling trout, averaging ten inches in length, for one anna ($1\frac{1}{2}$d.) It seems to me that the standard of food in Kashmir must be rice; the price of all other articles of food is regulated by the price of rice. If a man has sufficient rice, he cares for no

other food; if he has no rice, no other food will satisfy him. For 2s. a man may now buy 80 lbs. of paddy, sufficient to keep him for a month. The man who sold me a dozen trout yesterday, all of which would not have made one satisfying meal for him, received in exchange money sufficient to buy rice to keep him for two days; so he did not make a bad bargain after all.

The Badsháh, which the guide-book says is the noblest ruin in the city, is the tomb of Zainul Aboodin, who lived in 1422, and was the eighth and most renowned of the Mahometan rulers of Kashmir. I have just come from visiting the outside of it; for the inside, besides the body of Zainul Aboodin (if it be there at all), holds as much wheat as his Highness the Maharajah has been able to stuff into it, and the tomb is consequently closed against sightseers. The Maharajah owns all the land of Kashmir, and lets it out to his subjects for cultivation, his Highness receiving in the shape of rent three-fourths of the gross produce, and a priority of right to realise his share in the market, and of fixing the rates or prices to be paid. His Highness, having made such a bad bargain with his subjects, is consequently obliged to look out for cheap storage for his grain, so he turns the tombs of his predecessors to account, which is doubtless quite right and fair. If a man has been fool enough to erect a large building to hold his shrunken body after death, and which, if properly treated, might be so reduced in bulk as to be easily carried in one's waistcoat pocket, why, it serves him right if his successors utilise the extra room. Well, this noblest ruin of Kashmir (as the guide-book calls it) is not such a useless ruin after all, since it affords protection against thieves and bad weather to his Highness the Maharajah's grain; for although the brickwork, perhaps bad originally, has suffered a good deal from fair wear and tear, the edifice is still entire. It is an octagonal brick building on a stone foundation, with a domed roof. I have been, too, to-day to look at the Eedgah, a piece of park-like land (the guide-book calls it), smooth, level, and carpeted with fine grass. It had been better and more truly likened, perhaps, to an English village green, though rather a large one, one mile long and a quarter of a

mile in breadth. The old mosque, the Allee Musjid, stands at the northern end of the green, and dates back to 1471. It is tumbling to pieces now; but being of wood, the wonder is it has stood so long. Close alongside of it are a dozen or more fine old planes, as old perhaps as the building itself, some of the largest, they say, in Kashmir. I measured one, and found it to be over thirty feet in the most knobby part; and whilst performing the operation, my eyes were attracted by the figures of several caterpillars and wood-lice upon the bark of the tree. The representation of these little animals was perfect; in fact, there could be no doubt but they in some way or other had been victimised: they had been turned into wood, like the New Zealand caterpillars, by some process of which I am ignorant. By the help of a penknife I managed to disengage some of them from the chenar, to which they must have been long attached. Since I returned to my bungalow, I have been ransacking my brains to find out how these caterpillars could have been turned into wood, and I think I have discovered the *rationale* of the operation. The part of the plane-tree to which they were attached was bare, had lost its outer coating of bark. Now, may it not have happened that these caterpillars, when alive, had found a hollow space underneath this coating of bark (since fallen off), and had there taken up their quarters; and being a sleepy sort of insect, had remained until they became imprisoned, by an increase in their size perhaps, and ultimately, as their bodies decayed, a woody fibrous substance would take the form and appearance of the animals destroyed?

16*th.*—On the river yesterday and to-day. Visited the Maharajah's new palace-bungalow, now being built on the left bank of the river. A very rough affair. The ceiling of the upper rooms papier-maché, in squares of three feet by two, shawl-pattern.

17*th.*—Up the river; landed at the bend of the river, and walked across to Pandruttun. Here, close to the village, is the well-preserved Hindoo temple of which I have already made mention. There are, besides, between the village and the foot of the high hill behind it, many dressed stones, the remains of ancient buildings. There are two dilapidated

huge stone statues, very roughly executed, and a Lingam full five feet in diameter, standing up out of the ground about six feet. Judging by the foundations of some buildings still existing, there can be little doubt that a city of some consequence once occupied the site. A monster stone statue (entire, I am told), which stood here, was lost in the river five years ago, whilst being put into a boat for transportation to Sreenuggur by the then Governor of the city. During great part of yesterday a thunderstorm raged in the mountains, and ultimately, in the afternoon, it reached the city, and rain fell for many hours—a very unusual occurrence, they tell me, in the month of July.

18*th.*—Took a turn in a *shikarah* (a small boat) this morning on the Dul or City Lake, to look at a ruin and a small garden which I had not time to become acquainted with on my first visit. The ruin stands about 450 feet above the village of Theed. It consists of three long ranges of stone buildings in terraces, and is said to have been designed for a college by the spiritual guide of the Emperor Gehan Gir: if so, it may date back 300 years. The garden, called Chushma Shahi, is a small affair, half an acre altogether, principally noted for a spring which starts from the rock up against which the highest part of the garden stands. The arrangement for fountains and tanks is on the same plan, more or less, with that of the famous Shalimar Bagh. The place is empty, and has been so for many a year, and its waterworks all out of order. Both these places are a good mile or more from the margin of the lake, and a dirty walk I had in order to reach them; for it had been raining all night, and though, when I started from the bungalow at seven, there was no rain falling, it commenced very soon afterwards, and has continued ever since 2 P.M. When I first arrived at Sreenuggur, everybody to whom I spoke pooh-poohed the idea of rain falling here in July and August, however much the storms might rage in the surrounding mountains; but notwithstanding this pooh-poohing it has now been raining with little intermission for three days. On the first day of this present batch of rain, the people here said, "Oh! this is quite exceptional." How apt we are to make use of this expression! Why, within

the last six months, during which I have been on the move, I have heard the same remark with regard to the weather made at Jerusalem, Aleppo, Bagdad, Kurrachee, Lahore, and Murree, and at a score of other places beside. The fact is, however, there are very few persons who carry any sort of register of the weather in their memories, although it is one of those matters that everybody thinks or pretends to know all about. Weather-wise! of course, I never met a man yet who did not know all about the weather, who could not tell you exactly the sort of weather you are to have for the next six months; although, perhaps, if you were to go back and question him as to the past, you would find that he remembered nothing at all about it. And even among those men who have kept some register of the weather, how few are there whose experience extends far enough back to be reliable data on which to form an opinion as to the future! Why, I believe, before Mr Glaisher, nobody ever did keep a weather register that could be relied on. If the world be a hundred millions of years old—and who can say it is not?—it would be necessary to have a register of the weather for at least one million of years to be of any use in enabling you to forecast the weather for more than a week at the most. What old sailor is there who has not often had occasion to remark that those who have had least experience in seafaring matters are the very men who believe they know most about them? that a fellow whose whole experience is limited to half-a-dozen passages between Calais and Dover is much more likely to be dogmatical on a seafaring question than the man who has spent the whole of a long life afloat? And a man who may have been on some occasion once taken out by a friend for a two days' cruise in a yacht, once or twice round the Isle of Wight perhaps, why, that man most likely thinks that he has nothing more to learn with regard either to the sea or to ships; and if it were not for the ridicule of his acquaintances, you would most likely meet him the very next day after getting on shore going up Regent Street with a tarpaulin hat on and a telescope slung across his shoulders. And so it is with regard to the weather; the man who has given least thought to the subject will probably be the foremost to give a dogmatic opinion regarding it.

20*th.*—Should a man chronicle his own ailments or his follies in a journal like this? Why not? Well, the day before yesterday I came back from my cruise on the Dul Lake pretty well soaked, for it had been raining more or less nearly all the time of my trip, which lasted seven hours. I took little notice, and did not change my clothes. I don't think I have anywhere chronicled the fact that all these travellers' bungalows (and, for that matter, every house in Sreenuggur I believe also) are full of fleas. The floors, both up-stairs and down, being composed of earth, are well suited to the breeding and the protection of these little animals. I had had my bungalow swept out and re-swept out, but apparently without in the smallest degree diminishing the original number of fleas I found there on my arrival; that is, if I might judge by the unmerciful manner in which they continued to make war upon me every night as I lay down on my truckle-bed in hope of sleep. Well, I thought, as I could not sweep away the fleas, I would try and drown them; so, on the unlucky day I came back from the Dul Lake, I put my plan into operation. I got a fellow to bring a skin of water from the river, and with this, my bedroom being small, I deluged the floor, poured water into all the cracks, and, in fact, flooded the place so completely that a small steamer might have manœuvred there without any risk of getting aground. This operation having been completed to my satisfaction, I laid myself down to sleep that night in the deluged room, believing that I should pass a flealess night. Nothing of the sort: the fleas were as lively as ever; and when I turned out in the morning, in addition to being flea-bitten, I found I was rheumatic, as Jack would say, from clue to earing. "Well," I thought, "this is a pretty go: I have tried to drown the fleas for something." So from that moment I made up my mind to bear with them, and simply learn to sleep through their attacks. But the rheumatism? Well, it is very troublesome, but I hope to get rid of it. It is the first attack of the sort I have ever had in my life.

22*d.*—I paid a visit this morning to the No Musjid, or Puttur Musjid, built by Noor Jehan Begum, the beautiful Nourmahal, or Light of the Harem, of "Lalla Rookh." It is of polished limestone, sixty yards long inside by about eighteen,

and divided into three aisles by two rows of massive stone columns, which extend from end to end. I found the floor covered from end to end with rice and paddy, lying in heaps, belonging to the Maharajah. This mosque is in a good state of usefulness, and still the Government can turn it into a barn. The Maharajah is Hindoo, and so of course is the whole paraphernalia of the Government; but seeing that, out of the whole population of Sreenuggur (estimated at 150,000), the Mahometans count for 130,000, one would think the Government would hardly have ventured to occupy so many mosques as they do for storing grain. The large enclosed space in front of the mosque was covered with piles of paddy and rice, being assorted before being put into the mosque granary. When about to leave the mosque, I found one of our boatmen was missing, and on looking after him, he was discovered in strong altercation with the men employed in assorting the rice and paddy. On inquiry, I learned that his brother, who had been passing by this mosque in the early morning, had been clapper-clawed, and set to work very much against his will. This pressed man would be made to give one day's work to the Maharajah, *nolens volens*, and find himself in food.

What would the beautiful Mahometan Nourmahal say if she could but look down (or up, as it may be) and see her handsome mosque desecrated by being turned into a grain-barn by a Hindoo?

27*th.*—Yesterday morning at six o'clock left Sreenuggur in a *doongah*, manned by four men, a woman, and two children, for the Manusbul Lake, called by the guide-book the prettiest of all Kashmirian lakes. From end to end it is not more than three miles, and about a mile in breadth, and is probably the smallest of all the lakes. A good half of the lake is covered with the lotus and other water-plants. The former are in full bloom, and the flowers are very fine; the leaves of the plants, the largest I have seen, are two feet across. Two-thirds of the lake are encircled by high hills; the most remarkable is Aha Thung, said to be 6290 feet above the sea. There are two villages on its shore: the largest is Kunbul, of which the inhabitants find employment in burn-

ing lime, the stone being close at hand at the back of the village.

Sreenuggur is principally supplied with lime by Kunbul. The lake boasts of two ruins: one is the Budsha Bagh, of which there are no other remains than three terraces, one above another; it is called the ruin of a palace and a garden, built by Jehangir for his wife Nourmahal: the other ruin is a small Hindoo temple standing in the water, and about twelve feet high. An eccentric fellow, a fakir from Bokhara, possesses a small orchard bordering the lake, and has been for years employed in digging in it what he calls his grave, and makes this an excuse for laying his visitors under contribution. I went into his grave: it consists of a tunnel driven in the hillside, six feet high, and about the same breadth, and now twenty-one yards long. To look at this fakir you would hardly think he would require a grave for many a year yet. Manusbul is reached from the Jhelum by a canal about a mile long, running up to it from the village of Sambul. There are many trees about the borders of the lake, and some convenient places for encamping, with mosquitoes in abundance. A considerable stream is brought down the side of the valley, and half encircles the lake, some fifty feet above it, for irrigation purposes, from the river Scind, and it is also made use of for floating wood from the Scind to the limekilns. Well, Manusbul might be the prettiest lake in Kashmir, but it is not half so interesting as the Dul or City Lake. We left it early this morning, and are now on our way to Palhallan, whence we take ponies to-morrow for Gulmurg, twelve miles distant.

29*th.*—We arrived yesterday at Palhallan at 2 P.M., and pitched our tent there for the night. After leaving the Nooroo Canal, which runs out of the Jhelum, we entered a swamp covered with rushes and water-plants, and extending apparently to the foot of the hills all around. The passage through this swamp is made very slowly, and, unless at mid-day, mosquitoes must abound there in millions. On turning out yesterday at Palhallan to start on horseback for this place (Gulmurg), I found myself anything but well, so we stopped at Khipore, six miles farther on, for the night. This morning I was better, so we started, and arrived at Gulmurg a little

after ten o'clock. The pony-road is good all the way, the last mile and a half, from Bahamarisha to the commencement of the Murg, very steep, and through a pretty dense forest, chiefly firs, with a sprinkling of the deodar. Our coolies with the luggage arrived an hour after us; and I am now sitting in the front part of my little tent, pitched on a green hill, perhaps a couple of hundred feet above the swamp; for swamp it is now, this Murg, upon the beauty of which the guide-book expatiates so highly.

It is raining fast; they tell me it rains every day here. The hills are covered with mist, and the temperature is at 60°—much too low for comfort in a small tent with an unpleasantly damp atmosphere pressing upon you in much too close proximity all around. The visitors' tents are stuck about, not very close together, on the spurs of the hills, well above the swamp. They tell me the tops of the mountains have a sprinkling of snow, but not to be seen just now; and the slopes are partially covered with what the guide-book calls deodar, but which may be fir. The view and the place, as I see and feel them now, are both cold and comfortless; and if it rains every day—and they tell me it does—I should pronounce Gulmurg to be an undesirable place to come to. There is an ominous silence prevailing, caused by bad weather; no one venturing out of doors, not a sound to break the dead calm, not even the tinkling of a sheep-bell, for these sheep have no bells.

August 2d.—Gulmurg by my aneroid is about 2500 feet above Sreenuggur, and about 8200 feet above sea-level; it is a place of note in the calendar of the visitor from India, and the sanatorium of Kashmir, particularly in the months of July and August, when the capital is supposed to be malarious and otherwise unhealthy. The guide-book thus describes Gulmurg:—"It is a beautiful mountain common, nearly 3000 feet above the level of Sreenuggur; it is about three miles long, and varies in width from a few hundred yards to more than a mile; its direction is N.W. and S.E., and it is bounded on all sides by hills, from which numerous spurs in the shape of grassy knolls project far into the whole surface of the Murg, and the projecting knolls are clothed with flowers of every hue; and hence its name, from *gul*, a flower, and *murg*,

a mountain meadow; the surrounding hills are also covered by beautiful deodars. It is intersected by a stream, which enters its southern extremity, and which receives numerous tributaries in its course towards the north-west, where it leaves the Murg through a deep gorge. The climate of Gulmurg is cool, bracing, and salubrious, and although the rainfall is very considerable, it is a justly favourite sanitarium for visitors during the months of July and August. There are no bungalows yet, and visitors usually encamp upon the top of one of the numerous knolls, where wood for the log-fire, which will be found so enjoyable at night, is abundant. Milk and butter may be procured in any quantity from the *gujurus* or cowherds about the Murg, but most other supplies must be procured from the villages below."

With such a description of Gulmurg staring me in the face, I could not quit Kashmir without paying it a visit.

Well, so far, after a five days' experience, my first day's impression of the place seems to be confirmed. It has rained every day since my arrival, and to such an extent, that walking about, unless on the spurs which shoot out from the foot of the hills, has become simply impossible. I cannot say that I have had more than one good look at the sun yet; he half shows himself at times almost every day, for there is nothing steady in the weather; there is constant change going on. One moment, I might say, the surrounding mountains are covered with mist, and the next quite free from it; the fog may now be rushing into the basin—for basin it is, though of very irregular shape—from one extremity of the Murg, and in a few minutes afterwards it may be seen rushing out at the same opening. The mist is always in motion, sometimes covering the whole range of mountains, and very soon afterwards hanging about them only half way up their sides, leaving the snow-capped summits clearly defined. Then, again, it is not unusual for the mist to make an attack on the Murg from every point of the compass at the same time, filling the basin to the brim in a few minutes, and as quickly disappearing; and notwithstanding this constant play of phantasmagoria, I have scarcely felt a breath of wind here yet. The average height of the mountains that encircle the Murg may be about 10,000 feet.

Starting from the roots of the numerous green spurs that extend down into the irregularly-shaped plain, a dense belt of large well-grown firs, of two varieties, reach half way up the sides of the mountains, entirely embracing the Murg. The visitors here are cutting and slashing these trees all day long: if a man wants merely a bough or two, he cuts down a huge tree to supply himself; neither the Maharajah or any one else in his behalf interferes. Notwithstanding the guide-book to the contrary, I doubt if there is a single deodar here. I have been collecting a few seeds from both kinds of fir, some of which may germinate; it is, however, too early or too late for procuring them, the cones of last year being pretty nearly all rotten, whilst the cones of the present year's growth have hardly yet perfected their seeds. It is true the Murg is covered with a carpet of flowers, most of them, if not all, own brothers and sisters to the wild flowers of England. On the surrounding grassy spurs there may be some sixty tents pitched, and just below me, half way down the hill, is the church, a long wooden shed; for we have a chaplain here, and a doctor, and a commissioner, all three sent by the Indian Government for the protection of visitors, to look after their bodies and souls. A couple of thousand feet lower down towards the valley, where there are gardens and orchards, bears, both the black and the brown, are very numerous, and furnish good sport to some of our young military men. I am here perched on the top of one of many spurs that run down into the plain, and around me, on other spurs, are many other unfortunates. I daresay in fine weather the place must make a beautiful picture: the plain covered with flowers; the spurs, clothed with the richest of verdure, running down into it; the slopes of the surrounding hills densely clad with forest trees; and above all, the towering Himalayas, with their snow-clad summits, not quite reaching to the heavens, but still high enough to make grand and noble scenery;—all these elements combined really form in fine weather as charming a picture as one might desire to look upon. Now, on the contrary, this beautiful Murg is cold, wet, and depressing. The plain is a swamp, into which no one ventures. Even the spurs, though beautifully rounded off, falling away from the centre, as if

formed to be kept dry, have become sodden by continuous rain, and partially swampy; a dense mist covers the mountains, and it is very seldom we get a peep at their outline. All this may be borne patiently for a week perhaps, but when it extends into many weeks, as it has done this season, it is not to be wondered at that the parched plains of India are looked back upon with regret, and indeed many, if not all the families, are preparing to leave, and wait only for one day of fine weather to dry their tents before starting. I too shall be away to Sreenuggur the moment there is a break in the weather; for my tent, though tight as a bottle, is too small to be comfortable under constant rain. It is twelve feet by eight, with the eaves resting on the ground, and just high enough to permit me to stand upright in the centre. Around it is a gutter, from which a stream sufficient to drive a small mill has been running unceasingly for the last four days.

4*th*.—There was to have been service in the church this morning by the Rev. Mr G., but in such weather he judged it useless to give the usual signal, by firing off his fowling-piece, for calling together the congregation.

Overhanging our little encampment are a dozen or more very fine pine-trees, the resort of a number of large black birds, either rooks, crows, or jackdaws. One of these birds takes possession of a particular tree, and there he sits nearly all day long, giving utterance to such a variety of sounds, that I sometimes think the fellow must be an educated bird, and I am not quite sure that he has not a nest in the tree. There are some tiny singing birds, too, about our tents, that enliven us with their song, and help to break the tedium caused by this unparalleled dull and depressing weather.

6*th*.—A gleam of sunshine yesterday evening, just before sunset, gave us hope of a change in the weather, and this morning also it was promising; but alas! the cup has been dashed from our lips, and the rain is upon us again as firmly as ever. Thermometer at 7 A.M., 57°.

9*th*.—Yesterday and the day before we were favoured with our usual quantity of rain, and somewhat more to boot. About noon yesterday two gentlemen made their appearance on my spur, and, within a few yards of my tent, staked out a bit of ground, six feet by three, and then went away. I

think they were the commissioner, as he is called here, Colonel M., and Mr G., the chaplain. On sallying out of my tent, I learned that the bit of ground staked out was for a grave, a child of Mr C. having died a few hours before. Soon afterwards the chaplain returned to my spur with two men, whom he set to work to dig the grave. This time he sent in his card to me, so I invited him to take a glass of brandy and water. The weather was wet and cold. He explained that they had chosen my spur for this grave, as it was likely that next season the temporary church would be built upon it, and that they hoped at the same time to enclose a portion of the spur for a cemetery. By and by Major C. made his appearance, accompanied by Dr K. The doctor was suffering from an attack of fever and ague, so he also accepted my offer of a glass of brandy-and-water as the weather was cold and wet. The men continued to work at the grave; and my spur, with so many visitors, became animated. The affair created a little excitement, which was what I wanted. Sunset came, and my visitors departed. I was left in charge of the work, with the understanding that the men were to continue working an hour longer, for it was intended to bury the child at eight o'clock this morning. The workmen, however, made but little progress, for the ground became harder as they proceeded, and the only useful implement they had to work with was a hoe, and my pewter wash-hand basin, with which to throw the earth out of the grave. This morning the two men were early on the ground, but heavy rain, which commenced to fall soon after they arrived, obliged them to abandon the work, and to take shelter for a couple of hours in one of my tents. They then resumed work, and by eleven o'clock the grave was finished, five feet deep. Just at that hour, with my glass I could see the coffin being brought down the ridge of a distant spur, accompanied by Major B. and a host of servants. It was half an hour before the procession began to ascend my spur; when it did, the chaplain, Colonel M., Colonel D., Mr S., and some other gentlemen who had gathered about the grave, walked down, and met it as it came up. The coffin was of plain deal, and if it had any inscription, it was not visible, for the cover of the coffin was

quite overlaid with flowers. After the coffin was lowered into the grave, I observed Major B. hand to a gentleman, who had got into the grave to adjust the coffin, a little bunch of violets, which was quietly laid upon the head of the coffin ; it was a mother's last offering to an only child, a fine little boy only eighteen months old. The service ended, the grave was rapidly filled with earth. It is now covered with flowers, taken up with a good amount of earth attached to the roots, and it may possibly form the nucleus of the Gulmurg cemetery. Mrs S. and some gentlemen pressed me to move my tent, and could hardly be persuaded that I could feel comfortable with a grave so close to me. They did not know my peculiar idiosyncrasy, and how much at home I could feel surrounded by graves. No doubt many people there are who would not have relished having a grave dug close by their tent, and it was perhaps inconsiderate, and not over-courteous, on the part of the commissioner or the chaplain, and in bad taste perhaps, to come to my spur, and mark out the spot for a grave close to my tent, without first asking if I had any objection to its being made there. As it happened, I rather liked the whole affair : it jumped with my humour, but *they* did not know that; it brought me into contact with people whom I had not seen before, and made a little excitement on my spur. I was to have started for Sreenuggur this morning, but rain came on and prevented me, and now it is still raining, and it is doubtful if I shall leave even to-morrow.

10*th.*—It has been raining off and on all day (last night it was continuous), and we have seen the sun only for half-an-hour. It came out just in time, before it set, to gild the edge of the heavy clouds which all day had been hanging about the mountains. It has a fashion of showing itself for a few minutes just before retiring to rest, and in doing so, it has on more occasions than one raised hopes of a fine day on the morrow, but no fine day has come. To-morrow will be Sunday, so I have told the coolies that, however the weather may be, I will not start before Monday. This day has been the only fine day I have experienced in Gulmurg, and when I got up and found the sun shining so brightly, I began to think I had not acted very wisely in remaining to go to church, more

particularly as I believed there must be letters waiting for me at Sreenuggur. Breakfast-time had just arrived, when, lo! and behold, who should present himself at the door of my tent but the postman with a batch of letters; they had been sent up from Sreenuggur by mistake. This, indeed, was virtue rewarded, as I told the parson on coming out of church. On both occasions, morning and evening, the congregation to-day numbered twenty-five persons. The ladies came in *jampans.* They might have been seen coming down the different spurs on which their tents were pitched, in a reclining position, in something that bore a strong resemblance to a small Guayaquil hammock, and borne along by coolies. It is not a graceful position, perhaps, for a lady to be placed in, but it is one in which they do all their travelling in Kashmir, and even in Murree, I have always seen them brought to the promenade in the same manner. The ladies of India seem very averse to taking exercise.

Magam.—A place unknown to the guide-book or to Montgomery's route-map. Nevertheless, it is an exceedingly picturesque spot, doubtless containing a good many cottages dotted about apart from each other, but so hidden by trees that you can never see more than two or three of them at a time. Plane, walnut, apple and pear trees, and willows too, mixed up with the greenest of pasture and paddy and cotton cultivation, cover many thousands of acres. From where I am encamped about a hundred yards, under some of the noblest walnut-trees I have ever seen, and now full of fruit just ripe, I get half-a-dozen beautiful peeps of the river Magam, coursing its way gently between banks covered with trees towards the mighty Jhelum. I am writing under the shade of one of these big trees in a delicious temperature and in the brightest of weather, the thermometer hardly reaching 80°. When I got up this morning at Gulmurg it marked 54°. I was about four hours coming here, the distance, they say, is eight coss, or about twelve miles. It may not be quite so much.

11*th.*—Yesterday, Sunday, was the first day I had seen Gulmurg free from rain. When I left, 8.30 in the morning, it promised that this also would be a fine day, and per-

haps it might be, though I heard some thunder among the hills.

12*th.*—On leaving Gulmurg, journeying on my way towards this little place, the road was abominable, and particularly slippery, consequent on the much rain that had lately fallen. As you emerge from Gulmurg you descend rapidly, and continue to do so for about 500 yards, when you reach a sort of common, free, or nearly so, of the large fir-trees you have been hitherto travelling among, but covered partially with shrubs. The wild rose-bush, though out of bloom now, and the bramble, with its berries just becoming ripe, were there in abundance. We travelled several miles over this common, gradually approaching the southern side of it, until we found ourselves skirting a valley covered with paddy, at first a couple of hundred feet above it, but gradually the road took us down among the paddy-fields, where the peasants were busily engaged irrigating, supplied with any amount of water coursing down from the foot of the hills in clear and sparking streams: a mile or two more of a jog-trot march in this valley brought us to Magam. On the way we passed under some of the finest planes I had yet seen; and here, roundabout where I am writing, they abound; and there is one old tree standing triangular fashion on three legs, forming a very good circular shelter between seven and eight feet in diameter, and about the same height. This tree must be very old: it has been chipped and chopped about, and lopped too, most unmercifully, and still it is well covered with leaves, and grows vigorously, and has thrown out all around its roots an entire fringe of young saplings. It is still a noble tree, though shorn of its best branches, and runs up to the height of about sixty feet. But it was on the way down we met with some splendid plane-trees, and unmutilated. Really, allowing for a little exaggeration, one might almost say that the road passed beneath one or two trees that took us half-an-hour to get clear of their shadows; that is, from the time of entering them on one edge, up to the time of emerging from them on the other. Truly these plane-trees in the valley of Kashmir are most magnificent; I never tire of contemplating them. I saw to-day, what I had noticed before, a plantation of many acres of young chenars (plane), and thought them very beauti-

ful: their vigorous growth and bright green foliage were very striking. I determined at once to take home some of the seeds; but it is in vain to suppose that our soil can ever produce such planes as the alluvial soil of the valley of Kashmir. You lose the plane when you get up to 7500 feet above the sea or thereabouts, and get in among firs. I have not seen a single deodar to-day. Some travellers' luggage has just arrived, and their encampment has been established close to my little tent—for the weather is so fine that I have had only one tent pitched—so that I shall have company tonight.

In speaking of the Kashmirian, Moorcroft says, "He is ignorant, selfish, superstitious, supple, intriguing, dishonest, and false." Heavens! can the Kashmirian deserve this character? How is it that we travel in their country unarmed, and live in houses without either doors or windows, open to the whole world, and do so without the slightest risk of life or limb, or having any of our traps stolen? I have never heard of a personal outrage being suffered in Kashmir by the most defenceless traveller. Is the Kashmirian a worse character than these Easterns generally? Ignorant, yes; that he certainly is, to an extent almost incredible: he is incapable of performing the commonest operation, should the performance of it not come within the limited sphere of his everyday life. Selfish: this quality has been applied to the Kashmirian thoughtlessly. How does he show his selfishness? His average earnings do not exceed two rupees a month, and upon that he lives, becomes strong, stout, and well-grown. As far as small matters are concerned, the Kashmirian is as ready to do small services without direct remuneration as any other people; and as to selfishness in money dealings, why his scope for disclosing such a feeling is so limited, that it must want occasions, I think, to show itself. Superstitious: what Eastern is not superstitious? Indeed, where ignorance exists, either in the Eastern or the Western world, there superstition is always to be found. Supple, intriguing, and false: all Easterns are supple, and perhaps false—that is, they do not consider it discreditable to tell a falsehood—and the Kashmirian is not an exception. But intriguing—what does their intriguing consist of? They have in their hard lives

no scope for intrigue that I can discover. They are slaves in every sense of the word—at any rate, in the worst sense of the word. Their lives and their property are at the disposal of the Maharajah; and if he does not dispose of both the one and the other in a barbarous and unjustifiable manner, it is because he is—that is, the present Maharajah—a humane man, and also because he is kept in check to a certain extent by our Indian authorities. The last flaw in his character that Moorcroft mentions is dishonesty; does Moorcroft mean in his dealings? Well, very likely the poor devil does occasionally, when an opportunity offers, endeavour to outwit his neighbour to the extent of an anna or two; but beyond that, he is helpless to practice dishonesty. If Moorcroft means to charge him with thievish propensities, why, I think he is unjust towards the Kashmirian. As I have mentioned somewhat to the same effect before, Europeans travel about in this country, living in tents and in bungalows without doors or windows, with everything they carry with them exposed to be robbed, yet I have never heard of their having sustained losses of any kind. Whatever it may be that prevents him, certain it is that the Kashmirian, with all the opportunities that are presented to him, rarely if ever robs a traveller. Morally his very gross ignorance may place him low down in the scale; but this I know—the coolie, the lowest class of all in society, is trusted constantly to carry from one part of Kashmir to another articles of very great value, as well as coin, and it is seldom or never there is a defaulter among them. Perhaps if he were more educated he might not be found to be so trustworthy. Great crimes are rarely committed in Kashmir, and capital punishment consequently rarely inflicted. In other days Mussulmans used to be hanged for killing a cow, but through the interference of the British Government such a crime no longer brings with it such a punishment. So far as I am enabled to judge of these people, I should say the Kashmirian is a light-hearted, thoughtless, and harmless being, extremely docile, thankful for the smallest favour you do him. My luggage, including tents, requires eight coolies to carry it, for which the regular charge is four annas, or 6d., a stage, whether the stage be eight or sixteen miles. When the coolies use diligence in getting over the ground, I

usually give them a *bakshish* of one anna each ($1\frac{1}{2}$d.), for which they are invariably most grateful. A very small sum furnishes the Kashmirian with clothing; his food is of the simplest kind, and the soil of this valley, his lakes, and his rivers, yield it to him abundantly and cheaply. He does not require to work hard continuously to get all he wants. During the visitors' season, no doubt, in carrying luggage he does some hard work for small pay; for example, when he carries a load weighing 80 lbs. sixteen miles for 6d. But the rural population of Kashmir, which supplies these coolies for carrying burdens, is essentially agricultural, and the main part of their time is occupied in tilling the soil, and they seldom work hard at it. They do not, in fact, require to do so to supply all their wants. They are great talkers, and so are their women. I should say that a good half of the whole of their lives is spent in practising that accomplishment.

14*th*, *Sreenuggur.*—We were about four hours coming here yesterday from Magam. The road is level all the way; the distance is seven koss, or about ten and a half miles. The first five miles after leaving Magam is over surprisingly rich soil, the crops of maize, cotton, and rice (and millet, I think) all looking strong and healthy. I think I must have passed over yesterday the most productive part of the valley of Kashmir, and some wonderful chenars and walnut-trees are met with. The remaining half of the distance is a swamp, upon which there is little growing but rushes: a raised causeway path enables the traveller to pass over it. I found all the travellers' bungalows here occupied, so I am outside in my little tent, which last night had to stand the brunt of a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, of short duration, but very fierce whilst it lasted. I am happy here in being free from fleas. During my absence at Gulmurg, the Jhelum has risen very much, some four or five feet at least; for the river has overflown its banks, and filled the lower part of many bungalows. They tell you here that cholera comes only with famine, but there is no famine at present here, and still the deaths from cholera number sixty daily: filth and green fruit must help it greatly in its ravages. This morning, in my walk, I witnessed some barley-threshing. The barley was laid

on the ground in beds some twenty feet square, and perhaps three feet thick, and then five bullocks, tied together by a straw rope round their necks, were turned in upon it, and driven round and round by an all but stark-naked native. The biggest bullock acted as a pivot, moving round upon its own centre, upon which the other four turned. The dirt which was being mixed up with the barley must much improve its quality! A nastier or rougher mode of threshing I have never seen practised. The barley was in a dozen good-sized cocks, belonging to as many different owners, and the agent of the Maharajah was quietly seated watching the operation of threshing until the time arrived for carrying off his master's three-fourths of the whole for rent. Whilst penning this page, I have been bargaining with a Kashmirian for the purchase of three small papier-maché scent-bottles. We have been nearly an hour over it. The Kashmirian, to begin with, demanded eight rupees, and has just ended by accepting four. Great patience is necessary in order to obtain from these gentry at a fair price anything you may set your mind on among their wares. Made the acquaintance yesterday of Colonel Gardner, a noted character hereabouts. He has lived a long and chequered life, being now in his eighty-sixth year, and from his appearance he may last a while longer yet. He calls himself an American; his first following was the sea, on which, according to his own account, he acted the part of smuggler, and something more. He has been for the last forty years fighting in India, generally against the British, always in the service of some one or other of the native princes. He was with Runjeet Sing fighting against us at Lahore, and there I believe his active life ended. He has now for some years been a resident of Sreenuggur. He has four wives, the youngest about twenty-five, by whom he has one child, a little girl at school in Murree.

17*th*.—At 7 A.M. I started in a boat for Islamabad, and after nearly five hours' tracking against the stream, we have advanced in a straight line only about five miles—such are the turns and twists in the Jhelum. With the exception of an occasional spur that finds its way from the mountains down to the river bank, both sides present a cultivated un-

broken alluvial flat, extending many miles. The river is still swollen, but not as it has been, having fallen at least five feet within the last week; but though it rises, it never becomes so rapid as to injure its banks, but flows quietly along through the whole length of the valley from Kundal to Báramúla, some ninety miles, almost from where it takes its rise to the gorge through which it makes its exit from the valley.

18*th.*—Yesterday we reached Pampoor. I looked out at once for ponies, for the purpose of visiting the iron-smelting works at Chár, distant from Pampoor about ten miles inland, and forming a triangle with it and Suttapoor, situated on the right bank of the Jhelum (on our way to Islamabad), and where we rejoined our boat after visiting Chár. We were kept waiting at Pampoor for horses, and at last succeeded in getting only one—and such a beast! I could not make it move at all, unless when treading on the heels of the coolie who accompanied us. The moment the coolie ranged ahead a yard or two, the pony came to a dead halt, and all the persuasion in the world, administered by stick and spur, were insufficient to induce him to move a peg; and it was only after the coolie had led him forward by the bridle for a few yards that he could be made to follow of himself. My man Antonio was on foot; I could not find a beast for him at Pampoor. The road to Chár from Pampoor lies all the way over a slovenly-cultivated plain, covered with crops of cotton, aniseed, and indian-corn—the latter as fine as I have ever seen, just forming head, some of the stalks twelve feet high. We steered for a range of mountains that crossed our track at right angles, at the foot of which was Chár, which we reached after a tedious ride of two hours. We easily discovered the smelting-furnace, for it was in full blast. It consists of a large hut, into which I descended some five or six feet, and then I came face to face, on about a level with my eyes, with a fierce little charcoal fire, of which, however, I could not see much from where I stood. Further investigation developed a sort of funnel-chimney, about a yard high, and two feet in diameter, on a platform elevated some five feet above the floor of the hut; and at the bottom, by raking away the ashes, I could see into a hollow place beneath, into which the melted metal fell. On mounting to the top of

this elevated platform, I found that this sort of chimney-funnel was kept full of the lightest of charcoal, and a bright fire was kept up by two Kashmirians working two sheepskin bellows, so as to make the stream of air continuous. Every now and then a pound or two of the ground ore was thrown in upon the charcoal in the chimney, which, of course, kept sinking down as it was consumed, carrying with it the melted ore, which fell into the receptacle beneath; and from what I could learn, the whole result of a day's labour by this rough process was a lump of impure iron, weighing perhaps one cwt., which in that state was sent to Sreenuggur, and there re-melted and turned to account. This lump of iron was taken cold from the receptacle after the slag had been skimmed off whilst in a liquid state. There must have been twenty men employed at this smelting-hut. No one could tell me the weight of the ore smelted daily, or what was the percentage of metal it produced. The establishment belonged to Government. The ore (hematite) was mined on the opposite side of the mountain to that at the foot of which it was smelted, and had to be brought to the furnace by a very rough road about ten miles long. Labour, to be sure, is very cheap in Kashmir, but with all that, this iron must be a dear article to the Maharajah. At Chár I got rid of my miserable pony, and succeeded in hiring two fresh little beasts, which took us to Suttapoor in a little more than an hour. All three animals cost me twelve annas (1s. 6d.) The boat did not arrive at Suttapoor until half an hour after us. It took her more than four hours to track up, though the distance by land is only five miles. So soon as we got on board we pushed on again, by the help of a bright moon, for an hour and a half, and then pulled up at Karkarpoor, a small village, for the night; mosquitoes in abundance. Before six this morning we were again under way. At eight o'clock, at Avantipore, we came opposite to the remains of what must have been once a most imposing edifice. A portion of that part of the wall which included the entrance still exists, time-worn certainly, but covered with elaborate carving. The foundation of the building has been traced all round; it measures somewhat more than seventy yards by fifty. This ruin the boatmen call Pundo: it is 100 yards

from the river-side; and close to it are several mounds of earth, occupying the sites upon which stood other extensive buildings. We have mountains on both sides of us: those on the left are distant and snow-capped, whilst those on the right bank are a good deal nearer, and their spurs now and again come within a mile or two of us. When on shore this morning, visiting the ruins of Avantipore, I went into a rude pottery, and the boatman bought half-a-dozen earthen vessels—the largest might hold two gallons—for all of which he paid one penny halfpenny. They were well made, and evidently of good material. On approaching a small village, which we have just passed, we heard a loud and confused wailing by women and children going on upon its banks. A child, unnoticed I suppose, had just tumbled into the river and been drowned: the mother was then prominent in the throng, throwing her arms about very fiercely, whilst several men were employed, armed with a sort of grains, endeavouring to fish up the body.

A coolie or day labourer in Sreenuggur is paid two annas, (3d.) a day, labourers employed by the month working on buildings get one and a half annas (2¼d.) and two lbs. rice. The price of paddy now is one rupee for 150 lbs., which they tell me will produce 75 lbs. rice. Until to-day, my crew has consisted of a man and his wife, an old man who steers, and two children too young to work. The skipper and his wife are about the hardest-working people I have seen in Kashmir. Yesterday we were tracking all day long; indeed, the journey is made principally by tracking, varied by an occasional poling. The woman, well forward in the family way, was pretty nearly all day harnessed to the towing-rope, working cheerfully. To-day we have hired an outsider to help the last part of the road.

19*th*, *Islamabad*.—To save trouble, I have arranged to make the boat my headquarters whilst I remain in this neighbourhood. This accommodation I have secured by the daily payment of eight annas (1s.), for which I have a lodging and the services of the skipper and his wife, two young children, and the skipper's father. I should have said that we arrived at Kunbul at about seven o'clock last evening. Three other boats we had been in company with at

Lattapoor did not arrive in port until mid-day to-day. The village of Kunbul is a poor little place, situated at the head of the navigable waters of the Jhelum, and one mile or thereabouts from Islamabad. Bigbeharah, which we passed a few miles lower down, is now a dilapidated old town. I visited a Hindoo temple there close down on the river bank. A large lingam was there; in fact, there were two large lingams in position, and half-a-dozen smaller ones lying about in front of the temple, as if they were of no account. There was also a good-sized bronze god, comfortably seated with a smaller one crouching between his legs. There was a bronze bull very well set up, and apparently well-cared for. The bull was placed only a few yards from the god—handy for the god when he felt inclined for a ride; and the temple was in a good state of repair.

19*th.*—This morning early I was in the saddle, accompanied by my servant and the boatman, the latter a good guide in these parts. I was on my way to Martund or Mattun, a ruin which has the reputation of being the most noteworthy in Kashmir. Mr Vigne says of it:—"As an isolated ruin, this deserves, on account of its solitary and massive grandeur, to be ranked, not only as the first ruin of the kind in Kashmir, but as one of the noblest amongst the architectural relics of antiquity that are to be seen in any country." Well, it is certainly in a better state of preservation than the temple at Avantipore, but not at all more isolated, nor was it perhaps more magnificent when they were both entire. The Governor of Sreenuggur, taking advantage of the more easy access to the Avantipore temple, has despoiled it in order to obtain stone cut to his hand for building a ghat in front of the Maharajah's new bungalow. The measure of ground occupied by the two temples is about the same, and the construction and ornamentation are in all respects alike; in fact, all the ruins of Hindoo temples I have seen in Kashmir indicate precisely the same plan. A noble entrance to an oblong enclosure, with a row of cells or niches around three sides of it; in the centre, or a little further back than the centre, the holy of holies is invariably placed on an elevated platform. The carving on the walls at Martund, though much defaced, has been very elaborate,

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and the trefoil arch is everywhere apparent throughout the ruin. It is situated on the Kuraywah of Islamabad, about five miles from the town, and at the foot of a range of mountains. It is called by the natives Pandu Larre or Pandu Kôna. From Martund we directed our steps to the village of Barwun, about a mile distant, and there I visited the most holy spring of Kashmir. It issues from a horizontal fissure at the foot of the hills behind the village, and the water is received into a large square stone tank, in which there are thousands of holy fish; thence it runs into another tank; and so coursing on, it finds its way into a grove of noble plane-trees. At one time there was a small pleasure garden around this spring, but, like all the works of bygone days in this country, it has been allowed to go to utter ruin. Swarms of idle fellows, old and young, are in attendance at the spring, furnished with a supply of food for sale to visitors, who amuse themselves feeding the fish. The Hindoos who come to worship are, of course, very liberal towards the fish, or at least they should be so, seeing that their own treatment in the world to come may in some wise depend upon how they treat the holy fish in this. Putting flowers upon a lingam, bedaubing their foreheads with yellow paint, and feeding fat and useless fish, are all praiseworthy acts in the eyes of a Hindoo.

From Barwun we retraced our steps to Islamabad, and there we visited the Sirkari Bagh, a small pleasure garden used by the Maharajah and his family in their visits to the town. And such a pleasure garden!—every inch of it covered with weeds a foot high! The key of the garden-lock could not be found when I claimed admittance, so the man in charge, thinking he stood a fair chance of getting something out of me if I got into the garden, made no bones of breaking the lock. The ground was strewed with fallen apples, though not easily found among the weeds; nevertheless, my boatman brought away as many as he could well carry. The whole place, the grounds, the garden, and the Maharajah's apartments adjoining, were in a state of thorough dilapidation, the normal state of almost every public edifice in Kashmir. We returned to the boat at Kunbul some three or four hours ago, and for the whole of

that time some half-dozen women on the bank of the river have kept up a continuous quarrel, which is still going on; and if it ever comes to an end, it will only be by some of the combatants coming to the end of their breath. Verily these Kashmirian women have a freer use of their tongues than any women I have met with elsewhere. They have been extolled for their beauty. Well, many of the younger ones are not bad-looking; their eyes are magnificent, and their teeth generally regular and white; their other features are ordinarily passable, complexion olive. Their dress consists of a long loose garment, which reaches from the neck to the heels, usually of a dirty white colour; a skull-cap with a band of red cloth across the front, and an ample white cloth thrown over the head and shoulders. The Hindoo women wear also a piece of white cotton cloth fastened round the waist. They wear a profusion of earrings, nose-rings, armlets, anklets, and finger-rings.

Some four or five miles before we reached Kunbul last evening, we found the river staked right across, and partially netted for fishing. The fisherman—from whom I bought a dozen good-sized fish, about a foot long, for one anna, somewhat resembling trout, called in Kashmir *gawd*—told me he paid for the exclusive privilege of fishing the upper part of the river 200 rupees a year. The Kuraywah of Islamabad is about 300 feet high, the whole a mass of alluvial soil, but the crops upon it depend on rain only. At a small expense the whole plain, consisting of many thousands of acres, might be irrigated by water brought from the mountains behind it. The remains of an ancient canal exist on this Kuraywah. The story the Hindoos tell is this—that the Mussulmans killed a pig there, and from that moment and ever after the water ceased to run.

20*th.*—This morning I rode to Aitchibul, good seven and a half miles from Kunbul: the road leads through Islamabad. The most copious springs in Kashmir are at Aitchibul. They issue from the foot of a range of hills beyond the village, in half-a-dozen places, all close together, and flow through tanks, and supply fountains in their course, until united they find their way down the valley in one very respectable stream. The natives say they believe this fine spring to be the re-

appearance of the river Bringh, which disappears through a fissure in its bed some miles to the eastward of Aitchibul. The spurs coming down from the range of hills, from the foot of which the several springs issue, is clothed with firs and young deodars. The caves of Bhoomjoo, which I omitted to mention yesterday, are hardly worth a visit. The entrance to the first I went into is reached by climbing up some fifty or sixty very rough steps cut or worn in the side of the mountain. It is a pretty nearly straight tunnel, from three to five feet wide, and from five to seven feet high, and extending into the mountain some seventy to eighty yards. Some fifty yards from the entrance, there is, on the left hand, a small chamber, in which are deposited some human bones. Besides these bones, and myriads of bats, which are a great nuisance to visitors, this cave absolutely contains nothing. Some mad fakir, like him at the Manusbul Lake, probably made the cave, and the bones we see there may be his, for aught I know. The entrance to the other cave is 100 feet above the ground, but the approach to it is by a flight of stone steps more easily traversed than the steps leading to the first cave. It is a chamber cut out of the solid rock, some fifty feet by thirty, and about twelve feet high. Upon a raised platform in this chamber is a small Hindoo temple, of a pyramidal form, built of stone: it contains a lingam and nothing more. The *zearut* of Baba Bamdeen Bashi is not far from this cave, and alongside of it is the tomb of his disciple, Rookoodeen Rishi, whoever he may have been.

21*st.*—Just been paying a visit to Islamabad; the cholera has been somewhat rife there—yesterday five deaths, and to-day only three. An order from the Kotwal has gone forth that the whole population, Mahometans and Hindoos, men, women, and children, shall for three days employ all their time in prayer. They commenced operations yesterday, and already there is a notable decline in the number of deaths, due, no doubt, to the prayers of these worthies!—though, for the sake of truth, I must state that the night before last we experienced a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which sensibly cooled the atmosphere; and some, who are sceptical as to the effect of the prayers, attribute the decline in the mortality to the storm. Be this as

it may, I found the place in mourning to-day, prayers loud and deep going on in every house. The manufacture of shawls is carried on here to a considerable extent, but none are sold here; they have all to go to Sreenuggur, and to pay the duty before they are exposed or offered for sale. The guide-book tells me that the army of Kashmir and Jummoo probably numbers more than twenty battalions of infantry, and a small force of cavalry and artillery, and is pretty efficient. All I know is, that at the English post-office, Sreenuggur, are six soldiers, who mount guard there. The postmaster tells me they have only one musket among them all, and *that* I have myself seen to be a flint-lock. The traveller's boat in Kashmir is called a *doongah;* it is usually fifty-six feet long, about six feet wide amidships, and nearly two feet deep, flat-bottomed, and very pointed at both ends; it is covered for more than half its length with a mat awning, supported on a light wooden roof. The crew usually consist of four persons, men and women, and generally some two or three young children, who all live in the after part of the boat. Down-stream the boat is propelled by paddles, and against the stream she is either tracked or poled along as it may be. Visitors frequently hire these boats by the month, and pay for them, boat and crew, fifteen rupees (thirty shillings) the month. There is accommodation on the deck of the *doongah* for a bedstead, a table, and a chair. Any sort of cooking may be done on board. The *shikarah* resembles in all respects the *doongah*, except that it is much smaller; it is used for moving about on the Jhelum in the neighbourhood of Sreenuggur, and each man of the crew is paid two and a half rupees a month. The *vurh* and the *bahutz* are large boats employed in transporting grain and other produce, but grain principally, from one part of the valley to another.

22*d.*—I went to Islamabad this morning to try and get change of a small cheque, and was on my way to the house of the Kotwal, when a man whom I met told me that the Kotwal's wife had died of cholera last night. Of course I turned my steps in another direction, supposing the poor man to be overwhelmed with grief by so sudden an affliction; when, lo! and behold, a few minutes afterwards he came running towards me bringing a present of fruit! "Yes," he said,

in reply to my condolence, "God had thought it right to take his wife from him, and there was no help for it." He bore the loss most stoically. Who would not like to be a Mussulman? It was only last night that the Kotwal gave me an account of the state of the cholera, and told me that he had ordered prayers to be offered up by both Mussulmans and Hindoos for its mitigation. Does it not seem as if the old gentleman with the scythe, in revenge for the Kotwal's interference to stay the cholera, had made this sudden inroad on his house? I could not get my cheque cashed, so I returned in all haste to my boat at Kunbul, packed up my traps, and started at ten o'clock for Shúpiyun. It had rained all night and up to a late hour in the morning, or I should have been off at daybreak. Starting so late, the coolies with the luggage have only been able to reach this village, Mawnpore, a little more than half way between Kunbul and Shúpiyun, or about thirteen miles from Islamabad; so here I am under my tent again until to-morrow morning. The plain between this and Kunbul is every inch of it under paddy, and I may say under water also, for we have made the journey literally through flooded fields of paddy. In this village, they tell me, there is no grain but rice consumed, and certainly I saw nothing but rice growing on the whole plain.

23*d*.—We got away from Mawnpore soon after six o'clock this morning, and a ride of three hours brought us to Shúpiyun; the distance is twelve miles, about half of it through paddy-fields, and the other half along the slopes of low hills. After a detention of more than three hours at Shúpiyun, we at last got coolies and a couple of ponies, and left for this, Hirpore, seven and a half miles, where we arrived in two hours and a quarter. In this last journey we have kept the Rembiara in sight almost all the time, following along the right bank. This river in this part is not much more than a mountain torrent. The hillside on our left is thickly covered with fir-trees, and the road lined with apple and pear trees. There is also a sprinkling of many other sorts of trees, and a great profusion of flowers. Hirpore is a small village. Our lodging is in an upstair room of an old Mogul serai, the only part of it which is not a ruin. My aneroid says we are 7500

feet above the sea, which accounts for the thermometer being so low as 64°.

24*th.*—We were five hours this morning in coming to Aliabad Serai from Hirpore; the coolies took nine hours, distance eleven miles. The road is bad generally, and many parts are much worse than anything met with on the Murree route. We have ascended 1500 feet in coming from Hirpore, this place standing at about 9000 feet above the sea. During a great part of to-day's journey we had the Rembiara river in sight; we crossed it on crazy bridges four times. At present it is nothing more than a brawling brook, but it becomes a considerable stream at the commencement of summer. Down near Hirpore it has opened up for itself a great breadth through the valley, but its bed gets narrower after leaving Hirpore; and here, and for many miles lower down, it is penned into a narrow space by lofty mountains on both sides. The mountain scenery between this and Hirpore is imposing. On the right bank of the river the mountains are clothed with fir and birch almost to the summit, and there is a sprinkling also on the left bank. This Aliabad Serai is one of many, of which the ruins exist, built by the Mogul emperors, as rest-houses for themselves and their dependents in their journeys from the plains to the hill country. The one at which I am now staying is in a capital state of preservation, quite intact indeed. The building, of stone, encloses a good-sized quadrangle, into which all the rooms open, of which the three principal are devoted to the use of travellers; they are large, high, and elaborately ornamented. I don't know what the Mogul who built it would say if he could see me here now as I am writing up this journal, with a blazing birch-fire burning on the floor, the flame running up the already blackened walls; but it is cold here, so I trust, should he be in a position to look down upon me, he won't be angry. There is snow close at hand; indeed, we passed some covered with mud on the road as we came up to-day.

25*th*, *Barramgula.*—At 6.30 we were in the saddle at Aliabad Serai, and it took us three and a half hours to Poshiana, nine and a half miles. We have crossed in this day's journey the Pir Punjal, said to be 11,400 feet above the sea, though my aneroid makes the pass only 9700 feet.

This is a great difference: an error somewhere. The road is very rough, but it leads through magnificent scenery. At Poshiana we remained one hour, and then started for our present resting-place, seven miles, which we reached in two and a half hours. Two miles of this last road lead up and down rugged hills, and the remaining five miles we passed in the bed of the river Soorun, crossing and recrossing that rapid stream, an operation which we had to perform no less than twenty-five times, over as many very fragile bridges. The gorge through which this river flows is not more than fifty yards wide anywhere in the whole five miles; high mountains close it in on both sides, wooded to the top, and in the narrower parts the limestone hills come down and overhang the little rocky path that runs between them and the river itself, and this dripping cliff was full of a rich variety of ferns and flowers.

Barramgula is a small village in the dominion of the Rajah Motee Sing, who owns all the territory lying between the Pir Punjal and Pir Ruttim. It consists of a dozen or two flat-roofed houses, situated upon a small plateau in the midst of lofty mountains of great variety of shape, mostly covered to the very top with fir and many other kinds of trees, but no deodar. The present travellers' bungalow is a mud building, containing some half-dozen or more rooms, all opening into a courtyard in the centre. It is a miserable place, and so the Rajah seems to think, for he has collected together the materials, stone, wood, and mortar, for building a new bungalow for visitors, more suited to their requirements. It is difficult to understand how the inhabitants of these two villages manage to live, for Poshiana is, like Barramgula, buried in among the mountains, with hardly an acre of cultivable ground within reach of it. If all the Rajah's territory is like these two flat-roofed villages, the revenue he draws from it must be very small. This morning, when I got up at Aliabad Serai, the thermometer in my room stood at 54°.

26*th*, *Thunna Mundi.*—Got away from Barramgula at 7 A.M., and reached this place in five hours, distance nine and a half miles. The Ruttim Pir range, which we began to ascend almost immediately on leaving the bungalow, occupied two hours in reaching the summit of the pass. The road is

the very worst I have seen among these mountains, and does the Rajah no credit. On this side the road is better, and the descent more gradual. In its whole course it passes over either roots of trees or large stones. We must have met in crossing at least a couple of hundred bullocks laden with salt, two maunds each, 160 lbs., on their way to the Kashmir valley. The pass of the Ruttim Pir range is said to be 8200 feet high; my aneroid makes it only 7800 feet. The mountain is covered with timber. Thunna Mundi is an insignificant little town of flat-roofed houses, built at the mouth of the gorge which leads up to the Ruttim Pír range, and serves as a depôt for salt on its way from the Punjaub to Kashmir. One mile to the eastward is the village of Thunna, a much larger place than the town. It contains an old Hindoo temple, furnished with a lingam, and nothing more. The inhabitants of this part of Rajah Motee Sing's territory look half starved, and I daresay they are: it took eight of them to-day to bring my luggage nine miles, which seven Kashmirians brought sixteen miles yesterday. Endeavoured to get a sovereign changed, but did not succeed; they have nothing but the base chilkee in circulation; they understand nothing about the value of our sovereigns.

27th, Rampore.—A five hours' ride this morning brought us from Thunna Mundi to this place. The road leads the whole way down the valley of the Tawi, and alongside the river, which is a rapid mountain stream. The descent on the whole distance of thirteen miles may be about 2000 feet. Rampore, by my aneroid, is about 4200 feet above the sea; but by Montgomery's route-map the height of it is only 3090 feet. The travellers' apartments are in an old Mogul building overlooking the river, and probably 150 feet above it: it is opposite the town, which is on the other and right bank of the river. The Mogul building stands at the bottom of a large garden, and all the apparatus for waterworks still exist, but there is no water laid on to them. The building is stanch and strong, and will last for another hundred years or more without requiring much to be done to it. There are high hills in front of us and at the back also, but round about there is a considerable extent of plain under rice cultivation.

Ever since I left Islamabad, I have been endeavouring to get change for a sovereign, to enable me to pay my way whilst I am escaping from the dominion of the Maharajah of Kashmir. To-day, being nearly at the end of my tether, it was necessary to make a desperate effort to obtain it; so as soon as a thunderstorm, which had commenced half an hour after I had got under shelter, had subsided, I started with the head man of this establishment and my own servant, to ford the river, and see what I could obtain at the town. Fording the Tawi was no joke. The stream is a rapid, flowing over large round and loose smooth and slippery stones. The man who undertook to carry me across on his back, with the assistance of a second man who walked by his side, was a mere threadpaper of a fellow, and I felt, whilst crossing, that any moment I might get a good ducking. It was then I thought of my watch and my aneroid, both in my pocket, not to mention the papers in my pocket-book; and I began to think the getting this change might be a costly affair for me. The threadpaper of a man, however, landed me on the opposite side of the river all right, and we commenced at once to ascend the 150 feet of hill that stood between the river and the town. Our guide took us direct to the money-changer, who, after weighing the sovereign and trying it upon a touchstone, and ultimately obtaining the opinion of one who pretended to understand such matters, the fellow offered me nine rupees for my sovereign, which I indignantly refused. A deal of talk followed, and ultimately I parted with it for nine and a half rupees or 19s. This matter settled, my mind was at ease; I had now change sufficient to carry me into British India. So away I started to look at the wonders of Rampore. I found them to consist of the ruins of two old serais, and a cemetery containing the tombs of many native kings, all covered pretty nearly with rank weeds. This cemetery was not enclosed, but one alongside of it, containing the tombs of the king's wives, was surrounded by a high wall, for even in death, it would seem, these potentates would keep their wives screened from vulgar gaze! I returned to the river. This time, before re-crossing, I protected my aneroid by wrapping it up in many folds of a handkerchief; but the precaution was unnecessary,

for threadpaper recrossed with me without making a single false step. The town is a poor place; narrow streets, and tumbledown houses. Looking at it from a distance, or even from our quarters in the Mogul's pavilion, Rampore has rather an imposing appearance, but it is a delusion which passes away with a nearer and more intimate acquaintance. For our journey from Thunna Mundi to-day we were obliged to put up with mules. I came on pretty well with mine, but my servant was obliged to abandon his a few minutes after mounting, and had to walk the thirteen miles. We have just had another sharp thunderstorm; these visitations come on very suddenly among the mountains, and generally in the latter part of the day.

28*th*, *Chungus.*—We got away to-day from the Mogul's pavilion about seven o'clock, and proceeded by a road leading to a ford a mile from the town. The Tawi is an ugly river to ford when swollen, as it is now, and so I found to my cost. My pony was a willing little thing, but not much bigger or stronger than a good-sized rat; but it took to the water like a Newfoundland dog, following a scarecrow of a Kashmirian, whose duty it was to assist on all occasions on the road. This scarecrow, who pretended to know the ford better than the coolies who were crossing before him, took a road of his own, and my brave pony followed him unhesitatingly, but it was not long before pony and scarecrow both came to a stand-still. We had got into too deep water, and were obliged to sing out for help. My servant came to our assistance, and we soon began to make way again, but we had hardly moved when my pony became buried, all but his nose. I was down to the armpits, but I stuck to the pony whilst he struggled until he had regained his footing. We had now a little episode whilst in the water, my man abusing the scarecrow in Hindostanee, and I abusing him in English, for his ignorance of the ford, of neither of which languages did the scarecrow understand a word, nor did we understand a word of his rejoinder, which was in Kashmirian. Whilst this was going on we were making progress, though but slowly, and at last, without further serious mishap, we reached the shore. We had been half an hour in crossing this river, which was not more than twenty-five yards wide.

These rivers, in the rainy season and in the spring, when the melting snow in the mountains sends down large volumes of water, form one of the chief difficulties to the traveller in these parts. It was only the other day that a party was detained four days at Rampore by the swollen state of this ordinarily insignificant stream, and only a month or two ago that an ayah and child were drowned in crossing. We were five and a half hours in coming twelve and a half miles, and a pedestrian who is also travelling this way, and started with me from Rampore, was seven hours on the road. My poor little pony knocked up when he had performed half the journey. Three times he came down flat on his belly; and if I had not dismounted, and allowed him untrammelled to struggle to his feet again, he would have remained there until awakened up by the sound of the trumpet coming from the valley of Jehoshaphat! Though very unwillingly, I was obliged to trust to my own pins for the last half of the day's journey. It was a tiresome walk, over a succession of rocky spurs, and one feels the walk more from coming every hour into warmer weather. I was not rigged for walking, and by the time I reached the bungalow at Chungus, my woollen clothing was as soaked as B.'s Nova Scotian home-spun cloth when he tumbled overboard following a *kellic* in the Bay of Moscodooit. There is a village called Chungus somewhere about here, though I have not yet seen it. Next door to this bungalow is a Mogul serai, in a capital state of preservation. The outside wall, built of large pebbles, is about twenty feet high, and encloses, I should say, good two acres of ground. There is a division in this serai which I have not seen in any other—its great extent permitted it perhaps; a high wall separates from the rest of the quadrangle a portion of the space, set apart most likely for the accommodation of royal personages, for the grand entrances on both sides enter into it. Around this separated part are rows of open apartments leading to interior rooms. Around the main part of the building are rooms also, but with no other light than that admitted by an open door. These rooms were doubtless occupied by dependents. The scenery round about here is pretty, but not grand. There are no mountains to be seen, but there is

no end to diversified hills clothed with timber. The height of this place, by my aneroid, is about 3500 feet.

29*th*, *Naoshera.*—I spent three and a quarter hours this morning in coming here from Chungus, a distance of eleven miles. My pedestrian companion took seven hours over it. The road for the most part lies over rocky spurs: in all, there are ten of them, varying from fifty to 150 feet. Now and then the road took me close down to the Tawi. Indeed, I was always within sight or hearing of that noisy river, which runs from end to end of the narrow valley bearing the same name. The scenery is pretty: low hills on both sides, clothed with firs, walnut, and a variety of other trees, among which I observed an acacia, dressed out in a profusion of pink and white buttons, very delicate and pretty. We passed one large Mogul serai on the road, with both entrances blocked up. The serais are met with every five or six miles along this route, by which the Mogul princes, with their families and dependents, used to travel into Kashmir from India in the summer months. The town of Naoshera, distant about a mile, and through which I passed to reach this bungalow, contains a large serai, a portion of which is made habitable for the Wazeer or governor of the district. I have just returned from a second visit to the town, where I managed to change a sovereign at a goldsmith's for its full value. At the same time I bought a pair of silver nose-rings and a looking-glass finger-ring, also of silver. The silversmiths hereabouts work very cheaply. The workmanship of these rings, in fixing their value, was set down at eight annas, or one shilling. If labour is cheap, some other things are very dear: I have just paid a shilling for half-a-pound of brown sugar. The bungalow, a square building, containing four good-sized rooms and four smaller ones, with a wide corridor running all round it, stands in an orchard of many acres, thickly planted with fruit-trees, but all in disorder. By the by, in our yesterday's journey the whole route was lined with fruit-trees, principally pomegranates. It is a great matter, I find, in travelling among these hills, to make an early start, so as to arrive by times at the night's rest-house; for every day, soon after noon, we are favoured with a thunderstorm, accompanied, whilst it lasts, by a heavy down-pour of rain.

It is this that prevents me from always making two marches (as they are called here), or about twenty-five miles a day, instead of one-half that distance. There is a storm raging now, which is very pleasant for the traveller who has a roof over his head, for it cools the atmosphere. My aneroid makes Naoshera 2800 feet above the sea; and the thermometer on the table under the corridor marks 80°.

29*th.*—The cultivable ground one meets coming here from Chungus is not of much extent; what there is, is under rice, cotton, and indian-corn. These hills are not calculated to sustain a large population, and the dwellers among them are miserable specimens of humanity, half-starved, weakly-looking creatures. It takes half as many again of them to carry my luggage as was required for the purpose in the valley of Kashmir and its immediate neighbourhood. All along the road from Poshiana to this place, the coolies look as if they were only the first remove from, probably, our progenitors, the apes; they are wanting as much in mental as in physical capacity.

30*th, Saidabad.*—The distance from this place to Naoshera is ten miles, which I accomplished this morning in three and a quarter hours. The road lies over the range of hills called the Kuman Góshi, and the pass is about 4000 feet high. The ascent is long and tiresome, the path being very rocky. The whole eastern slopes of these hills are covered with fine fir-trees, to the exclusion of almost all others. The descent on this side is short, and the path leads over smooth slate. There is a good deal of cultivation on both sides of these hills; indian-corn and cotton principally. We crossed some small streams in our way some dozens of times, but they offer no difficulty to the traveller at present. A large Mogul serai, in a good state of preservation, is not far from us, whilst our own bungalow is built within the precincts of another serai, in a state of utter ruin. To-morrow we should reach Bhimbur, the last stage in Kashmirian territory. This place must be about 3000 feet above the sea; the white jessamine, very common all along the route; and here, close to the bungalow, there are some patches of a large yellow jessamine, which scent the air for a good distance round. We passed the wreck of several stone

bridges to-day: in fact, there are ruins everywhere, demonstrating what a different race of rulers must have held dominion in this country in other days. The present inhabitants might be said to be dwellers in huts.

31*st*, *Bhimbur.*—I was three and a half hours in coming to this place, distance twelve miles. We had to cross the Adhee Dhuk range of hills, of which the pass is about 1500 feet above the plain on which this town stands, and nearly 4000 feet above the sea. The road on the eastern side is very rough, and on the western side only a little less so. The eastern side is clothed with firs principally, and only a sprinkling on the western side. After reaching the western side of the Adhee Dhuk there is a long, five to six mile, tiresome ride over the rocky bed of a river, and which we had to cross and recross a dozen times. The patches of cultivation are maize principally; close to Bhimbur I noticed some sugarcane growing. This is the last Kashmirian town on this frontier. To-morrow's journey, to Goograt will be in British India, twenty-eight and a half miles. Height of Bhimbur about 2100 feet; thermometer under the corridor of this bungalow 90°.

Deed of Transfer of Kashmir to the Rajah Golab Sing.

Kashmir is an Asiatic province situated on the northern side of the Pir Punjal portion of the great Himalayan mountains. It constitutes a part of the territories of his Highness Rhunbheer Sing, the Maharajah of Jummoo and Kashmir, son of the late Golab Sing, to whom it was transferred by the British Government in March 1846. The following is the deed of transfer:—

Treaty between the British Government on the one part, and Maharajah Golab Sing of Jummoo on the other, concluded on the part of the British Government by Frederick Currie, Esq., and Brevet-Major Henry Montgomery Laurence, acting under the orders of the Right Honourable Sir Henry Hardinge, G.C.B., one of H. B. Majesty's Honourable Privy Council, Governor-General, appointed by the Honourable Company to

direct and control all their affairs in the East Indies, and by Maharajah Golab Sing in person.

Article 1st.—The British Government transfers and makes over for ever, in independent possession, to Maharajah Golab Sing, and to his heirs-male of his body, all the hilly or mountainous country, with its dependencies, situated on the eastward of the river Indus, and westward of the river Râvee, including Chumba, and excluding Lahoul, being part of the territory ceded to the British Government by the Lahore State, according to the provisions of Article 4 of the Treaty of Lahore, dated 9th March 1846.

Article 2nd.—The eastern boundary of the tract transferred by the foregoing article to Maharajah Golab Sing shall be laid down by Commissioners appointed by the British Government and Maharajah Golab Sing respectively for that purpose, and shall be defined in a separate engagement after survey.

Article 3rd.—In consideration of the transfer made to him and his heirs by the provisions of the foregoing articles, Maharajah Golab Sing will pay to the British Government the sum of seventy-five lacs of rupees (nanukshahee). Fifty lacs to be paid on ratification of this treaty, and twenty-five lacs on or before the 1st October of the current year, A.D. 1846.

Article 4th.—The limits of the territories of Maharajah Golab Sing shall not be at any time changed without the concurrence of the British Government.

Article 5th.—Maharajah Golab Sing will refer to the arbitration of the British Government any disputes or questions that may arise between himself and the Government of Lahore, or any other neighbouring State, and will abide by the decision of the British Government.

Article 6th.—Maharajah Golab Sing engages, for himself and heirs, to join, with the whole of his military force, the British troops when employed within the hills, or in the territories adjoining his possessions.

Article 7th.—Maharajah Golab Sing engages never to take, or retain in his service, any British subject,

nor the subject of any European or American State, without the consent of the British Government.

Article 8th.—Maharajah Golab Sing engages to respect, in regard to the territory transferred to him, the provisions of Articles 5, 6, and 7 of the separate engagement between the British Government and the Lahore Durbar, dated 11th August 1846.

Article 9th.—The British Government will give its aid to Maharajah Golab Sing in protecting his territories from external enemies.

Article 10th.—Maharajah Golab Sing acknowledges the supremacy of the British Government, and will, in token of such supremacy, present annually to the British Government one horse, twelve perfect shawl goats of approved breed (six male and six female), and three pairs of Kashmir shawls.

This treaty, consisting of ten articles, has been this day settled by Frederick Currie, Esq., and Brevet-Major Henry Montgomery Laurence, acting under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir Henry Hardinge, G.C.B., Governor-General, on the part of the British Government, and by Maharajah Golab Sing in person; and the said treaty has been this day ratified by the seal of the Right Honourable Sir Henry Hardinge, G.C.B., Governor-General. Done at Umritsar this 16th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1846, corresponding with the 17th day of Rubbee ool Awul, 1762, Hijree.

CHAPTER XIX.

British India—Goojrat—To Lahore by horse-dak—Good roads—Train for Delhi—Present carriages not suited to India—Umballah—Kalka—Simlah—Magnetic observatory—Postman—Church—Police occurrence—Cholera severe—Art-Union opened by Lord Northbrook—Government posting—Delhi—"Pegging" too much for health—Kick and cuff servants—Public notice as to how they are to behave—Our holding India depends on the army—Hatred of the natives—Kootub Minar, highest pillar in the world—Divers at Mehrowlie Well—Siege of Delhi, 1857—Feroz Shah's pillar—Birds nor smaller animals molested—Women wear the breeches—Fine men—The law at least protects natives—Museum—Museum at Victoria—The Queen's Gardens—Menagerie—Agra—The Taj—Bombay—Drunken Englishmen—Theological views of native doctor—Missionaries do good through schools—Some Hindoos become Christians to eat meat—The fakir; suspended animation—Deism among Hindoos—The weaver-bird—Tenacity of Hindoos as to caste.

September 2d, Goojrat, British India.—About two hours and ten minutes brought me yesterday from Bhimbur to Kotla, and two hours more in the afternoon took me to Dowlatnugger; from this last-named place I came on to Goojrat this morning in three hours. The road, twenty-eight and a half miles, is good all through, and with the exception of the sandy bed of the Bhimbur, now without one drop of water in it, the whole is over a plain. It was in crossing this now entirely dry river that an ayah and child were drowned only two months before. Fields of maize on both sides of the whole road, twenty-eight and a half miles, and an avenue of acacias nearly the whole way. The road is straight, and must be a hundred feet wide. Many villages are met with, and an air of comfort pervades the whole route, very different from what one has just left behind in Kashmir. This is a grand civil station, and the bungalow large and well furnished, and, for India, replete with comforts. I have just called an auction to dispose of my tent, pots and pans, chairs and table, and truckle-bed, and a man from the bazaar, with a couple of dozen buyers round him, is now busy realising. The remainder of the journey to Lahore will be done by horse-dak, and I start to-morrow morning at 4 A.M. Mine and my companion's servant left Bhimbur

on horseback yesterday, a few minutes after I had left for Kotla, where we were to lunch; and for want of inquiring as they came along, they passed the first bungalow at Kotla, where we were expecting them, and where they ought to have stopped; but on they went, and never did stop until they reached the bungalow at Dowlatnugger, ten miles farther on: there they found out their mistake, and had to retrace their steps, and arrived at Kotla just as we, tired of waiting for them, were starting for Dowlatnugger. So they had to turn round and accompany us, and consequently, in place of twenty miles for their day's work, they summed up forty before they went to bed. The next time they travel an unknown road they will, I think, not fail to inquire the way.

This place seems to be about 1900 feet above the sea. Weather dry and cloudy; thermometer 89°.

3*d*, *Lahore.*—Left Goojrat at four this morning, and arrived at the dak-bungalow at 6.30 P.M. Crossing the Chenaub took us two hours, and afterwards I stopped an hour to get breakfast. There was a nice breeze blowing all day, which tempered the heat. The road all the way is macadamised, equal to any public road in England. It is a portion of the Grand Trunk Road, which extends, I believe, from Lahore to Peshawur, 210 miles. The line of railway in course of construction will run side by side with the road. They tell me the foundations for the piers, now being made for the bridge across the Chenaub, are seventy feet deep. At about sixty-six feet they reach clay, into which they go down four feet, and in excavating these last four feet, they spend as much as for the sixty-six feet. The gauge of the rail is to be three feet three inches. It will take two years or more to complete the line from Lahore to Rawul Pindee, 170 miles. The Jhelum has to be bridged—a work, they say, which will be very troublesome.

6*th*, *Delhi.*—On the 5th, at 2.45 A.M., I took the Punjaub train at Lahore for Delhi, and arrived here this morning at five o'clock, having been 26¼ hours on the road. The river Beas we passed partly on a trestle-bridge, but the Sutlej we passed in boats, one of the piers of the bridge, one and a quarter miles long, having been swept away by the late floods. The Gugger we passed on a temporary

bridge in trollies. The journey was a most tiresome one, and I was heartily glad when it came to an end. I dislike railway travelling everywhere, but upon these Indian lines more than anywhere else. The carriages on this Punjaub line seem as if they were built for a cold climate. They are like our old and worst carriages in use in England, close and very dirty. You never can find anybody whose duty it is to assist passengers. As for the station-master, he may be seen usually on the platform, looking as if the whole concern, train, platform, and passengers, were all his own property, seldom deigning to trouble himself about anything that is going on. In fact, the Europeans filling subordinate situations in India are hardly installed in office when they begin to think themselves equal to, and capable of giving advice to, the Governor-General himself; and this uppishness I take to be the result of feeling that they wield unlimited power over the native population, by whom, in return, they are thoroughly hated.

9th.—Yesterday, at 4.30 P.M., left Delhi by rail for Umballah, on my way to Simlah. Arrived at Umballah at 1.30 A.M., and went to the Royal Hotel, where I slept, and after breakfast left by horse-dak at 10.30 for Kalka (48 miles), where I arrived at 4.30 P.M. Kalka is a town at the very foot of the hills, up which I have to travel to-morrow towards Simlah. The road from Delhi to Umballah, and the road from Umballah to Kalka, to all appearance when travelling over them, seem to be as flat as your hand, nevertheless there is a rise on the whole distance of some 300 feet. Kalka, by my aneroid, is about 2000 feet above the sea. The road from Umballah to Kalka is excellent all the way, excepting where the beds of two rivers have to be crossed, and there it is somewhat rough.

10th.—Slept at the Royal Hotel, and at 6.30 this morning started on horseback for Simlah, and arrived at this place, Harripore, which is better than half way, at 2 P.M., and have put up for the night at the dak-bungalow. Harripore is a village among the hills, and is about 3800 feet above the sea. The ascent begins immediately on leaving Kalka, and is continuous all the way to Kassowlie, a town of some importance, but which I was not permitted to pass

through—cholera being prevalent, and Kassowlie in quarantine; so I had to pass round it. My aneroid shows it to be 6100 feet above sea-level. The road was once good all the way, but the unusually heavy rains experienced this season have damaged it seriously, and many men are now employed in repairing it. There are high hills everywhere round about, green to the summit, but no timber on them, with the exception of a few pines near to Kassowlie. Kassowlie is a military station, and so is Sabatha, some miles farther on. The barracks at this latter place are very extensive, and are perched on the summit of a line of hills of considerable extent, high above the road I was travelling. The hills round about Kassowlie are at present covered with soldiers' tents. Leaving Kassowlie, the road passes over hill and dale, crosses several gorges, two of them, I think, on suspension bridges, and leads through Harripore, a village of some importance, and then on to this bungalow. There is cultivation wherever the ground will permit, the crops mostly maize and rice. The distance from Kalka to Simlah is about forty-six miles, sixty by the cart-road.

12*th*, *Simlah.*—It took me five and a half hours to reach Simlah from Harripore yesterday morning. The road is pretty nearly an ascent all the way. This road, from Kalka to Simlah, would be called a good road in Kashmir, but it is not, in great part, what a road is expected to be in British territory. It has never been properly constructed to begin with, and the consequence is, that it gets seriously damaged every wet season, and then costs a large amount of labour to repair it. This ought not to be, for if once efficiently made, the annual expense for repairs would be comparatively trifling. One of the highest points about Simlah, Jacoh's Hill, is marked on the map 8059 feet high; and another point, the Simlah Magnetic Observatory, is marked 7089 feet. My aneroid makes this Royal Hotel to be 7100 feet above sea-level. The temperature is very pleasant—68° in my room.

Yesterday I went to the post-office, and requested my letters to be sent to the Royal Hotel. This morning, when taking a walk before breakfast, I ran against the postman carrying two bundles of letters. He asked me if I was Mr C., and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he

there and then squatted down, opened one of his bundles' and without looking at the address, picked out and handed me a letter. This is somewhat analogous to the post-office system followed in villages on the Nile, where, on going once to post a letter, I found the office represented by a black fellow, sitting under a hedge, a good half mile outside the town. How the native postman managed this morning to pick me out from among many other Europeans who were passing by at the time, as the owner of the letter in question, is more than I can tell.

15*th.*—Just returned from church, where everything was chanted. The thoughts of the man who read the service were, I am satisfied, much more occupied with his own manner and delivery than with the meaning of the matter he was reading. His nimminy-pimminy manner possibly might have been appreciated by some lovesick damsel, but to all thinking men and women it must have been simply abhorrent, so thoroughly unmanly was it. The congregation was fashionable, numbering perhaps 350 persons, almost as many women as men. The women, without exception, came to church in jampans, although the temperature was delightful for walking.

16*th.*—A gentleman at the breakfast-table told a story this morning which might bear repeating, illustrating, as it does, a point in the character of the natives of this country. He said, as he was coming home to the hotel last night, his attention was attracted by a sharp altercation going on in the street between a policeman and a man whom he had just taken in charge. Something about the man had aroused the suspicions of the policeman, and he had stopped him and had taken a jacket from him, which he carried on his arm. The narrator of the occurrence remained to see what would be the result of the altercation, which ended by the policeman restoring the jacket to the owner and setting him at liberty. During the altercation, the owner of the jacket had loudly asserted that the policeman wanted to rob him of his jacket, in the pocket of which there were five rupees; so when the jacket was returned to him, the narrator of the story searched the pocket, but found no money in it; and on demanding to know what had become of the five rupees, the owner of the

jacket admitted that there never had been five rupees in the jacket-pocket, and that he had merely said so because the policeman had falsely stated that he had abused him; so that, to pay him off, he had invented the lie. This is Eastern all over.

Yesterday I walked up to Jacoh's Hill, marked on the map 8059 feet above sea-level. My aneroid made it about 7800 feet.

18*th.*—Walked out five miles to-day to look at a spot where, a few days ago, a gentleman, whilst riding along a mountain path, had been forced by some laden mules over a precipice at least two hundred feet deep, a great part of it perpendicular rock. Wonderful to relate, he had no limb broken, and the extent of the injury he suffered was a slight cut on the head. The shock, however, or the blows, or the cut on the head, produced concussion of the brain, from which he soon recovered. The horse was killed, and the man who lent it (for it was a borrowed one), thinks he ought to be paid for it.

The cholera seems to be becoming pretty general over India, and in Kashmir, the papers state, or rather the papers state that in Kashmir (for there are no papers in Kashmir), that of 5600 persons who had been attacked up to our latest dates from thence, 2900 had died.

21*st.*—Opening of the Art-Union Exhibition to-day at 3.30, the very hour at which I am writing, and it is raining in torrents; so, as there are no carriages in Simlah—all locomotion is either on foot or on horseback or in jampans—I come to the conclusion the Governor-General, Lord Northbrook, will have very few witnesses of the opening ceremony.

25*th.*—Yesterday I visited Annandale Gardens, situated below Simlah some 800 feet. People go there, I believe, to picnic; and the cricket-ground is close to the gardens, which of themselves are but a poor affair. I found there, however, what I had been hunting for elsewhere in vain—some last year's deodar-seed, and bought from the gardener two pounds, for which I paid him two rupees. Yesterday I visited the Art-Union Exhibition of pictures, consisting entirely of pictures by amateurs, some 400 of them, many very creditable compositions.

30*th*, *Umballah.*—The day before yesterday, at 7 A.M., I bid good-bye to Simlah; the day before that, I paid a visit to Mr B. He was very civil, and offered to introduce me to Lord Northbrook, an honour I declined. A six hours' ride brought me to Lowrie's bungalow at Kuckkerhutty, where I dined and slept, for my luggage did not arrive until 7 P.M. This bungalow is about half way between Simlah and Kalka, about twenty-five miles from both places. It is prettily situated among the hills, some 4000 feet above the sea. Simlah can be seen from it very distinctly. A mountain, probably 10,000 feet high, was pointed out to me as producing large quantities of honey, the bees making their hives among the rocks near the summit.

At seven yesterday I was again in the saddle, and reached Kalka at noon, passing through Sabatha, a large and apparently a very favourite station, and Kassowlie, another military station and a good-sized town. Kassowlie must be 6100 feet above the sea, and on quitting it the descent to Kalka immediately commences. The distance to Kalka is about ten miles, and the descent about 3000 feet. Here I put up at Mrs M'Barnett's Royal Hotel, and slept there last night, for my luggage did not make its appearance until after dark. Left Kalka at seven this morning in a dak-gharry, for which I paid sixteen rupees, and at 1 P.M. reached Umballah; weather dry, and not over warm. I am about 2000 feet above sea-level here at Umballah, if my aneroid speaks the truth; and the descent from Kalka over the plain, a distance of thirty-eight miles, is so gradual, that no one would ever guess it to be a thousand feet, which it certainly is.

There is a company in India that runs dak-gharries over some of the roads, and it is opposed by the Government tooth and nail. At Goojrat, after I had hired a gharry from the agent of the company to take me to Lahore for twenty rupees, the Government agent came to the bungalow to ask if I wanted a gharry; the fare, he said, was forty rupees; and after a good deal of talk, and on my telling him that I had hired one from the company for twenty rupees, he offered to take twenty also, and assured me that the company had no horses fit for work, and that they would be obliged to employ bullocks, which, of course, would be very slow work.

The same thing took place here at Umballah on my way to Simlah. Both agents, the Government agent and the company's agent, came together to the hotel. The former asked thirty rupees for a gharry to Kalka. I pitted them against each other; and when at last the agent of the company agreed to give me a gharry for twelve rupees, the Government agent said he too would give me one for twelve also. The same thing took place to-day at Kalka; the Government agent, after asking thirty rupees, came down to eighteen, and I ultimately hired one from the agent of the company for sixteen rupees. Now, it seems to me that this conduct on the part of the Government is disreputable, and in place of trying to crush private enterprise, they ought to encourage it. The company at one time ran gharries between Jehlum and Peshawur, but the Government obliged them to abandon that line of road, and the Government now charges a rupee a mile between those two places, which is double what the company could afford to work for. When I went from Lahore to Murree, I paid at the post-office at Lahore seventy-one rupees for a gharry, and I found out afterwards they hired one at the same time to another person, who threatened to take one from the company, for forty rupees! Surely such conduct as this is not creditable to the Government.

October 1st, Delhi.—At 7.20 P.M. yesterday I left Umballah by rail for Delhi, and arrived at my destination at 5.30 this morning. This is very slow travelling, 120 miles in ten hours, but that is the stereotyped rate on the Mooltan, Lahore, and Delhi Railway. On arriving at the railway station at Umballah, I took possession of a first-class carriage, into which I put all my luggage, the common practice here, although by the company's rules you are not allowed to carry a single pound without paying for it. Government employés in travelling overrule all rules in this country; and as I was always taken by the half-caste native officials at railway stations for a veteran military officer, I invariably followed the example set me by that class, and deposited my luggage in the carriage in which I travelled without giving the officials the trouble of weighing it. Just before the train started, two young Englishmen entered my carriage, bringing with them a large amount of luggage and a dozen bottles

soda-water. These two young fellows bullied the coolies, as is their wont to do, carrying matters on the platform, in treating with the officials, with a very high hand. I was glad to find they were to get out at Salampore. They smoked and pegged, as they called it, the whole way, and finished the soda-water and a corresponding quantity of brandy before they left Now there was nothing in the weather to create thirst; it was cool and pleasant, and still they drank peg after peg of brandy and soda, as if drinking was an absolute necessity for them. Is it to be wondered at that so many of these young fellows lose their health in India when this pegging is carried on to such an extent as it is?—a custom, too, which may well be supposed to aggravate their treatment of the natives. On this subject I had a conversation the other day with an old officer of a hussar regiment. He said they, the European officers, never by any chance associated with the native officers; they lived entirely apart, and the Europeans knew absolutely nothing of the inner life of the native. With regard to the conduct of the youngsters in the European regiments, he said, no doubt when they first arrived out they kicked and cuffed their native servants, but they soon learnt, if they continued that habit, they, in the end, would be the sufferers, for their servants would run away from them; and once an officer had earned a bad name among servants, he found great difficulty in getting a servant to engage with him.

Very few of these young fellows ever trouble themselves to learn Hindostanee, and generally in the regiments everything native is positively ignored, and with this feeling *curry* was an unknown dish at the mess of his regiment. The bulk of the European travellers to the hill-stations are army officers, so that a notice which is stuck up at a dak-bungalow on the road between Simlah and Kalka may be considered as addressed principally to them. It was to the following effect. Here is the notice:—"As this *dak* is maintained to provide comfortable conveyances, at the expense of much anxiety and trouble, it is earnestly solicited that the servants may not be maltreated, and that gentlemen will not insist against the terms of this notice." The terms alluded to are the terms upon which horses could be hired. Whilst I am

upon this subject, I will cite a portion of certain rules laid down by the Government of the Punjaub for the guidance of travellers annually visiting Kashmir. It will tend to show, by the fact of such being necessary, the opinion entertained at headquarters of young gentlemen when let loose in Kashmir.

"When going out on shooting excursions, visitors are to take carriages and supplies with them, and not to persist in demanding them at places where they are not procurable.

"Should they have occasion to consider that they or their followers have been ill treated or affronted, they are strictly prohibited from taking the law into their own hands in punishing the offending parties, but they are to make known their complaints to the authorities on the spot, and immediately to report the matter to the officer on deputation at Sreenuggur.

"Officers are enjoined to remember that they are visitors in the remote dominions of an independent sovereign, where they, one and all, represent the character of their country (?). If, on any occasion, they or their servants be brought into contact with the Maharajah, his son, relatives, or any of his agents, they must treat them with respect and courtesy (!), and be guided by and conform to the local laws and usages.

"Officers are not allowed to take away with them, either in their service or in their camps, any subjects of the Maharajah without obtaining permission and a passport from the authorities.

"They are strictly required to settle all accounts before they quit Kashmir, and to be responsible that the debts of their servants are similarly discharged.

"Instances having been brought to notice of European visitors to Kashmir having permitted the goods of native merchants to be mixed up with their own, with the object of evading the customs duties leviable thereupon by the Kashmir Government, it is hereby pointed out that such conduct will involve legal penalties; and, in case of persons in the civil or military service of the Queen, will be reported to the supreme Government.

"The Maharajah occasionally invites European visitors to entertainments, at which, if the invitation be accepted, they should appear in undress uniform or evening costume.

"It will be the duty of the officer on special duty to report to the Punjaub Government any officer or traveller infringing any of these rules.

"Should any officer be guilty of any aggravated breach of decorum or propriety, or of violating any of the local laws or usages of the country, or other grave misconduct, the civil officer on special duty at Sreenuggur is empowered to call upon such officer to quit forthwith the territories of the Maharajah. Such requisition on the part of the civil officer must be promptly complied with. An appeal from the order of expulsion will lie, in the case of a first offence, to a

court of three experienced officers, whom the civil officer is empowered to summon for the purpose of hearing such appeals, and the decision of these officers will be final. In the case of a second offence, there will be no appeal against the order of the civil officer.

"T. W. THORNTON,
Secretary to Governor of the Punjaub.

"*Note.*—The last rule is issued with the concurrence of their Excellencies the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief."

Is it not to be feared that, before such stringent rules as the foregoing were laid down by the Punjaub Government, the necessity for them had become very patent?

Travellers in India constantly find themselves mixed up and coming into contact with army officers, and he cannot but be struck by the usual tenor of their conversation. Though they may have only just come out from home, their talk discloses clearly enough that their thoughts run upon how they are to get upon the staff, and how soon they will be able to return home. These are the subjects that seem to occupy their whole mind, and necessarily prevent them from studying their professional duties, the language of the country, or the character of the people in the midst of whom they are but units. The officers of the old Indian army, on the contrary, identified themselves with the country, and we saw the result in such men as the Laurences, Nicholson, Havelock, Hodgson, and many others; and it may be much doubted if, at the commencement, at any rate, of another outbreak (time may bring such to the surface), their like will be found to meet the emergency. No doubt in the old Company's time, the difficulties in the way, and the time required for a trip to England and back, operated to make it less thought of than in the present day; but whatever may be the cause, it is much to be regretted. The retaining our power here depends wholly upon our army: relax your grasp for a moment, and you invite a mutiny. The Government is doing much for the moral and material advancement of the people by its roads, railways, and schools, but we are hated by them nevertheless, and I take the reason to be, first of all, the colour of our skin; and next, the contemptuous treatment dealt out to them by young officers of the army, and by the numerous bands of half-educated Englishmen employed on railways and public works generally; who, from the fact of

coming into constant contact with the masses of the people, create by their rough treatment a feeling of intense hatred, which the efforts of the Government towards producing contentment among them is very inadequate to surmount. No doubt our white skins are very much against our ever being beloved by these people, and the hatred is intensified by their knowing that we have great contempt for them, and of which we never lose an opportunity to remind them. Even our very children born in India are indulged in the pastime of kicking, biting, and scratching their nurses and attendants; and thus from their very cradle they commence to maltreat the natives. It has been remarked, that there is no class of white men more tyrannical in their treatment of the native than those who have been born in the country. The native lives in bodily fear of us: he crouches and draws himself along in the dust as he approaches us, and at the same time he hates us with all his heart and with all his soul.

3*d.*—To-day, accompanied by two gentlemen staying in this hotel, I drove through old Delhi; visited the tomb of Supter Jung, which is a very humble imitation of the Taj, and the observatory, and then on to the Kootub Minar. "This wonderful pillar is eleven miles from Delhi: it had suffered from earthquakes and from lightning, but in 1826 the Government put it into thorough repair at a cost of £2000. The Minar is the highest pillar in the world, standing 238 feet above the level of the ground. The diameter of the base is forty-seven feet two inches, and of the apex nearly nine feet. The plinth, or base, is two feet high, the shaft is 234 feet: it is said to have once had seven stories, and to have been 300 feet high, but there is no warrant for the statement. At present there are five galleries, including the one at the top. In the lower story the flats are alternately angular and circular; in the second, circular; and in the third, angular only. The section above this is faced with marble, having a belt of dark stone at the bottom; and the upper section of all is of red sandstone, of which the whole of the outside of the pillar is built, having two belts of marble and some ornamental marble-work close to the top. The history of the Kootub Minar is written in its inscriptions encircling the tower. The upper band consists of verses from the Koran, and the next below

gives the well-known ninety names (Arabic) of the Almighty. The third belt contains the name and praises of Mauz-ooden Abul Muzafur Mahomed Bin Sam. The fourth belt contains a verse from the Koran, and the fifth belt contains the name of the Sultan Mahomed Bin Sam. The lowermost belt has been rendered illegible by time and badly-executed restorations; but Sind Ahmad has deciphered the words Amir-ool Amrie, or chief of the nobles. The inscription over the doorway records that the Minar of Sultan Shumsh-ooden Altomsh, having been injured, was repaired during the reign of Sekundu Shah, son of Behlol, by Futch Khan, the son of Khawas Khan, in A.H. 909, or A.D. 1503. On the second story the inscription over the doorway records that the Emperor Altomsh ordered the completion of the Minar. The lowermost belt contains the verses of the Koran respecting the summons to prayer on Friday, and the upper line contains the praises of the Emperor Altomsh. Over the door of the third story the praises of Altomsh are repeated, and again in the belt of inscriptions round the column. The door inscription records that the Minar was ordered to be erected during the reign of Altomsh. The inscription over the door of the fifth story states, that the Minar having been injured by lightning, was repaired by the Emperor Feroz Shah in A.H. 770, or A.D. 1368. The pillar appears to have been completed about A.D. 1235. The history of this pillar is involved in great obscurity, it being a popular legend that the Hindu Rajah Pithora commenced a pillar on the site of the present Minar, at the request of his daughter, who was desirous of seeing the river Jumna daily, and from its summit beholding the rising sun. Whether the Hindu Rajah did commence the building can never be satisfactorily determined, but the glory of its completion undoubtedly rests with the Mahometans. The Kootub Minar is charmingly situated among ruins and grass-lands; 379 steps, in excellent repair, built of Kharra stone, lead to the summit, from whence there is a magnificent view." Extensive view would have been more correct. You see the city of Delhi from the top of the Minar, but there is nothing magnificent in that. You see many mud villages, and perhaps a hundred tombs dotted about the plain, but there is nothing magnificent either in

the mud villages or the half-ruined tombs that meet your gaze from the Kootub. There is a good deal of cultivation on the plain, but to an English eye it is very slovenly work. The river Jumna is seen some dozen miles off, a very sluggish stream, not near enough, even if it were a rushing torrent, to be at all a very defined object in the landscape.

After having gone to the top of the Minar, and seen what the guide-book calls a "magnificent view," we took luncheon, and then drove to the village of Mehrowlie, where there is a large well measuring eighty feet from the brink to the surface of the water. I dare say it may be twenty-five to thirty feet in diameter at the mouth. There is a class of divers in the village, who from their childhood have practised diving down into this well, and who, for four annas (6d.), jump from the brink down into the water, somewhat over eighty feet. At first their legs and arms are spread out, but closed into the body just before reaching the water. One would suppose they cannot go down very deep under water, for they quickly come to the surface, swim to the side of the well, and run up the steps to claim the four annas. Among the divers there was one man fully seventy years of age.

3*d.*—From Mehrowlie we drove home across this forty square miles of lugubrious-looking tombs and ruins of tombs, the only buildings left upon these plains; the dwellings of the people having entirely disappeared. It has been often remarked, that if we were to give up India to-morrow, in a very few years there would not be a trace left of our occupation. Better so, say I, than to leave behind us, as former rulers have done, a parcel of useless tombs, which serve no earthly end. Doubtless, if we were to leave India to-morrow, the roads and railroads with which we have intersected the country would in fifty years (in all probability) have entirely disappeared; and it is for this reason that we should not be warranted in giving up India now. It is too soon to think of this yet; we must fit the people to fully appreciate the value of good roads and railroads, and teach them how to take care of them before we think of foregoing our iron grasp of the country. We must, in fact, teach them how to govern themselves before we

abandon them. There is not one Englishman in India who does not know very well that, but for our military organisation, we could not hold India for a week; nevertheless, to evacuate it now would be to hand it over to anarchy and bloodshed, for there is not the shadow of a native chief that we know of in the country at present who could fill our place.

4th.—This morning I walked over the ground occupied by our troops during the siege of Delhi in 1857. Near the Kashmir Gate, the wall still bears the marks of our twenty-four-pound shot, though the gate itself has been repaired, as well as the wall, somewhat on one side of it, in which a breach was made, and through which the first attacking column under General Nicholson entered. We had hard work to hold our own after we had got into the city, for our whole effective force numbered only 7000 men, whilst the mutinous troops in Delhi amounted to over 60,000. We attacked in four columns; the first, under General Nicholson entered at the breach made at the Kashmir bastion; the second, under Colonel Jones, carried the breach at the water bastion; the third, under Colonel Campbell, entered at the Kashmir Gate, which had been blown open by Lieutenants Home* and Salkeld of the engineers, assisted by Sergeants Burgess and Carmichael, and Sergeant Smith. Three out of the five, Salkeld, Burgess, and Carmichael, were either shot dead or fell mortally wounded. The assault was made on 14th September, and it was not until the 20th that the whole of the city was in our possession. One may judge of the severity of the fighting when, on the 14th, the day of the assault, sixty-six officers and 1104 men were counted among dead and wounded.

The iron pillar† close to the Kootub Minar, General Cunningham says, "is one of the most curious monuments in India. It is a solid shaft of mixed metal, upwards of sixteen inches in diameter, and about fifty feet in length. The total height of the pillar above ground is twenty-two feet. Its depth into the ground is considerably greater than its height above ground, as a recent excavation was carried

* In the guide-book by Captain Harcourt, Assistant-commissioner, Delhi, he is called Home, quoting Lieutenant Medley's narrative of the siege; but on the memorial pillar erected on the ridge, the name of Jones is given.

† There is a description of this in the First Tour, which see.

down to twenty-six feet without reaching the foundation on which the pillar rests." Now, on my recent visit to old Delhi, I had with me a very intelligent native, and he, as well as the Brahmin who has charge of the Kootub Minar, the iron pillar, and the other buildings and ruins in the immediate neighbourhood, told me that last year, when the camp of exercise was held at Delhi, General M'Murdo had an excavation made at the foot of the pillar, and they found that it was only five and a half feet beneath the surface of the ground, and that it was supported and kept in its place by iron stays some five feet in length. Both these men witnessed the making of the excavation. The appearance of the flags, and the ground all around the base of the pillar, bear evidence of a very recent excavation having been made there. The pillar was probably erected by Rajah Dharah in A.D. 319, this sovereign's name being imprinted on it. There is a legend attached to it. It is this: that "Rajah Pithora, the last of the Hindoo sovereigns, dreading the fall of his dynasty, consulted the Brahmins as to what steps should be taken to insure its continuance; he was informed that if he sunk an iron shaft into the ground, and managed to pierce the head of the snake-god Lishay, who supported the world, his kingdom would endure for ever. The pillar was accordingly constructed, and the directions of the Brahmins religiously obeyed. How long the shaft remained undisturbed is not said, but the Rajah, either distrusting his priestly advisers, or desirous of seeing for himself whether the snake had been touched, contrary to the entreaties of the Brahmins, had the pillar taken up. To the surprise of the spectators and the consternation of the sovereign, the end of it was found covered with blood, and the Rajah was informed that his dynasty would shortly cease. He ordered the pillar to be again inserted in the ground; but the serpent below appears to have had enough of cold iron, and the Brahmins declared that the sceptre would soon pass away from the Hindoo sovereign. The charm was anyhow broken, for Shahab Oodeen shortly after wrested from Pithora his life and his kingdom, and from that day to this no Hindoo king has ever ruled in Delhi."

5th.—This morning I drove over old Delhi for a distance

of about five miles, visiting several tombs, some of them entirely of marble and of exquisite workmanship. Among others, I went over the Emperor Humayon's tomb, from which Hodgson unearthed the Emperor of Delhi and his two sons after the siege. The size of the tomb may be imagined by the fact, that besides the Emperor and his two sons, it gave shelter to some seven or eight thousand of their followers. The dome is entirely of white marble, the rest of the building being of red sandstone, with inlaid ornaments of white marble.

The whole forty square miles are thickly covered with tombs and ruins of tombs, forts, and palaces, and now and then villages of recent construction are found hidden among the ruins. The ancient buildings appear all to have been of stone, the tombs principally of sandstone.

Feroz Shah's lât, or pillar, stands just outside the Delhi Gate; its total height is forty-two feet about, and the sunken portion only about four feet. It is a circular column of granite of one piece, erected by Asoka about 270 years before Christ. The inscriptions on it are in Pali, or spoken language of that day, and the alphabetical character is of the oldest form that has yet been found in India. Baoli, or the well, is close to Nizam Oodeen's tomb, and is supposed to have been commenced in 1321. There are numbers of boys and men here who do nothing else but dive into this well from the roofs of the surrounding buildings. The height they jump may be about seventy feet, and the fee four annas.

8th.—I have had several long walks about Delhi; it is rather a fine city. The iron railway over the Jumna is a noble structure; the trains pass along on the top, whilst underneath, as at the bridge over the St Lawrence, near the falls, there is a good carriage-way of about twelve feet wide and somewhat more than that high. Most of the carrying work about here is done by large white oxen in carts, and on the backs of buffaloes. The white bullocks, too, are employed very generally for drawing travelling and city carriages of various sorts; many of them go at a good pace. Ordinary bullocks are worth about thirty rupees each, but a pair of large handsome fast bullocks for a carriage sometimes sell for a thousand rupees. Birds and the smaller kinds of animals

lead a good life in India; no one ever molests them; and so it is that Delhi is full of them, and they are very tame. Wild pigeons, doves, and squirrels are numerous, and unless it be in a few business streets, every house in Delhi has a compound attached to it, well-stocked with huge trees, giving shelter to all these little animals and birds.

In the Punjaub the women really wear the breeches; the men wear only a long shirt, that is, when they wear anything; but the women wear pantaloons, made generally to fit very tight. They are of various colours, but white prevails. They are a fine race of men in this part of India, very different from the slim Bengalee; but there is more or less here, as everywhere else in India, the same crouching before the European. If there are men seated by the side of the road, and a European passes by, they all rise. Even well-dressed natives on horseback, with somewhat of a retinue, will make a salaam to an Englishman passing on foot; but it is fear, not love or respect, that prompts it. It is true the law does what it can to protect the native from ill-treatment, and an Englishman may be fined fifty rupees for beating a native; but it is seldom the native complains, however much he may be beaten: he would become a marked man were he to do so, and would in vain seek employment with Englishmen afterwards. The natives know this very well, and therefore it is that an Englishman is seldom pulled up by them, although there is a certain class of Englishmen in India who seldom use any other argument than the fist with a native. As I go along the street, I often feel ashamed to receive the crouching subservience which is dealt out to me by almost every native I meet. Not that they know who or what I am; it is simply all-sufficient that I am one of the governing race. I often think it would do many of our Indian countrymen a world of good to pass a month or two occasionally in such a place as Melbourne, where they would be constantly in contact with some of the finest specimens of English bone and sinew, walking the streets with an air of thorough independence. No cringing there—every man stands upon his rights; and yet a more orderly or better behaved set of men, whether in the streets or gathered together in places of amusement, I have never seen.

11*th.*—Paid a visit this morning to the museum. It contains a few Chinese, Japanese, and Indian trinkets; a few specimens of shawls manufactured in Kashmir and in Delhi; two chairs which belonged to the King of Delhi—and good roomy chairs they are, evidently made for a man who was accustomed not to sit on them as Europeans sit, but to squat on them as the Easterns do, with their legs drawn up under them. There are some specimens of pottery, chinaware, and glass. There are two Buddhist praying-machines—a cylinder two inches in diameter and three inches long, filled with prayers, and a stick running through the centre of the cylinder on which it revolves, the stick being long enough for a man to grasp the lower end of it in his hand; then, fastened to the centre of the cylinder, is a couple of inches of small chain with a bit of iron at the end of it, which helps to keep the cylinder in motion when once set agoing by the person holding in his hand the lower end of the stick whirling it round. There are half-a-dozen alligators, crocodiles, and some stuffed fish; some bird-skins not set up, and very much moth-eaten; and a few of the smaller animals stuffed, and in a wretched state of decomposition; a few swords and other native arms; some skulls and bones, and the portraits of the two Laurences, Lord Canning, Lake, Lord Elgin, Hamilton, General Nicholson, and one or two other Indian celebrities; a profusion of armlets, anklets, and nose-rings; sketches pretending to portray the outlines of the different races that people the world, but they are without exception wretched caricatures, tracings beginning with the tadpole and ending with a human head; a very small collection of minerals and stones; two or three pieces of elastic sandstone; a few snakes and scorpions, and crabs and other fish in spirits; the skeleton of a small boa-constrictor. *Voila tout!* The pictures are hung against the walls, the other articles are placed on tables and on the floor of the apartment, for the most part an indiscriminate mixture. Very few of the specimens are protected by glass. For a large city like Delhi, it is a miserable collection. I saw no catalogue, but as a few of the articles are numbered, I suppose there may once have been one; and a few of them have written upon them what they are and where they come from. There is, too, a small peacock, very much mutilated, possibly of silver,

taken from the peacock throne of the ancient kings of Delhi. If these European Indians could only see the collections gathered together by the trading people, looked upon with so much indifference by them, of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Victoria, beautifully arranged, described, and protected, it might put them to the blush. The museum at Victoria might be envied by many a large European city.

The Queen's Garden occupies, perhaps, about fifty acres, nicely laid out, an abundance of trees in it large enough to afford a fair amount of shade, and many flowering shrubs. Roses and convolvuluses very plentiful, walks and drives fairly kept. A canal passes through the garden, from which, of course, an unlimited supply of water is obtained, which keeps the plots of grass green and pleasing to look at all the year round. There is a limited menagerie in the garden, in which are to be seen several royal tigers, old and young; leopards, black bears, monkeys, and a few deer, all looking very healthy, particularly the tigers. There are a few birds also, and among them some amusingly talkative minar birds, so common throughout all India. There is a stone elephant, too, with a long history attached to it, found a few years ago in a "thousand pieces," and set up by the municipality of Delhi where it now stands, the only elephant in the menagerie. The garden is full of birds; they are there in thousands, principally pigeons and doves, so tame that they don't care to move out of your way. The same may be said of the pretty little striped squirrels; they abound here, and neither birds nor squirrels are even meddled with.

16*th*, *Agra.*—I came here this morning from Delhi by a train that left at 6 P.M. yesterday, and arrived at the Agra station at 2.30 this morning, and from the station I was a good forty minutes reaching the hotel, "Beaumont's North-Western Hotel." The station is on one side of the Jumna, and the town and cantonments on the other, which is awkward; and, to make it more unpleasant, there is a toll of twelve annas to pay on crossing the bridge. A railway bridge, however, is being constructed, and may be finished in a year or two. Many railways are now being constructed by the Government, all narrow gauge, one metre ($39\frac{3}{4}$ inches), the existing railways being what they call here the broad gauge.

After turning in for an hour, I got up and drove to the Taj, stopping on the way and going off the road to examine an artificial mound, covering about six acres, whose acquaintance I first made in 1868. The highest part of it must be some fifty or sixty feet. It is of irregular shape, and is strewed all over with bits of broken bricks and pottery. It is stated to be the result of brick-burning. Such mounds are numerous all over India; at Old Delhi there are many of them. Exteriorly they resemble the Jericho mounds. On the edge of this mound there is a large well, very ancient, with a mouth some twelve feet wide, from which water was, no doubt, procured for making the bricks. The mound has never been dug into; at least, there is now no appearance of its ever having been dug into. The Taj I have described already, so far as my brief visit in 1868 enabled me to do. I may copy here the interesting description of it given by Mr Taylor, an American, who visited it some few years ago.

"The Taj stands on the banks of the Jumna, rather more than a mile eastward of the fort of Agra; it is approached by a good road, cut through mounds, the debris of ancient palaces. Like the tomb of Akbar, it stands in a large garden, enclosed by a lofty wall of red sandstone, with arched galleries around the interior, and entered by a superb gateway of sandstone inlaid with white marble covered with inscriptions from the Koran. Outside of this grand portal, however, is a spacious quadrangle of solid masonry, with an elegant structure intended for a caravansery. Whatever might be the visitor's impatience, he cannot help pausing to notice the fine proportions and the rich and massive style of this building. The gate leading into the garden of the Taj is not so large as that at Akbar's tomb, but quite as beautiful in design. Passing under the open demivault, whose arch hangs high above you, an avenue of dark Italian cypress appears before you; down its centre sparkles a long row of fountains, casting up a single slender jet; on both sides the palm, the banyan, and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the song of birds meets your ears, and the odour of roses and lemon-flowers sweetens the air; down such a vista and over such a foreground rises the Taj.

"It is an octagonal building, or rather a square with the

corners truncated, and each side precisely similar. It stands upon a lofty platform, with a minaret at each corner, and this again is lifted on a vast terrace of solid masonry. An oriental dome, swelling out into nearly two-thirds of a sphere, and tapering at the top into a crescent-tipped spire, crowns the edifice, rising from its centre, with four similar, but much smaller, domes at the corners. On each side there is a grand entrance, formed by a single-pointed arch, rising nearly to the cornice, and two smaller arches, placed one above the other on either hand. But no words can convey an idea of the harmony of the different parts of the grand and glorious effect of the whole structure, with the attendant minarets. The material is the purest white marble, little inferior to that of Carrara: it shines so dazzlingly in the sun, that you can scarcely look at it near at hand, except in the morning and evening. Every part of it, even the basement, the dome, and the upper galleries of the minarets, are inlaid with ornamental designs in marble of different colours, principally a pale brown and a blueish-violet variety. Great as the dimensions of the Taj are, it is as laboriously finished as one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony which are now so common in Europe. Bishop Heber truly said, 'The Pathans designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers.' Around all the arches of the windows and the portals, around the cornice and the domes, on the walls and in the passages, are inlaid chapters of the Koran, the letters being exquisitely formed of black marble. It is asserted that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid in the Taj, and I can readily believe it to be true. The building is perfect in all its parts; any dilapidations it may have suffered have been so well restored, that all traces of them have disappeared. I ascended to the base of the building, a gleaming marble platform, almost on a level with the tops of the trees in the garden. Before entering the central hall, I descended to the basement, where is the vault containing the ashes of the beautiful Noorjehan. A sloping passage, whose walls and floors have been so polished by the hands and feet of thousands, that you must walk carefully to avoid sliding down, conducts to a spacious vaulted chamber. There is no light but what enters at the door, and this falls directly upon the tomb of the queen; in the centre, Shah

jehan, whose ashes are covered by a similar cenotaph, raised somewhat above hers, sleeps by her side. The vault was filled with the odour of rose, jasmin, and sandal-wood, the precious attars of which are sprinkled upon the tombs. Wreaths of beautiful flowers lay on the tombs, or withered around its base. These were the true tombs, the monuments for display being placed in the grand hall, above which is a lofty rotunda, lighted both from above and below by screens of marble and jasper, and ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured tablets representing flowers. The tombs are sarcophagi of the purest marble, exquisitely inlaid with bloodstone, agate, cornelian, lapislazuli, and other precious stones, and surrounded with an octagonal screen six feet high, in the open tracery of which lilies, irises, and other flowers are interwrought with the most intricate ornamental designs. It is of marble, covered with precious stones."

20*th*, *Bombay.*—I was in the train at Agra at midnight on the 17th, and I arrived here yesterday at 11.45 A.M. The distance is 1106 miles. From Allahabad to Bombay we travelled at the rate of twenty-four and a half miles an hour, including stoppages, the train frequently going along at the rate of forty miles. About 100 miles before we reached Bombay we came to the Thule Ghaut, which is ten miles long, with a gradient of one in thirty-seven. It is a noble line this from Allahabad to Bombay—single line of rail principally, steel rails on the Thule Ghaut. Some curiously-outlined hills, sandstone doubtless, are passed in the neighbourhood of the ghaut, representing towers, and steeples, and other fantastic shapes, produced by the action of water washing away the softer parts. I am at the Esplanade Hotel (Watson's), a large new and dear hotel, eight to twelve rupees per day. Thermometer at noon in the train, 90°, and at daylight, 70°. At the refreshment-room at Allahabad, a respectably-dressed Englishman, keeping up the character we have gained for ourselves in this country among the natives, sat down to dinner beastly drunk, and for a considerable time resisted all efforts that were made to remove him. In the end he was led away to the waiting-room, where he lay down on a wide wooden sofa, and finished by falling off on to the floor. When last I saw him, he was in the

hands of four coolies, one to each hand and each leg, and being carried away a dead-drunk corpse. This sort of thing is not uncommon in India, and no traveller can be many days on a railway line without witnessing a somewhat similar exhibition. In Kashmir, even, drinking among our countrymen was very common. All day long pegging, as they call it—that is, drinking brandy and soda—was going on, and frequently to great excess. I was told of one man who was constantly drunk at Sreenuggur, and in one of his bouts tumbled out of his bungalow window.

When I was coming from Lahore to Delhi, two of my countrymen got into the same carriage with me, bringing with them a number of bottles of soda-water with brandy to correspond; and during the time they remained with me they took a peg every quarter of an hour; but this circumstance I have, I believe, already chronicled somewhere else in my journal. The amount of drinking, in fact, that goes on in this country among our countrymen is incredible, and of course is very destructive to health, and to good manners also. I was alone in a carriage between Jubblepore and Bombay, when, at a roadside station, a native got in. It is somewhat unusual, I believe, to find natives travelling in first-class carriages, and this man took his seat in a corner, in a way that showed he did not consider himself a very palatable companion for me. I was, however, glad to have him, so I commenced at once to set him at his ease and to draw him out. He was, he told me, a medical man living at Harda, a little place forty miles from where he got in; he had been up the line to see a sick friend, and was now returning home. He had studied, he told me, and passed his examination at the Medical College at Calcutta; he was a Bengali and a Hindoo. I probed him on the subject of religion, upon which he talked shrewdly, and at last very excitedly. To my question whether he thought the missionaries did much good in India, he said yes; by establishing schools and encouraging education, there was no doubt they did considerable good. I asked him whether or not they made many conversions from Hindooism; yes, he said, many even among the best-educated Brahmins, of whom, he thought, no doubt many became Christians in order to escape the performance of the very arduous duties

imposed upon them by Hindooism, and also that they might acquire the right to eat meat! No member quitting Hindooism was ever permitted to return to it, but a Mussulman might turn Christian and go back again to Mahometanism simply by performing a small penance. Many Hindoos, he said, became Mussulmans, but no Mussulman would be permitted to become a Hindoo. The religious duties of the Mussulman, he said, were much less onerous than those of the Hindoo, and hence the reason why so many Hindoos became Mussulmans. He told me a queer story of a fakir who lived in the jungle country through which our train was then passing. A fakir, he said, came to him at Harda for medical treatment; his hands and arms, and his body also, were covered with leprous-looking blotches, produced, the fakir thought, by remaining too long at night-time in cold water, and afterwards taking large does of arsenic to restore the circulation. A Hindoo must always wash before he prays. The fakir, a very holy man, submitted himself to the doctor's treatment, and in a couple or three days the blotches disappeared. The doctor having gained the confidence of the fakir, asked him how, for the most part, he spent his life in the jungle; the fakir replied that for many years he had been studying and "practising suspended animation;" and there and then he proceeded to show the doctor how he accomplished the operation. By long practice, he said, he had attained the power of suspended animation in so far as the lungs and heart were concerned, of which he gave the doctor practical proof. The doctor now proceeded to tell me how he himself had observed what could have resulted only from supernatural powers. In travelling through this very same jungle in which the fakir lived, he had seen writing in Sanscrit on the back of some trees, and he was told that it was the writing of a saint, who, in passing through the pathless forest, had in this way directed the footsteps of his followers. At first, the doctor said, he believed that he was being imposed upon, but on cutting into the trees, he found that the writing extended quite into the heart, proving that it could only be the result of the exercise of miraculous power. In this way, telling me stories, the doctor beguiled time as we travelled along, and frequently evinced by his observation great shrewdness mixed up with supersti-

tion, common, I believe, among Eastern people. He talked of the new religion, Deism, which had been not very long started at Calcutta, and was making headway among the Hindoos more or less generally throughout Bengal. He seemed to think the motive which worked with converts from Hindooism to Deism, pure and simple, was that the new belief gave them more latitude to do or to act in this world than the old one, and, in fact, they believe they could gain heaven on easier terms by following or by believing in Deism than by Hindooism. This my friend thought was the secret of their conversion.

The hanging nests of the *baylu* (weaver-bird) are in great numbers on the trees bordering this railroad; they are very clever birds, it is clear, or they could never manage to construct the nests they do. They are generally in clusters, these nests, many of them hanging from the branches of the same tree, usually an acacia. The doctor told me that these little birds could be taught to do clever tricks, and he mentioned that he had often seen in their nests the firefly, fastened on the sides with a little mud, carefully done, so as not to kill the fly, doubtless, that the bird in the nest might have the benefit of the fly's bright little light. If this be true, it certainly shows wonderful sagacity on the part of the little weaver-bird. The doctor, however, is clearly a man given to romance, and therefore the story of the little bird and the firefly, and some of the doctor's other stories, may or may not be worthy of credit.

When at Delhi, I met at the hotel one of the leading barristers,who mentioned a circumstance showing the tenacity, I may call it, of the Hindoos, touching caste or religious forms. Mr N. had just lost his wife, and been obliged to take a Hindoo woman into his family as ayah. This circumstance led to the knowledge, Mr N. said, that a Hindoo woman who took service in a Christian family was never permitted to return to her husband's bed, and to the rights of her religion, whilst living with Christians, although constantly visiting her home and her husband; and it was only after leaving service, and after having performed a certain amount of penance, that she was permitted to do so.

CHAPTER XX.

Bound to China and Japan—Galle—Penang—John Chinaman—The fruit that tempted Eve—The Dutch cultivate tobacco and nutmegs in Sumatra—Singapore—Good hotel—Rajah Brooke—Malays plucky policemen—Shells—Hong Kong—Canton; river alive with boats—Honan; sacred pigs—Buddhist and Catholic priests—Visit old and new cities—Jade, its great price—Taste for jade in New Zealand—Archdeacon Grey preaches—Author's servant a convert; often drunk—Depopulation of the Sandwich Islands—City side of river—Execution ground—Water-clock—Sleeping figure of Buddha—Opium saloon—Rice-paper painting—Mosque—Bows and arrows; instruction by a Tartar—Gardens—Duck and chicken hatching—Dwarfed fruit-trees—Sedan-chairs—Great care taken of ordure—Public cabinets—Fortune-telling shops—French cathedral—Sharman, residence of foreigners—British Consulate—On board steamer for Hong Kong—How live fish are conveyed by steamer—Fish hatched in ponds—Hong Kong a fine town—Pigeon English—The English do not learn Chinese—Leave for Japan—Chang the Giant, his history—Volcano of Imoya—Yokohama—Fusiyama—Leave for interior—Hundreds of ginrickshas drawn by one man—Beggars—Laden ponies with straw shoes—Tea-houses—Heaps of children—Atâmi—Hot sulphur-baths—Temples—Period of transformation in Japan—Lake Hakoñi—Noble trees of cryptomeria—Temple of Shangnani—Forests of bamboo and long grass—Ice—Boiling springs—Earthquake—Paper-tree—Sir R. Alcock's dog Toby—Fusiyama—Hatta—Snow—Pass of Otome—Tonge—Adawarra—Hot mineral-springs—Fairy-like scene—Buddhist temple—Mineral baths—Soil volcanic—Daimio's castle in ruins—Orange groves—Swashbucklers—The everlasting baby—Villages—Winnowing corn—Carried in ginrickshas—Fugisawa—Buddhist temple—Coined money hoarded—Paper money—Return to Yokohama.

23*d October.*—At 2 P.M. to-day, embarked on board the *Hydaspes*, bound for Ceylon, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai, taking my passage only as far as Hong Kong, for which I paid 420 rupees. It was five o'clock on 24th before the mails came on board, and we then started. A light south wind has been blowing ever since; water smooth, weather rather cloudy. Steaming ten and a half knots; due at Galle on 26th. Only five passengers, but doubtless we shall pick up some more from the English boat at Galle. Distance run, 243 miles.

25*th.*—Very calm weather up to last night, when the wind shifted from S.S.E. to N.N.W., bringing rain and causing a little movement, but not much.

29*th.*—We got into Galle about 1 P.M. on 26th. Making the passage from Bombay in four days less four hours. Our average speed during the passage was a trifle over ten knots;

distance between Bombay and Galle, about 900 miles. With the exception of a little rain on the night of 24th, the weather otherwise was fine the whole way, and the water smooth. We found four steamers at Galle on our arrival there, and two others came in whilst we remained, and two more were entering the port as we came out. The bulk of the first-class passengers per Malacca from England, and some others from Calcutta and Bombay, found their way to the Oriental Hotel, and the hubbub in the verandah caused by buyers and sellers of Ceylon wares, quite equalled what I had often witnessed at Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, on the simultaneous arrival of the outward and homeward passengers by the P. & O. boats at Alexandria and Suez. All that, however, has been done away with, since the line from Suez to Alexandria no longer passes by or through Cairo, but goes round by Ismalia and Zagazig, and joins the main line at Benah, some twenty miles below Cairo. Thermometer at Galle ranging between 80° and 90°, but the heat not at all oppressive.

31*st.*—The first day out we made forty-four miles; yesterday 241, and up to noon to-day, 257 miles. Fine weather with a long beam-swell coming from the North Pacific. Our rate of steaming, about ten knots. Thermometer ranging between 80° and 90°, generally reaching 86° in my cabin in the hottest part of the day. This craft has accommodation for seventy-nine passengers in the saloon cabins, and fifty on the main-deck forward.

November 1*st.*—In 1867 the railway from Colombo to Kandy was completed, at a cost of about £1,750,000. Length about seventy miles.

Schools in Ceylon, 1421, with 47,068 scholars. First census taken in 1871. Railway now being extended from Keredinia to Nawala Peteya, seventeen miles, at a cost of £250,000.

In 1871 the rupee currency was legalised. £2,999,000 have been voted for public works (exclusive of the cost of the railway to Kandy) in seven years. The revenue for 1871 amounted to £1,121,679; expenditure, £1,064,184. Under cultivation—rice, 777,622 acres; other grain, 82,712; coffee, 260,000; cotton, 534; tobacco, 16,972; areca, palmyra, and kitul palms, 60,000; cinnamon, 16,000; other fruit-

bearing trees, 50,000; pasture, 637,579. Total, 1,900,419 acres. Estimated acreage of colony, excluding backwaters, is 12,075,335 acres; so that about ten millions remain uncultivated. Population, mainly agricultural, being by last census (1871) 2,405,287. Births in 1871, 68,856; deaths, 46,803; marriages, 11,178. No poor-law in Ceylon. Colonial contribution for troops, £160,000; colonial public debt, £700,000 at six per cent.

4*th.*—Yesterday, at 11 A.M., we anchored at Penang, after having been six hours sailing in a circle off the port, with the weather so thick that we could not see our way sufficiently clear to go into the harbour. Any one well acquainted with the Straits would doubtless have gone in instead of remaining outside steaming in a circle from five to eleven o'clock, for we had always had some one or other of the highest points of land visible; indeed, quite clear of fog, or sufficiently so, to enable a man acquainted with the entrance of the port to run for it; but our captain had not been through these straits for sixteen years, and he was therefore timid, and very rightly would not run until he could see his way quite clearly. So soon as we anchored, all our passengers went on shore, an easy matter at Penang, compared with the getting on shore at Galle. Most of them chartered carriages at the jetty, and went off to the waterfall, a drive of about four miles along the shore, through rich tropical vegetation. I had been over the ground before, and at a time when I was enabled to take it leisurely, and therefore to enjoy it, and when I could combine with it a walk to the top of the Governor's Hill, from which an extensive and interesting view of the straits in clear weather is obtained. I remained consequently in the town, and spent the morning among the "John Chinamen," all of them busily engaged, some at one sort of work, and some at another, but all employed; no loafers, no idlers, among these Chinamen, of whom the population of the island entirely, or almost entirely, consists. You might walk the streets for hours without meeting with either a Malay or a European; and the richest men in the place are to be found among the Chinamen. As fast as they accumulate wealth by their industry, they invest it in houses and lands, and

this habit of John Chinaman has led to a great increase during the last few years in the value of house property in Penang. Penang itself produces nothing for export but cocoa-nuts; the business done here is entirely in manufactured goods, and in the produce of the Straits generally, brought here for realisation. By a steady business, and also by speculating in these articles, John Chinaman has become rich. When Prince Alfred was here a few years ago, he was entertained by a Chinaman, who possesses the best house in the island. The only thing produced here in which I have invested is a walking-stick, called from its formidability, either for attack or defence, a Penang lawyer. I lunched on shore at the Victoria and Albert Hotel, kept by a German, who gave us some very good fish; a small plantain was on the table, called the plantain of Paradise, said to be the fruit with which Eve tempted Adam and brought so much misery on the human race, which, by the by, may be considered very hard on the human race, seeing that the human race could have had nothing on earth to do with the temptation so naughtily indulged in by Eve! It is something like the *platano dela Isla*, which is such a fine fruit in Lima, but I think not quite equal to it. Penang, like all the other Straits settlements, is a free port, and hence the secret of its prosperity, which has much increased since the opening of the Suez Canal, for all steamers bound to China or Japan stop for a longer or shorter time at Penang. As we left Galle at 6 A.M. on the 29th, we were a few hours over five days in getting to Penang, steaming all the time about ten knots, but with an occasional current against us induced by the prevailing north-east wind.

We remained at Penang five hours yesterday, leaving at 4 P.M., and we are now pushing our way down not a very wide channel, the surface of which is thickly covered with roots and branches of trees.

To-morrow, if all goes well, I shall have reached at Singapore another milestone in my journey towards Japan, and also another milestone in my journey towards the grave, for to-morrow will be my seventieth birthday.

Delih, on the island of Sumatra, a Dutch settlement, is, I am told, becoming a place of some importance for the cul-

tivation of tobacco and nutmegs. As a Dutch settlement, it dates back only some five or six years. I talked about it with a Dutch planter from thence, whom I met at Penang. He had come to Penang to engage Chinamen to work upon his estate—the Malays, who may be called the natives of Sumatra, being absolutely too lazy to do more than work sufficiently just to keep body and soul together, so the tobacco planters have to depend for labour upon Penang. The Chinamen are engaged at the rate of five dollars a month; this seems low wages, and still they save money out of it. The planter had already engaged, he told me, fifty-five Chinamen, but wanted many more. They had had an outbreak on the part of the hill tribes (the Battas) at Delih lately, and were obliged to bring over 800 Dutch troops from Batavia to quell it. The quality of the tobacco grown at Delih is nearly, if not quite, equal to that grown at Cuba. Nutmeg-trees have been planted largely, but they don't produce yet; they require eight years before they produce fruit, but they seem to promise well. The produce of Delih is brought to Penang in small steamers for shipment to Europe, only small steamers of shallow draught of water being able to get up the river to Delih.

6*th.*—We anchored about noon yesterday in the new harbour of Singapore, having been forty-four hours in coming from Penang. Quiet weather during the passage, with a fair amount of rain. The approach to Singapore, among clusters of islands all covered with verdure down to the water's edge, is very pretty. In this new harbour the steamer goes alongside the wharf, very convenient for the landing of passengers, though it entails upon them a drive of four miles or more up to the Hotel d'Europe in the town, off which is the port, where the bulk of the shipping, steamers as well as sailing vessels, lie at anchor. At the new harbour the Peninsular and Oriental Company have a small island to themselves, connected by a short bridge with the Singapore island, and upon which they have extensive coalsheds and other buildings. In the town, directly fronting the port, some few hundred yards back, are situated all the public buildings, the courts, town-hall, post-office, and also the Hotel d'Europe, consisting of three or four houses connected by subsidiary

buildings, with an interesting flower-garden attached, kept in very good order. It is no doubt one of the best hotels in the East. A large and beautiful green runs along between the hotel and public buildings, and the shore and jetty of the port. It contains, perhaps, fifty acres, and is as level as a well-kept bowling-green, and around it is the fashionable evening drive of Singapore. This open space along the shore tends greatly to keep the place cool. The latitude of Singapore is 1° 36′ north, so at no season is there much danger of getting one's nose frost-bitten. There was a cricket-match being played upon the green yesterday evening. The Hotel d'Europe is the favourite hotel, though there are several others in the place. Some forty or more people sat down to dinner at the *table-d'hôte* yesterday. The waiters are all Chinese, and very good waiters they make. Just now Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, with his wife and children, are staying at the hotel; he is a young man, the son of the first Rajah Brooke, elected by the aristocracy of Sarawak and Labuan (the chiefs) to the position which his father filled so long. The verandah of the hotel was crowded with hawkers offering for sale European goods, and many articles of the Straits' manufacture, as well as a sprinkling of Chinese and Japanese wares, and, of course, Malacca spears and canes.

9*th.*—About the ship, from the moment of her arrival up to the time of her departure, there were many boats filled with shells from the neighbouring islands, but nearly all the very delicate ones were more or less broken. Malays are the principal sellers of shells. Malays, too, compose the police force of the island. They are little fellows compared with the Chinese, but I am told they are very plucky, and quite able to keep John Chinaman in order. The whole population, they say, is composed almost wholly of Chinese. Between 1 and 2 P.M. to-day we got under way with a full cargo of produce, consisting of opium, hides, hide-clippings, and sharks' fins; these last are eaten by the Chinese. There were two or three new passengers to take the place of those we left behind at Singapore. Weather cloudy and water smooth. More head-swell, with a fresh north-east breeze, which causes more shaking than we have hitherto experienced. It is evident we have a current against us of

one to two knots an hour. Weather still warm; thermometer in my cabin 85°.

14*th.*—We arrived here (at Hong-Kong) this morning at about eleven o'clock, thus making our passage from Singapore in eight days. For the last three days we had a strong north-east gale to contend with, during which our speed was reduced to five knots an hour. The distance from Singapore is about 1450 miles. When we first encountered the north-east gale, both the aneroids and the barometers rose considerably, and remained afterwards steady for more than two days during the height of the gale, and then commenced rising still higher, and continued to rise still higher, until this morning, when the wind moderated, and the weather, from having been very squally and showery, became fine. This is difficult to understand, that the aneroid should have commenced rising when the gale began, have remained high whilst the gale lasted, and have risen still higher as the gale subsided.

17*th.*—Yesterday at 8 A.M. I embarked on board a steamer, and at 2.30 P.M. arrived here, at Canton, and proceeded at once to the "Canton Hotel," where I am comfortably enough lodged. The weather is very fine, and we had a pleasant sail up from Hong-Kong, the whole route being covered with Chinese boats—thousands of them—coasting boats and fishing-boats, principally the latter. A few of the islands—and we passed many—were covered with verdure, long grass, but hardly a tree anywhere until we drew near to Whampoa, some ten miles before reaching Canton. Wherever there was a patch of trees near the shore there was a settlement. Fishing-nets were seen everywhere stretching out from the shores of the islands, and the hauling lines for landing them and taking out the fish were led over pulleys and wheels fixed on the slopes of the hills and leading down to the beaches. As we approached Canton, the whole river was alive with boats moving in all directions, and both shores were lined with stationary boats. The great bulk of these boats—all of them, I believe—contain entire families, thus saving the expense of house-rent. The boat in which I embarked to come to the hotel at Honan, from the opposite side of the river, where the steamer stopped, was about twenty feet long, with a high, broad, roomy sterm. She was nicely

fitted up with a bamboo-and-mat awning, with seats amidships for passengers, and scrupulously clean. She was sculled and rowed by a man and his wife and two young girls, their daughters, besides whom there was one younger child and a baby. This little boat was the only home for all these people. There are thousands of such boats with families on board on the river in front of Canton. After tiffin, I sallied out with the landlord of the hotel (a Portuguese) to look at Honan. The streets on this side the river are pretty much what they are on the other, from seven to twelve feet wide, and paved with slabs of granite, for the most part placed across them, and reaching from one side to the other. These streets are kept very clean, considering how thickly they are peopled. The butchers' and fishmongers' localities struck me as being particularly free from any approach to bad smells. We visited the celebrated Buddhist temple of Honan, and the sacred pigs—a dozen of them now. They are very fat, and kept tolerably clean. When they do die, they die natural deaths, and they usually live eight to ten years. We saw a number of their offspring in another part of the enclosure, bred for market. They were only five months old, and would weigh probably eight score, and the price was seven dollars—not very much for a fat and holy pig weighing eight score. The priests in the temple were performing service when we visited it. Their heads are shaven, and their dress a yellow garment, such as is worn by the Buddhist priests at Urga on the plains of Mongolia, and which is, I believe, the colour of the Buddhist priest's dress everywhere. These gentry were singing and marching round inside the temple, and making the same genuflections and prostrations before the image of Buddha that Catholic priests make to their saints. The ceremony seemed identical with what I have often witnessed when going round the stations in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; and it is only in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre that the brutish heads and faces that I saw yesterday in the temple of Honan can be matched. I have often been struck by the degraded and bestial expression of the monks in the former place. I was told that many of the priests in this temple are men who have escaped the just

punishment of their crimes by taking refuge in this temple. I remarked, unthinkingly, to my companion, that the mummery we were witnessing was but the counterpart of what might every day be seen in the churches of Catholic countries. The observation took him rather aback, as he was a Catholic, which I did not remember at the moment. The streets through which we passed have gates at either end, always shut at night, and a watchman stationed at each gate. This is general throughout the city, and must, one would think, greatly facilitate the apprehension of burglars. All over the city there are boxes erected on bamboos, to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, or perhaps more, for they very much overtop the highest Chinese houses, in which are stationed watchmen, whose duty it is to beat a tomtom, and give the alarm when fire breaks out. The pawnbrokers' towers are also conspicuous edifices in Canton. They are built of brick, five or six stories high, and are supposed to be fireproof. I recollect that on the top of one that I visited four years ago, I saw deposited there for defence against a street attack, a number of jars of vitriol and heaps of large stones. The pawned goods are arranged on shelves, with which the several floors are fitted up, and all neatly labelled.

After breakfast to-day, accompanied by "Cum," a Chinese guide, who speaks English very fairly, I crossed the river and began an inspection of what is called the old and new cities and the western suburbs. I paid a long visit to the jade-shops and to the jade-market. This stone varies in value according to the colour and its density or hardness. The commonest sort, in its rough state, sells in the market at from two to three dollars a catty ($1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.), whilst the handsomest sort, a fine green translucent kind, when worked and polished, sells at fabulous prices. A handsome piece, in the shape of a broad finger-ring lined with gold, which I saw, had been sold for a hundred pounds; for many pairs of earrings, of the simplest and plainest workmanship, forty dollars were asked; and for small bits of the stone, not larger nor thicker than a wafer, and of irregular shape, but polished, six dollars were demanded, entirely on account of the bright green colour and density of the stone.

Armlets and earrings of perfectly plain workmanship sell for one dollar a pair up to a hundred dollars. The sale of jade ornaments in China must be to an immense amount, for all classes wear them. It is marvellous what a taste there is for these ornaments, for, to my mind, unless it be the very choicest bits, the jade of which they are made is a very dull common-looking stone. The same taste for jade ornaments is met with in New Zealand, but nowhere else that I know of in the world is the article for ornamental purposes at all appreciated. For beauty of colour it is not to be compared with malachite, and yet malachite is comparatively valueless here. Went to hear Archdeacon G—— preach to-day; the congregation consisted of about fifty ladies and gentlemen, Europeans, and of one Chinaman, who went off to sleep during the sermon—a convert, no doubt. Well, I may be wrong, but I have no faith in these conversions, even the few that seem to be made. Surely it must be a hopeless undertaking for a few hundreds of ordinary minded-men, ay! or any class of men, to attempt the conversion to Christianity of the four or five hundred millions of Hindoos and Buddhists that inhabit India and China. It must be vain to suppose that these people can ever be induced to abandon a belief which has been entertained by them for thousands of years, dating back to a period anterior to the birth of Christianity. To me the attempt seems perfect madness. And even if they did become Christians, these people, is it quite certain they would be anything the better for it? Judging from the character of the few converts that have been made, the contrary would seem to be the case. My Christian servant, whom I had travelling with me in India for four months, only in one respect differed from his fellow Hindoo and Mussulman servants—that is, in getting drunk every now and then, which they never did; and, curiously enough, whenever we were in a place where he had the means of confessing and taking the sacrament—for he was a Catholic—he always returned to me from the church drunk. Missionaries among savages would seem more to the purpose—the savages in the islands of the Pacific, for example, whose minds, as regards religion, are believed to be pretty much a *tabula rasa*. In such a field, and with such people,

one would think the missionaries could hardly help doing good; and yet, as it would seem that Christianity invariably carries with it certain vices—civilised vices I may call them—which often end in the total destruction of the races among whom they are introduced, it becomes a question whether it would not be better to let them alone, and never to have introduced Christianity among them. The Sandwich islanders afford an example in point. From 400,000, which they were computed to be in the time of Cook, they have now dwindled down, and it may be said principally under missionary rule, to 40,000, and, at the rate at which they are diminishing, threaten to become extinct in about forty years hence; and it is in the Sandwich Islands that missionary labours have more than elsewhere been held up as an instance of complete success!

I have heard somebody express a doubt as to whether in England we should not be gainers by becoming Mahometans, if by the change of religion we could get rid of the vice of drunkenness.

18*th.*—Went this morning with Cum to the city side of the river, and remained there visiting various places until nearly four o'clock. At the execution ground, a small place in the centre of the old city, covered to-day, when I was there, by various articles of pottery exposed for sale, there are still to be seen a few heads of malefactors, executed within the past year or two. When a man is beheaded, the body is usually taken outside the city to be buried, the head being left behind, and impaled for the edification of the people. There are also on the ground a dozen or more large roughly-made crosses, to which criminals are fastened when doomed to be cut to pieces. The guide told me the last execution of this sort in Canton took place about three years ago. A young and handsome woman, who had poisoned her husband, was stretched upon one of these crosses and executed, her limbs cut off, and her bowels protruding before life became quite extinct. From this disgusting place, I went to see the famous water-clock, said to be 800 years old. It is composed of nothing more nor less than four metal vessels placed one above another on a retiring stage, the upper one holding about ten gallons of water, the second

eight gallons, the third six gallons, and the fourth four gallons. In the lower vessel, protruding through a slit in the cover, is a sort of lath or flat piece of wood, rising straight up, three to four feet long and a couple of inches broad, upon which is marked a graduated scale of the twenty-four hours, quarters, and minutes. The lower end of this piece of lath is fastened to a movable and floating disk of wood, lying at the bottom inside the vessel. From the upper vessel the water is conducted through a spout into the one immediately below it, from thence into the next lowest vessel, and then into the lowest vessel of all, from which the lath with the hours marked upon it protrudes through the cover. Of course, the wooden disk inside this lower vessel to which the lath is affixed keeps rising up as the vessel fills with water, forcing up the lath through the slit in the cover. The quantity of water is so regulated that it is just sufficient to force up the lath with the hours and quarters marked upon it, so as to make the last protruding number to correspond with the hour indicated by a well-regulated clock. This water-clock is in an upstair-room in a building situated at the extremity of a long street; and for the benefit of the people living thereabouts, the time of day is every now and then marked on a board, and exhibited on a balustrade in front of the water-clock room. It is somewhat ingenious, perhaps, but a very simple mode of indicating the time. From the highest to the lowest vessel, the water falls a distance of about ten feet. Afterwards I visited a temple in which is a sleeping figure of Buddha, lying upon a bed covered with a blanket up to the shoulders; it is of wood gilded. We went next to the Temple of the Five Genii, the story attached to which is told in my 1868 diary. In an opium-smoking saloon there were only half-a-dozen fellows enjoying the happiness produced by smoking that drug. They were stretched on a slightly raised dais, resting their heads on small wooden pillows; each man had a lighted lamp by his side, and was engaged in feeding his pipe, into which, through a very small hole, he pushed the opium with a steel needle previously warmed, and smoking at the same time. Besides the places I have named, we visited several shops where jade ornaments were being manufactured, ivory

balls turned, the well-known rice-paper paintings executed, tobacco cut up with a plane, as a carpenter would take a shaving off a board, and furniture manufactured, and we ended up by going to a teashop. There is but one Mahometan mosque in Canton, and that we visited. It is a poor little building, and only remarkable by its simplicity compared with the Buddhist temples, being entirely devoid of paintings or painted images of any kind, whilst the Buddhist temples are full of them. We next visited an old Tartar who was instructing some aspirants for the army in the use of the bow and arrow, with which it would seem many of the Chinese troops are still armed. I made a few purchases, for which the guide paid in whole and in chopped dollars. The chopped dollars, or bits, as they used to be called in the West Indies, had all to be weighed in the shopman's tiny scale attached to a very tiny beam, and this operation occupied a considerable amount of time. I never can help wondering that a nation so ingenious, so industrious, and so trading as the Chinese undoubtedly are, should never have coined either gold or silver—nothing but the miserable copper cash—whilst their neighbours, the Japanese, have had coined money in use from time immemorial. The thermometer stands here in the morning and evening at 72° and 74°.

20*th.*—Yesterday I went with Cam up the river to visit some gardens and a duck-and-goose hatching establishment. In the gardens there was a profusion of chrysanthemums and camellias, the former very fine. A kind of small box-tree was there cut and trained into a variety of shapes. Deer, buffalo, frogs, and various sorts of fish, besides harps, shells, tables, and chairs, and the human form divine dressed in European costume, with a variety of other figures, were all represented here, trained by the patient hand of John Chinaman. Much time must be required to train this shrub into shapes so odd and so foreign to its natural habit of growth, but evidently, from the quantity of them in these gardens thus trained, such distortions suit the taste of the Chinese. A pair of dwarfed and twisted fruit-trees, which must have taken years of patient labour, were worth, I was told, forty pounds—so much are these things prized. Not half-a-dozen trees in the three

gardens I visited that were not dwarfed. Orange-trees, not more than two to three feet high, were loaded with good-looking fruit; all the plants were in pots. From these gardens I passed to the duck-hatching establishment, and found that the operation was suspended, and would not be resumed until the spring, the cool weather of winter not favouring the process. The work consists in placing the eggs on very large shelves covered over with a thick layer of the ashes of burnt straw, in which the eggs are half buried, and, when need be, covering them over with a layer of cotton. There were three large shelves, one above the other, in the room I visited. During the first three weeks, the eggs, I was told, occupied these shelves, being constantly turned, and if at any time found to be too warm, they were put into baskets to cool. After three weeks the eggs are removed into a warmer room, and there they remain until the ducklings are hatched. The Chinaman employs no thermometer by which to regulate the heat; his own feelings are the only guide in the matter. Seventy is the average number produced by every hundred eggs. I believe that chickens are hatched in the same way, though I received some conflicting accounts on that head; but when eggs are put under a hen to be hatched, the hen is made to come off the nest every day to be fed. The Chinaman does not believe in too close sitting. He says the eggs require to be partially cooled every day, and the health of the hen requires that she should come off the nest; so that if the hen does not come off the nest willingly, she is dragged off neck and crop. I could not but think, as I came away from this duck-hatching establishment, that our hot-houses at home might be turned to account for the purpose of hatching eggs.

I have again visited the city, and bought five dozen rice-paper paintings at the shop of the best painter in that style in Canton, for which I paid fifteen dollars. Visited Archdeacon G——, who seemed to have a lively recollection of our tramp together three years ago through Canton. I found him busily employed in packing up his valuable collection of old china and other articles for the Vienna Exhibition. In the evening, accompanied our Consul to his residence in the city, where I dined. We went in chairs, the coolies trotting along, and

doing the three miles (the distance between the Consulate and the Consul's residence) in half an hour. At ten o'clock I returned in the same way to the boat, to be taken to the hotel at Honan, through streets in which there was no one astir but the watchmen, and even these worthies we had sometimes to waken up to unlock the street gates to enable us to pass. We must have passed some twenty of these gates. All the streets in Canton have sewers (I am told) running through them, covered up by the pavement, leading into a main sewer in communication with the river. The precious water-closet matter is not allowed to pass into these sewers, but is collected and carried away in buckets at all hours to boats constructed for receiving and carrying it into the country up and down the river. There are public closets all through the city. It is marvellous how clean these narrow streets (seven to twelve feet wide) are kept, and how free from bad smells, thronged as they are with population, and with fish-stalls, fruit-stalls, and vegetables in almost all of them. I was particularly struck by the number of fortune-telling shops in Canton; they are everywhere throughout the city, and most of them appear to be driving a flourishing trade, if one might judge by the crowds always hanging about them.

The new French cathedral is progressing very slowly, the war having interfered with obtaining the necessary funds for its completion. There are, however, some few workmen still employed upon it. Sharman, where the foreigners are located, has been made into an island by cutting a canal, and a noble river-face-wall, backed up by a solid twelve feet of chunam, runs along its whole length. A church and many handsome dwelling-houses have been already erected on it, and several more are now being built. There is a large garden in front of the British Consulate, and a row of trees all along the river front. The Consul superintended the formation of this locality for the residence of foreigners; and the manner in which it has been completed is very creditable to him. At 8.30 A.M. I embarked on board the steamer, and in half an hour afterwards we were on our way to Hong-Kong. The climate here in this month and the next is very enjoyable, the thermometer in the shade mark-

ing not much over 70°. On board these steamers, American built, but sailing under the English flag, are four large tubs, about eight feet in diameter and four feet deep, in which daily from six to seven thousand fish, bred in stews, some of them weighing ten pounds, and as fat as pigs, are conveyed to the Hong-Kong market. Just before the steamers leave the wharf at Canton, the well-boats, containing the fish, come alongside; some men at once set to work, filling the tubs with water from the river, and the fish are then taken out of the boats in baskets and thrown into the tubs. Another tub, about three feet deep, stands upon the edge of, and above the large tubs, to which is attached three feet of three-inch bamboo, in which are two circular slits near the extremity; and on the tub being filled, the water rushes out through the slits in two fanlike jets, falling back into the large tubs whence it has been taken. From the time the boatmen commence transferring the fish from the boats to the large tubs, until the steamer arrives at Hong-Kong (about seven hours), one man is constantly employed in dipping water with a bucket from the large tubs, and pouring it into the small one, whence it issues, as I have already said, in two continuous jets through the slits in the bamboo, running back into the large tubs, and in this manner aerating the water, and keeping the fish alive up to the time of their arrival in Hong-Kong. These fish are hatched in pans, and when about an inch long, are turned into ponds, and there fed until they are fat and large enough for market. The Chinaman utilises most things. A few miles up the river the clay is found of which bricks are made. It is dug out close to the river-side in long wide trenches; and these trenches, the water being turned into them from the river, form ponds, and are made use of for breeding fish—a business which must be carried on to an incalculable extent, for in this way the city, the country districts in the neighbourhood, and Hong-Kong are partially supplied, Hong-Kong itself taking daily about six thousand fish. John Chinaman is indeed a large consumer of fish. It must not be supposed, however, that fish is not plentiful on the sea-coasts of China; on the contrary, I should think that no sea can boast of such an abundance of fish, and nowhere is the sea

more fished. Fishing-boats swarm everywhere along the coast. The two rivers on which Canton is situated are the Chookiang and the Pekiang.

23*d.*—Hong-Kong has greatly increased in size and population within the last few years; it is now a very fine town, orderly, and with well-kept streets, and seemingly a good and efficient police, composed of Scotchmen imported for the purpose, Sikhs, and Chinamen, the Sikhs forming the bulk of the force, many of them speaking English. It is very seldom that any of our countrymen study Chinese, or ever learn to speak it; and it is for this reason, I suppose, that so many Chinese learn to speak pigeon-English.

25*th.*—The boatmen, the chair-bearers, the hotel servants, and servants in English establishments, all speak more or less English; and I have no doubt they think our countrymen very stupid in not being able to talk Chinese. But so it is; we do not care to learn the language. It is, no doubt, very short-sighted on our part not to study the language of a country in which so many of us pass the best years of our lives; for a knowledge of their language would give us decided advantages in our intercourse with the natives beyond what we now possess by holding converse with them in pigeon-English. The very few foreigners who can converse fluently in Chinese, and who really understand the language, are looked up to by Chinamen as very superior beings.

Yesterday I went to hear Dr Legge preach. He is an old resident of China, and one of the few who has for many years studied the natives. He is a pleasing and effective preacher—a Congregationalist. I am here in the Hong-Kong Hotel, a large and well-conducted establishment. The building was erected by a company, who spent a deal of money in it, and who entirely broke down in their management, as did also a Chinaman who afterwards rented it furnished from the company at $2500 a month. It is now in the hands of a Parsee, at a reduced rent ($2000 a month). The table and the attendance are the best I have met with in this part of the world. The servants are all Chinese. Whilst waiting at table, they wear a round black hat, and a long blue shirt, reaching to their heels, over their other clothes, and all of them have tails, natural or artificial—an admix-

ture of both in many cases—that reach to the ground. They are most orderly, quiet, respectful, and very efficient.

29*th*, *on board the* '*China.*'—At 3 P.M. on the 27th we left Hong-Kong for Yokohama, and up to noon the next day we had made a run of 144 miles. The *China* is one of the big American steamers running between Hong-Kong, Yokohama, and San Francisco. She is upwards of 4000 tons burthen, and is 420 feet long. Her engines are something enormous, with a walking beam weighing thirty tons, and she burns forty tons of coal daily. Her utmost speed does not, I believe, exceed eight knots an hour, so that she is too slow for these days, when time may be truthfully said to be money. This big ship is, however, very comfortable. As I write, there is a stiff breeze blowing and a good deal of sea running, but she is almost as steady as if she were at anchor in Hong-Kong. She is rigged with three very short masts, upon which she can set fore-and-aft sails, and on deck are some square yards, to which are bent and hoisted square sails when the wind permits. In the saloon 160 people may dine comfortably off two rows of tables, as at present arranged, and there is width enough, if need be, for another row of tables between the two existing rows. On both sides of the saloon are very good cabins, and also underneath on the main deck. The accommodation for steerage passengers and Chinamen forward on the main deck is good. The former pay one half of what first-class passengers pay, and the latter fifty dollars a head from Hong-Kong or from Yokohama to San Francisco, and if any of them die on board, the bodies are embalmed and carried to the port of destination, for which operation their friends pay the ship's surgeon twenty-five dollars. Until to-day, ever since we have been out, we have been sailing through what Americans call a crowd of junks and fishing-boats, and even now, though we have no longer land in sight, we have still some boats. Over the saloon is a spacious well-furnished drawing-room, on a deck which extends the whole length of the ship. My aneroid has risen considerably with the freshening of the north-east monsoon since yesterday. Run to-day 175 miles.

I paid my old friend Chang the giant a visit before I left Hong-Kong. He told me he had been robbed by the

Englishman who had charge of him and his affairs when I saw him at Honolulu, and also that he had lost a good deal of money in a tea speculation since his arrival in China, and that it would take him some months of work to recuperate, and then he intended to retire to his native village in China and live quietly. His child was dead he told me, and he seemed to feel the loss. His wife was in Hong-Kong living quietly at a small hotel.

On going on deck, I find that we are surrounded by fishing-boats—several hundreds of them—some of them only just discernible outside of us. They are all close-reefed, and at work fishing, riding the waves like so many gulls.

December 3d.—At 9 A.M. to-day we were abreast of the volcano of Imoya Soma, and not more than ten miles from it—2351 feet high. Weather fine; water smooth, and little wind. Imoya Soma was sending forth a good volume of smoke from the main crater, almost on the summit, and considerable jets of smoke from many other parts—the lowest jet being about half way down the mountain. This volcano is for the most part bare of trees, so far as we could see passing it on the northern side, a few only being visible on the ridge of the lower tableland at its western extremity.

8th, Yokohama.—We anchored here a little outside the shipping at midnight on the 5th, having made the passage from Hong-Kong in eight days and nine hours, beating the Peninsular and Oriental mail steamer *Madras* by a few hours. We had fine weather on 4th and 5th, with smooth water, running along inside the islands, always in sight of land. Some whales played about us for a while for our amusement, and a shoal of flying-fish came along with us on our quarter, showing an inclination to come on board; but, I suppose, they found we were too high out of the water for their powers of flight. I learned on board afterwards, however, that one fish had managed to fly on board on to the hurricane-deck, a height of twelve to fourteen feet above the water. (In the *Ayacucho* in 1825, in running across the trades, in the morning our deck used to be covered with them, and very nice we found them; but then the *Ayacucho* was so low in the water that I could wash my hands over the side.) About ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th, we

got sight of the mountain of Fusiyama. We could see about half of it; the lower half being buried in a dense mass of clouds, in which it remained buried up to sunset. The upper conical half, distant about seventy miles from us, was seen as clear as a bell all day, towering up into the sky above and beyond the mainland. It had a dense covering of snow, and was really a noble object, so high and distinct was it above all the other land visible about us. The height is 14,450 feet. On the 4th and 5th we saw many Japanese boats, but nothing like the crowd we sailed through on the coast of China.

13*th.*—At 7.30 A.M. started in a trap drawn by three ponies from Yokohama. At 1.30 this afternoon reached Adawarra (thirty-eight miles), and this place, Meanosheta, on foot, at 5 P.M., having left Adawarra at two—distance eight miles. The road, which is good all the way, barring a couple of small rickety bridges we had to pass, and two rivers across which we had to be ferried, leads for nine-tenths of the whole way through thriving villages, and, with the exception of one or two low hills, it is quite level. Adawarra is a fishing town on the sea-shore. And what have I seen on this day's journey? Well, on the Tocaido I have seen many hundreds of ginrickshas travelling to and from Yokohama, each drawn by one man and carrying one passenger, always trotting along at a good round pace, and many of the men drawing the ginrickshas all but naked, though the thermometer to-day must have been about 40°, and these are the fellows who generally bathe once a day in nearly boiling hot water! No Japanese ever bathes in cold. Of beggars, there must have been 100 at least stationed along the roadside plying their profession, prostrating themselves to any one they thought might give them a "cash;" hundreds of sturdy ponies, with light loads of charcoal, rice, and salt (I think), and with straw shoes on, were travelling towards Yokohama and Yeddo, but, besides the ginrickshas, not a single wheeled vehicle; tea-houses innumerable, with their dainty dishes of chow-chow tempting the passers-by; heaps of children, and every little girl between five and ten years of age, and of course many grown-up girls and women besides, carried babies strapped to their backs; so the culti-

vation of the human species thrives apace in Japan, and is more prolific perhaps even than the cultivation of the land, which is neat and clean in the extreme. As we came through a village about four miles from this, Tonosava, I turned a few yards out of the principal street to look at a hot mineral-bath the boy told me was there, and found a girl the only occupant; a man who had been in the same bath had just got out. The damsel remained, seemingly not at all put out by my visit. I put my hand into the water, and judged the temperature to be about 90°. My aneroid makes this place about 1300 feet above the sea.

16*th*, *Meanosheta.*—At 10 A.M. yesterday, with Mr G——, I left Meanosheta for a walk to Atàmi, a distance of about nineteen miles. Ashenoya was the first village we reached, about four miles from Meanosheta, and about 1400 feet more elevated, or about 2800 feet above the sea. Here are some hot sulphur-baths, in which, the day before yesterday, I saw ten men, women, and children bathing together. The next place we came to was Hakonedgeko, about four miles farther on the way. There are between these two places numerous small temples, moss-grown all of them, and one stone figure about ten feet high, in a sitting posture, cut out of a rock on the side of a hill. All these temples, large and small, and they are very numerous that one meets with, seem much neglected, and seem to be of but little account in these days of transformations in Japan. This place, Hakonedgeko, is situated on the borders of the lake of Hakoñi, and is approached by an avenue of noble trees, the cryptomeria, one of which I measured about five feet from the ground, and found it to to be fifteen feet in circumference, and the height of all the trees of the avenue might be about 100 feet. Hakoñi, or Hakonedgeko, is a large village, or rather a town, running along the border of a lake of the same name, with the Tocaido passing through it; and although we were told that the lake was full of fish, we could not find one to purchase as we passed through. The place abounds in tea-houses, and in the summer-time is a favourite resort for visitors from Yokohama. Its height above the sea is about 2200 feet. From Hakonedgeko to Atàmi is about thirteen miles, for it took us four and a half hours to walk. On starting from Hakoñi,

there is an abrupt rise of 1000 feet, and here the greatest height between the two places is reached, 3200 feet. All across from this point, over a sort of backbone, precipitous in good part on both sides, until the temple of Shangnani is reached, about twelve miles, the road, or rather bridle-path, is undulating, the aneroid showing it to vary from 3200 feet, the highest point, to 2250, the lowest, which is attained on reaching the temple, from which you look down a precipitous descent of 2250 feet on to the sea-shore, where the village of Atàmi is located. These twelve miles across the ridge is along a path running for a little way through low scrubs, but principally through forests of bamboo and long grass, no large trees being met with anywhere. A few hawthorn trees are seen here. There was no cultivation on this ridge, but it seemed to me to be adapted for the pasturage of horned cattle. However, it would seem the Japanese do not think so, for once off the Tocaido in this part of Japan, you don't meet with a single head of cattle anywhere. There were icicles everywhere in the shady parts of the road, and at the temple of Shangnani some water in a tub was covered with ice more than half an inch thick. The descent from this temple down to Atàmi is very precipitous. A valley of no great extent runs inland from the village, and the produce of it, rice and barley, added to the fish supplied in any quantity by the open sea, feeds the 1400 inhabitants of Atàmi to their heart's content. On reaching the village, we took up our quarters at an extensive tea-house, in the courtyard or compound of which a furious issue of steam sallies forth every six hours, lasting a quarter or half an hour, and is followed by a stream of hot water, which ran up our thermometer to the boiling point, 212°. This also lasted only for a while. The stream of steam, which issues from a fissure in the ground in a slanting direction, is in a larger body, and makes a greater noise, than the steam from the pipe of one of our largest steamers when blowing off from a full head of steam. Of course, there is always steam issuing from the fissures in the ground of the compound, and hot water also; but the great rush of both takes place at high water, showing, apparently, that the tide may have something to do with the phenomena. The baths at the hotel are supplied from a higher level; each

bath has a division in the centre, one division containing the water as it comes from the spring boiling hot, and the other in which he bathes, tempered by the occupant as he may desire by admitting hot water. There must be a boiling cauldron under the feet of these people at Atàmi, though it does not seem to disturb the equanimity of their temper. We had hardly settled ourselves down in the rooms, occupied in other days for three weeks by Sir R. Alcock, when we were treated to a smart shock of earthquake, which shook the Japanese paper house as if it had been a basket; but so slight are these fabrics, that I felt, even if the house had fallen upon me, I should have suffered no harm from it. These shocks are frequent, I believe, but do little or no damage. Attached to the tea-house is a small manufactory of paper made from the bark of a tree (called the paper-tree or *morus*). The paper made here is very tough, and with difficulty torn. The Japanese always carry about with them a stock of paper, stuck into the breast of their cloak, or into a girdle, which serves the same purpose as pocket-handkerchiefs with us. Sir R. Alcock gives a graphic description of Atàmi, of this tea-house, and of the death and burial of his dog Toby. Alas, poor Toby! your grave is now covered by a suite of rooms, and I discovered, after a good deal of hunting about, the base or socket of your monument, cast upon a heap of rubbish on one side of the new building, and your monument itself on the other, also mixed up with rubbish. I am afraid the trouble taken by your master to keep some thought of you alive will have been all in vain.

We were seven hours in walking to Atàmi yesterday, and eight hours and a half in returning to Meanosheta to-day; it was seven o'clock before we reached this tea-house, and although we saw the full moon just as we left Ashenoya (1450 feet above Meanosheta), the descent is so rapid, and the hills so high round about, that we soon lost sight of it, and it was of little or no use in enabling us to tread the crooked path with safety. A good samaritan quickly joined us from Ashenoya, bringing with him a splendid torch in the shape of a blazing bundle of reeds, and lighted us all the way down the steep declivity. In crossing the ridge from Atàmi to Hakonedgeko, we had a fine view of Fusiyama,

covered with snow to about one-third of its whole height, and also of the deep gorges on both sides of the ridge, and of the extensive plain, gradually rising up to the foot of Fusiyama on the one side, and of the sea on the other. The mineral springs of Atàmi contain iron, I believe, with a trace of sulphur. On leaving the different tea-houses we visited yesterday and to-day, the master and mistress, with a host of attendants, always accompanied us to the outside of the house and into the road, and there made their last salaam by bending down and almost touching the ground with their noses. My walk on the 14th, before the arrival of Mr G., was to Hatta, Hakonedgeko, and Ashenoya, and back to Meanosheta, about fifteen miles. The tea-house at Hatta (where I bought £4 worth of *curios*) is famous as having in other days been the resting-place of the northern Daimios when travelling to and from Yeddo. It is a large establishment, with a noted Japanese garden in the rear, with miniature waterfalls tumbling over rocks on the face of a steep incline, and forming at the bottom a quiet little reservoir, stocked with gold and some nondescript fish, some of them two feet long.

17*th*.—Last evening, when we arrived here (Meanosheta) from Atàmi, the weather was cold but fine, with no indication of change. On getting up this morning, we found the ground everywhere covered with three to four inches of snow, and snow still falling. By noon it had turned to rain, and rain has been falling ever since, and it is now, 6 P.M., a poor prospect for to-morrow; we shall have to keep the house, I am afraid. All this blessed day I have been employed in buying *curios*. Early this morning half-a-dozen women made their appearance in our rooms, each with a large box of *curios* strapped to her back, and they have been here all day, employed first in selling, and next in packing up for me the purchases I had made from them, for carriage to Yokohama. Out of wood, bamboo, and straw, these Japanese manufacture very pretty things. The business finished, all the women got into a hot bath, and in this state made no objection whatever to receiving visitors. A regular chow-chow ended up the day's work, and they then took their leave.

19*th.*—At 10 A.M. yesterday we started to walk to Gatemba. The road was hard and slippery in the shade, and sloppy in the sun, and on the west side of the pass of Otome-Tonge there was a covering of five to six inches of snow all the way down. The village of Singnofee, which we passed through, is about 2000 feet above the sea, and the pass of Otome-Tonge, which we reached about 2 P.M., my aneroid made 3250 feet. The day was fine and the atmosphere clear, so that we had from the top of the pass, looking over some miles of plain, a glorious view of Fusiyama, covered with snow to the very base; indeed, the snow extended all over the plain which lay between our standing-point and the holy mountain. From the pass no one would guess Fusiyama to be nearly five times the height of the pass itself; we seemed pretty nearly on a level with the top of it as we ate our luncheon and gazed upon it. Its height, however, is about 14,000 feet, though there is great differences between the different measurements made of it. At 4.30 P.M. we reached Gatemba, a large village, and there, in a comfortable tea-house, got rid of our wet socks and our well-soaked boots, through which the snow-water easily found its way. At ten this morning we left Gatemba, and at 5 P.M. were again comfortably located at Meanosheta.

20*th*, *Adawarra.*—Early this morning we were afoot, for we had something to see in the neighbourhood before we started on our return journey—a waterfall hidden in a deep and narrow gorge, within a mile of the tea-house at Meanosheta, and still not often visited; for besides being hidden, and never hit upon unless searched for, the scramble necessary to get down to it is so difficult, that many might not like to undertake it. My companion, however, was a born photographist, and had hunted up this gorge on a previous visit to the district. The gorge itself is not more than forty yards wide, and on one side of it the hill is about the same height. To the water's edge it is covered with trees and shrubs. The fall starts from the commencement of the gorge, and the water, a formidable portion of it, tumbles down a vertical cliff, perhaps fifty feet high, broken in its fall by one large boulder sticking out about half way down. The water forms a fine

bathing-pool at the bottom of the fall, and then rushes away in a zigzag direction for a hundred yards over and among large boulders, and then forms another fall, not so high and much less picturesque. The picture viewed from the bottom is very pretty. Where the water starts from, a hot mineral-spring rises up, the water from which is brought down by the side of the fall, and conducted in bamboo pipes to the numerous baths in the neighbourhood. The temperature of this spring close to the fall is 167°. The scene is quite fairylike about this spot, even now in winter; in summer its beauty must be greatly increased. Soon after we had regained our tea-house, visiting a considerable Buddhist temple on our way down the hill, we settled up our score with drunken Doria and his wife, and after receiving a succession of salaams and prostrations from the whole household, all of whom had done their best to make us comfortable during our visit, we started down the valley on foot for this place. The whole eight miles intervening between Meanosheta and Adawarra, the path leads down a narrow valley or wide gorge, of which every available bit of ground is under cultivation. The rice crop is all gathered in, but grain and green crops cover the ground, and not a single weed is seen among them; it would seem that the constant hand-hoeing to which these crops are subjected (for everything is sown in drills continuous, or in little bunches), has completely and thoroughly killed all weeds, for not a single one is seen even on ground off which the crop may have been gathered for more than a month. Snug villages are met with all along the valley, and tea-houses with mineral baths attached. We busied ourselves as we came along gathering seeds, now quite ripe, principally from the cryptomeria, which line the whole route, more or less, and from which we shook down some fine ripe seed. As we neared Adawarra the valley widened out, and the river also, which occasionally in the spring, when the snow on and about Fusiyama is melting, does considerable damage. Breakwaters are formed of beach stones, kept together in long rolls by a network of bamboo, to confine the water in its proper channel. The Tocaido comes up this valley from Adawarra for about three miles, and crosses the river over a bridge, and is thence continued towards Hatta

and Hakoni northwards over hilly ground. It is the fashion to write of the roads generally in Japan as if they were wonderful specimens of macadamising; and of the Tocaido in particular, as offering a transit right through the country from one end to the other, such as is possessed by no other country in the world. As for the macadamised roads in Japan, I confess I have never met with them, nor any attempt at macadamising, unless in the settlement of Yokohama, where the streets have been macadamised by foreigners, and some attempt may be seen at the process in Yeddo, also the result of foreign *savoir faire*. Everywhere that I have travelled on the Tocaido, the level part of the road is kept in some sort of order by a watercourse on each side, and in dry weather it is easily kept passable, for the soil everywhere is light and porous, but not at the commencement of winter; in these flat parts it is full of ruts, and either in walking or riding in a ginricksha considerable care is required to prevent coming to grief. The hilly or sloping parts of the Tocaido are roughly paved with large stones of all shapes, and is no doubt a great improvement on a deeply rutted road, which these slopes would be were it not for this rough pavement, in breadth from twelve to twenty feet all through, and bordered for the most part by old trees, principally pines and cryptomeria. The middle or centre of Japan—of the principal island, Niphon, at any rate—is a continuous mountainous line, and the Tocaido or main line of road runs along between this mountainous line and the south-eastern shore, sometimes coming down on to the water-side, and again extending somewhat in among the low hills; and I have found, the moment you leave the Tocaido on either side, you meet with a network of narrow paths, traversable by a horse, leading to the villages, which line the seashore on one side (fishing villages), or are embedded among the mountains on the other side, and these paths in winter must often be pretty nearly impassable, though during the greater portion of the year they offer, for the most part, pleasant travelling through forests of bamboo, long grass, or shrubs. As for macadamising, there is nowhere a sign of it where I have journeyed. The fact is, the soil everywhere is volcanic, light, and porous, and, therefore, the

roads are comparatively easily kept in a passable state for foot-passengers and horsemen; for until now, that the ginricksha has been invented, wheeled vehicles were unknown in Japan, and the ginricksha is entirely confined to the towns, and to certain parts only of the Tocaido. It was 4 P.M. before we reached the tea-house at Adawarra, so interrupted was our progress by what we saw *en route*, and by our frequent stoppages to gather the falling and now ripe seeds. At Adawarra we had comfortable quarters for the night, though the unfurnished hybrid house attached to the tea-house, ycleped a hotel for foreigners, was quite as cold, if not colder, than the paper Japanese houses. After breakfast, we left our lodging with a guide to visit a Daimio's stronghold or castle, attached, one might say, to this large village or town of Adawarra. A few minutes' walk brought us to the entrance of the castle, the walls of which are everywhere some fifteen or twenty feet high, and some fifteen feet thick, all of granite, and surrounded by two extensive moats, now used for growing paddy. In a shed at the entrance we saw some twenty pieces of rifled field-artillery, and these are the only signs of armament we saw. The fortress covers a large extent of ground, many hundreds of acres, I should say. We travelled on through windings and turnings until we reached the highest point, which seemed to stand in the centre of the whole structure; arrived at its base, we mounted up to it by some very broad stone steps. It is a massive piece of stonework, pretty nearly solid, measuring twenty-three by twenty-one yards or thereabouts. It overlooks not only the whole castle, but the country far and near, the foreground covered with a variety of fine large trees, and in the background on the land side affording a noble view of the holy mountain, and a long ridge of lower hills; and on the other side, overlooking Adawarra on to the sea. Upon this square piece of masonry once stood the Daimio's paper house; marks of the slight foundation upon which it was raised, wooden piles, still remain, and show that a wide corridor surrounded the building and reached to the edge of the platform. Besides these signs, not a vestige of the house remained. If the view alone from it were considered, the site struck me as one of the most desirable for a

house I had ever seen. In the lower part of the enclosure still stand the houses formerly occupied by the principal jakonins, or officers of the Daimio, and twelve large store-houses, in two rows, for holding his stock of rice and other food for himself and for his retainers. On emerging from the fortress, the gates of which barring the several entrances have already disappeared, we wandered for three hours among orange groves, grain plots, and streets of pretty cottages (some miles of them), all even now neatly kept, and without exception with gardens attached, and neatly trimmed cryptomeria or cypress hedges along the street side. These were the habitations of the Daimio's retainers, of which he must have had several thousands, all two-sworded men, the terror of the quiet villager and farmer of Japan wherever they made their appearance—the swashbucklers of the nineteenth century. At one pretty little cottage ensconced in a grove of orange and lemon trees, and surrounded by some patches of wheat and green crops under beautiful cultivation, the good woman, with the everlasting baby lashed to her back, was employed outside. We patted the baby and made much of it, and the result was, the good housewife, who seemed to be quite alone with the baby, went indoors and produced a basket of oranges, which she insisted upon our accepting, stating they were better than any we saw upon the trees around us, and doubtless they were so, for they were very good. It was with difficulty we induced her to accept payment for the fruit, and only succeeded by thrusting the note into the paw of the baby, to be applied to the baby's own particular use. We were three hours wandering about the estate, and only reached our hotel at noon. We had now a walk of nearly twenty miles before us to Fugisawa, the village at which we had determined to pass the night. The whole distance, pretty nearly, leads through villages; and of course we met with great interruption, stopping at curio-shops, and sometimes making purchases, looking into cottages where the loom was at work, or the carding or reeling of cotton was going on, or watching the flail threshing paddy, always done by women, and the working of a very simple but inefficient winnowing machine, or the blowing out of the dust from paddy, by a woman working a pair of flappers or wings, which

produced a current of air, brought to bear on the paddy as it was thrown into the air by another woman at work with a shovel. These things, and a hundred others, delayed us very much, and at 4.30 we still found ourselves five ree ($12\frac{1}{2}$ miles) distant from Fugisawa; we determined therefore to hire ginrickshas, three of them for 4s. 6d. (four and a half boos), so away we went at the rate of about five miles an hour. The drivers gauged our weight before starting, and drew lots for choice. I was considered the heaviest of the lot, and my boy the next heaviest, so that half way *we* changed into fresh ginrickshas, whilst Mr G. was considered light enough to be carried the whole way without change. It soon got dark, and very cold soon after we began to ride; the road too was full of ruts, and I was heartily glad when, at 7.30 P.M., our ginrickshas turned into the tea-house at Fugisawa. Here the good women soon busied themselves to warm the rooms they had assigned to us. The brazier answers the purpose, and two or three of them filled with well-burnt charcoal soon warm a small and low room. A cup of tea also helped, and by the time we had had our dinner we felt all right again. Our coolies with the luggage were not long in arriving, bringing with them our provisions, and a portion of our bed-gear.

21*st.*—We slept soundly last night, and were up and at our breakfast by nine o'clock, and we had hardly left the tea-house on our way to Yokohama (about twelve to thirteen miles), when we ran against Mrs G. coming in a carriage for a drive to meet her husband. This put an end to our pedestrianism; we proceeded at once to a place some five or six miles from Yokohama, where we stopped to lunch; and at 4 P.M. we had arrived at our destination. Before leaving Fugisawa we visited a Buddhist temple, one of the handsomest and best-kept temples in Japan. At the entrance of the temple, at the receipt of custom, sat half-a-dozen Buddhist priests, shorn of every hair, well-fed, clean-looking fellows, all young, dressed in light grey cloaks. A paper boo (1s.) thrust into the "poor-box," a long chest with a long slit in the cover, placed us upon good terms with the apparent chief among the priests, a short very fat man with a smiling countenance, and very energetic. He insisted upon our going over the apartments attached to the temple, which both the

Tycoon and the Mikado had usually made their resting-places in passing through Fugisawa. These apartments are very extensive, very clean, and highly ornamented in the Japanese style. The thick matting on the floor was excruciatingly fine and soft, and it cost us some compunction of conscience to walk over it with our somewhat dirty boots on; indeed, we had objected to go over these apartments on account of taking off laced-up boots, perhaps because we had holes in our stockings also, but the little fat priest overruled all our objections, and would show us through the sumptuous apartments even with our dirty boots on. The paper boo had produced a magical effect upon our fat friend. I may remark here, that although there have been upwards of forty-five millions of dollars of gold and silver money coined in Japan in two years, in the shape of twenty, ten, five, two, and one dollar pieces, and one dollar, half-a-dollar, fifty, twenty, and ten cent pieces in silver, there is hardly a single piece of this metallic currency to be met with in circulation in Yeddo or the immediate neighbourhood; the whole is hoarded by the Japanese, and paper does the work of a circulating medium in notes down to a quarter of a boo (3d.), and after that copper and iron coin (tempos and cash) for the smallest transactions, sixteen tempos to a boo, a hundred cash to a tempo. But to return to the temple and our fat friend; he took especial care to show us the kitchen, verily a fine large apartment, clean, and well supplied with all Japanese culinary vessels. My friend bowed very low to the cook in the kitchen, as he did, indeed, to all with whom we came in contact in passing through the apartments. The Japanese are a very ceremonious and polite people. The temple itself was gorgeously fitted up with more than the usual number of gilded gods. On the raised platform in front of the temple stood two large bronze lamps, and several large lotus-shaped bronze vessels or tanks filled with water. A handsome pagoda-shaped roof covered a separate apartment, holding a very fine bell, which we took the liberty of striking, though very gently, with the long, well-poised piece of timber, slung by two chains, and placed in a position to serve in place of our tongue or clapper, no Japanese bell being made with a clapper. Behind the temple are extensive gardens and pleasure grounds. There

were many priests about this temple, all young and good-looking; doubtless they have a very easy life of it. The road homewards, that is, between Fugisawa and Yokohama, was in very bad condition, full of ruts and holes, which made it necessary to hold on tightly by the sides of the carriage to prevent being pitched out headlong. It was Sunday, and a very bright day, so the road was thronged with parties, principally foreigners, in carriages and on horseback, from Yokohama, bent on amusing themselves.

CHAPTER XXI.

Yokohama—To Yeddo by rail—Exhibition of articles sent to Vienna—Pottery—Refining gold and silver—European innovations—A new calendar—European dress—Railway satisfactorily managed—Yeddo—Japanese go the "whole hog"—Rabbit mania—Amusements—Houses of wood and paper—Fire-proof mud godowns—A temple feast-day—Pay and pray—Mikado's levée; all in European costume—Asaxas—Sale of printed morality—Nursery gardens—Daimio's residence, now a college—Fate of the Daimios—Hospital and School of Medicine once a Daimio's harem—Dissecting-room—Headless bodies for dissection—Burial-ground of Tycoons—New police—Sheba, one of the principal temples—Execution ground—Keeping deities awake—Oodzee, composed of temples, tea-houses, dancing saloons—Vegetation—Theatre—Pillar-boxes—Post-office—Steamer to Kobe—Tea-firing described—Gypsum and Prussian blue for making green tea—Japanese tea sent to America—Waterfalls—Sintoo temple—Priests do all the praying—Robbing three hundred dollars, death—Osaka—The mint—Hoarding coin—Paper money—Assaying—Automaton weighing-machine—Finest castle in Japan—Pagoda—Funeral—Execution ground—Waxwork exhibition—Dancing-girls—Kobe wax-trees—Lacquer-trees—Exports—Tea-firing—Burning bodies—*Galley of Lorne* steamer—Rice—Inland sea—Amoy—Hong-Kong—Macao—Kidnapping coolies—Electrical spiritualism—Saigon—Protestant and Catholic missionaries—Their different success—Singapore—Bound for Galle.

28th, Yokohama, Sunday.—The aneroid has fallen five-tenths of an inch since the day before yesterday, and it is now (9 A.M.) blowing hard from the south, and a fair sprinkling of rain falling. This is the only bad day we have had since my return from the country, and my time has been spent in finishing up my purchases, and in wandering about Yokohama and the neighbourhood, with one trip to Yeddo by rail, to visit the exhibition of *curios* and other articles on show for a couple of days, before being packed up and shipped for Trieste on board a Messagerie boat, now gone up to Jeddo to receive them, chartered by the Government for the purpose. It is purely an industrial assortment of articles manufactured in Japan in the present day, also of the agricultural and mineral products; of miniature Japanese town and farm-houses, the latter very complete, and of a few animals and birds. Among the former, a woolly horse, and a dog born (I suppose) with only three legs, a miserable-looking creature enough. I am told the Government will also send a full-sized tea-house to be erected within the grounds of the exhi-

bition at Vienna, with a proper accompaniment of men and girls.

I have visited a pottery, and an establishment for refining gold and silver, both in the immediate vicinity of the settlement. Neither of them presented to me anything very striking in their mode of work; all their appliances seemed rough and ready-like, compared with the results. The Government seem determined on innovations. Their calendar is about to be assimilated to that in use in England, France, and some other European countries. The people have been recommended by public notice not to shave their crowns, but to let their hair grow and wear hats. The consequence has been a very large business in hats lately, bell-toppers, wide-awakes, &c., &c. All civil employés are ordered to dress *à la European,* and there is now pasted up on a board outside a public office here patterns of coats, trousers, waistcoats, and hats to be worn at a levée to be held at Yeddo in the palace of the Mikado on 1st January. Great numbers of civilians of all classes already dress in European costume, but none of the women, I think; and the troops, cavalry and infantry, have adopted the French uniform, and really very monkey-like they look, one and all of them; the police, too, wear European clothes, and are armed with a baton or short constable's staff. These latter, I am told, have been formed out of the retainers of the feudal lords, now divested of all political power—the two-sworded gentlemen-swashbucklers who before the revolution were such a dangerous class of society. Our holidays are to be the Japanese holidays for the future. Their railway management—I mean, as to stationmasters, guards, porters, &c., &c., on the one line yet open—is like our own, only that it is much more efficient than many of ours. The line is single, and unfortunately the rails have been placed in the centre of the roadway; this makes it awkward for laying down a second line, which will be required immediately. The receipts are about 8000 dollars a week on this eighteen-mile single line, all from passengers, for they are not yet prepared to carry goods. The fares are, first-class, 7s.; second, 3s. 6d.; third, 1s. 6d., to or from Yeddo.

January 1st, 1873, *Yeddo.*—I came here this morning with the intention of doing this city and the environs. Flying visits

do not allow one time to see satisfactorily, so I have made up my mind to stay here a week. To-day I have walked through a good two miles in the heart of the city, and upon the map it looks like but a small part of the whole. I first visited a very pretty place, the residence of the Spanish Consul, formerly belonging to a Daimio. It covers, perhaps, half-a-dozen acres; in the centre is a sheet of water, perhaps two acres, and around it a number of mounds have been raised with the earth dug out to make the pond, all planted, and not presenting a bad imitation of mother Nature herself. At one end, overlooking the lake, is the Consul's house, a cottage edifice with glass windows. The *tout ensemble* is a bijou. After tiffin I visited a temple; it was a fête-day. Hundreds of people were throwing iron cash into the poor-boxes and saying their prayers, whilst the priests inside were going through all the vagaries of a Roman Catholic service. There was a constant coming and going of devotees, and they were to all appearance very earnest in their prayers. No doubt at all they believed in their efficacy, or they would not have been so liberal with their iron cash. It has been remarked, that in taking up or going in for anything new, the Japanese go "the whole hog." Hats, wide-awakes principally, have lately been sold to an immense extent. Yesterday there were a number of competitors for twenty-two rabbits, which had been brought over from San Francisco by the American steamer, and cost probably 1s. 6d. each in the San Francisco market. They found a purchaser yesterday for 1400 dollars, and after the sale they were said to be worth 2000 dollars, one large rabbit alone being valued at 500 dollars. (I have since learnt the rabbits changed hands again at 2000 dollars.) In their amusements, too, the Japanese are remarkable. To-day in the streets, from end to end, ay! men and women too, all are playing at battledore and shuttle-cock, and in flying kites; there must have been many thousands thus employed, all more or less in their holiday clothes, of many and very bright colours. I cannot say much for the buildings; with the exception of the fire-proof mud godowns, of which there are many in every street, the houses are of the most flimsy kind, all of wood, with paper sliding partitions, and not many of them of two stories. In appearance they

are not much better than booths in a fair in an English country town. Praise has been lavished on the Japanese for their macadamised roads. The streets I have passed through to-day are full of ruts, and the only sign of macadamising was an occasional stone sticking up through the mud. There is no pavement anywhere, though many of the streets are from twenty to thirty feet wide. A wooden bridge I crossed, which spans the river that runs through the city, must be 120 yards long, and such a tramping as there was! A throng of people, nine-tenths of them wearing thick wooden clogs, and the other tenth straw-shoes. They tell me that to-day the Government has commenced laying on new taxes: a shooting license of five dollars; a tax of two and a half dollars on covered boats; and a tax on itinerant musicians. To-day the Mikado has held a grand levée of officials, all dressed in European costume!

2*d.*—Visited Asaxas this morning. To get there from the hotel took me pretty nearly an hour in a ginricksha, so it must be a good four miles, through densely populated streets the whole way. In dimensions the principal temple is a monster; the largest temple in Yeddo, or perhaps in Japan. There are a dozen auxiliary temples around it, and to-day they were all doing a thriving business. Thousands of people were flocking to it, saying their prayers, and pitching their cash into the gaping chests placed in every direction for the accommodation of the devout and charitable. The prayer is a very short one; half a minute suffices. Some cash is thrown into one of the monster poor-boxes; the donor kneels down, and raising his clasped hands before him in silence, says the shortest of prayers. He then claps his hands and retires, as likely as not, to get drunk. At the small temple where there are but few people, the devotee usually pulls a rope which hangs down in front of the entrance, and tolls a small bell to wake up the god. At the principal temple this is not considered necessary, there being so many and frequent calls on him that it is properly considered the god is always awake. This temple is well crammed with gods of all sizes, and doubtless of every degree of power; pictures of all sorts—among others, I observed one of a large American steamer—gifts from the devout; lanterns without number, and orna-

mentation of a most varied character; there is a brisk sale of small religious paintings and scraps of printed morality in various forms being carried on by several priests, whilst others are employed before the principal altar, going through the required religious service, to give efficacy to the thousands of prayers being offered up, and invariably accompanied by a donation. One of the temples contained six furious-looking figures, painted green, blue, and black, each stamping and crushing an unfortunate and powerless individual under his feet. One of them was evidently Michael the Archangel himself, who, with uplifted sword, was about to decapitate Old Nick himself; or, if it were not Michael, it was some Buddhist saint corresponding to our Christian saint of that name. Beside these many temples at Asaxas, there was a theatre in full swing; shops in which singing and other birds were sold, and monkeys also. Of these latter, there were a couple of the red-faced tailless monkeys of Japan, which were highly amusing. One tumbled half-a-dozen somersaults whenever he saw a prospect of getting something to eat; whilst the other, his companion, with the same provocation, placed his hands together and made the giver a very solemn salaam. From the tomfoolery going on in the temples, I turned for a stroll in the nursery-gardens close to the temples. They contained a variety of dwarfed plants, curiously trained, and growing very healthily. In one of these nurseries I bought a large and handsome turned ball, from what must have been a large mass of pudding-stone. In the same nursery, three years ago, I picked up a ball of black touchstone, used by jewellers for trying the quality of gold. On the whole route through the city to-day and yesterday, at every door and every window were tied up branches of the fir-tree, docketed with the name of the donor as giving something to his favourite god. A branch of a fir-tree, to be sure, was not much to give, but doubtless it would be equally efficacious, and as much appreciated, as more valuable offerings. The god would be likely to consider the one as much as the other. Returned from Asaxas, I went by the invitation of M. François, a French officer, one of the professors in the Military College, to look over the residence and grounds of the Daimio (Hamounno) now turned into a military college. The resi-

dence of the Daimio stands in the centre of the grounds, a spacious building of one story, with a mile or two of passages and corridors. The French military teachers, of whom there are sixteen in the college, have made the Daimio's castle a very comfortable residence. The original enclosure, now divided and subdivided, must cover twenty acres, around which stood the barracks for the retainers, which used to consist of from four to five thousand men. All these barracks, from having been neglected, are now tumbling to pieces. The entrance to this establishment is through a huge and imposing portal of great strength. A wall of sexagonal stones, beautifully fitted into each other, surrounds, in whole or in part (I am not sure which), the whole enclosure. These stones are so fitted into each other that, in many cases, it would be impossible to insert the edge of the blade of a penknife. No mortar is used in building the walls. Alas! for the poor Daimios, of whom there were 600 in Japan; their residences, with the exception of those that have been utilised by the Government, are now howling wildernesses. Never was a powerful feudal system so quickly, and, I believe, so completely, destroyed as this of Japan has been. In return for all that has been taken from them—their entire property—the existing Government, who has been victorious in the fight, allows the Daimios an amount annually equal to 10 per cent. of their former revenue, and are now discussing whether it will not be better to capitalise this annuity, and get rid of the Daimios once for all by paying them a round sum down. What the result of this proposed measure may be seems doubtful. From my visit to M. François I went to the hill overlooking Yeddo. This is a hill ascended by 111 stone steps, and also by 98 steps (the two flights of steps being close together), which overlooks Yeddo, and in clear weather affords a fine view of the city. On the top of this hill are numerous tea-houses, some small temples, and a large well-filled cemetery. The Japanese bury their dead huddled up into as small a compass as possible, so that the gravestones stand very thickly together.

3*d.*—To-day, in company with a young German physician just arrived in Yeddo, and belonging to the Government School of Medicine established at Uino, I visited first the public

hospital, and afterwards Uino itself. At the public hospital is located the school of medicine, but as this is holiday-time, there were no students in attendance. After going over the very large building, once a Daimio's harem they tell me, now turned into an hospital and school, my friend introduced me into the dissecting-room, in which were laid out, on as many tables, eleven headless bodies, criminals who had been decapitated within the last few days at Yeddo, and handed over for dissection for the benefit of the living; and although I must have been here myself during these executions, I had never heard of them. It would seem, in fact, that people here think little of such occurrences, so frequent are they. A small crime is punished in Japan by decapitation. Long terms of imprisonment are unknown. The Government prefers to get rid of a criminal at once to incurring the expense attendant on long periods of imprisonment. The odour in the dissecting-room was not at all pleasant, so I did not stay there long—long enough, however, to observe that, in the majority of cases, the heads had not been artistically, or by a clean stroke, severed from the body: the cutting was very jagged. In an adjoining room there were three or four skeletons, which seemed well put together, and as many anatomical specimens. The nucleus of a Natural History museum was also to be seen there. There were some fifty patients in the hospital, all lying on comfortable beds, the first, I should think, they had ever lain upon. From this establishment we went on to Uino, a pretty place just clear of the city. The grounds about it are well timbered, and there are two or three temples of some interest, one of them containing a Bhudda in a sitting posture, whose head is eight feet long. In the burial-ground of the Tycoons each body has a massive granite monument over it, enclosed within a tile-cement wall: there must be some scores of these tombs or monuments. There are also some isolated ruins, probably of temples. Uino, they tell me, was the scene of a bloody battle in the late revolution, but I have been unable to learn anything about it. It is about five miles from the hotel at Yeddo. We hired ginrickshas to take us there, and we walked back. The boys and girls are still occupied with battledore and shuttlecock, and in flying kites; and though

the streets are thronged with them, as there are hardly any vehicles drawn by horses in Yeddo, and very few horsemen in the streets, these children are but a slight nuisance, and remain unmolested. The police are numerous, and some Irishman must, I think, have had something to say in arming them, for they carry regular shillelahs; and each man has a piece of small cord stuck in his girdle, with which to tie the hands or legs of obstreperous prisoners. These Japanese generally are very bandy-legged, and their new dress, made by native tailors *à la European*, makes this peculiarity the more apparent. I saw a squad of forty policemen marching through the streets to-day, and I don't think two out of the whole lot could have stopped a pig, unless it were one of our prize pigs at the Christmas shows. Besides the officials, many others of the population have assumed the European costume, and such clothes as they wear! They really look like so many monkeys. It is perhaps a pity these people should be abandoning their national costume, which certainly suited them very well, whilst the European dress, as I have already said, turns them into so many monkeys.

5th.—Yesterday was an unpleasant day; it rained from early morn until late in the afternoon, and I took advantage of it to read "South Sea-Bubbles," by the "Earl and the Doctor." To-day, after breakfast, I walked to "Sheba," where there is one of the finest temples of Japan, and a number of satellite temples also. One sees at Sheba, apart from the grand temple under a roof of its own, a highly decorated monument in honour of one of the Tycoons and his wife, the only Tycoon buried there (they tell me), though there are a thousand small bronze pillars in the adjoining ground erected to keep alive the memory of the Tycoons, their wives, and children, whose bodies have rotted elsewhere far from Sheba. There are also many funereal monuments set up to do honour to men of note, but who they were I could not learn. I walked back to the inn, and, after tiffin, sallied out with the young German doctor to visit the execution ground, which had supplied the eleven headless bodies I saw in the hospital the day before yesterday. We did not succeed, however, in gaining admittance, but were told that

we might be permitted to visit it if we made a written application to the Governor. It was too late to conform to this formality, so we contented ourselves by looking at the outside of the massive wall, whence had issued so many thousands (I daresay) of headless bodies. We must have walked through three miles of crowded streets before we reached the "execution ground," and very muddy and dirty they were after the rain of yesterday, there being no sign anywhere of the much-vaunted macadamising of Japan. The houses forming these three miles of streets, and very far beyond, were all of the meanest description I have seen in Yeddo. By the by, at the temple of Sheba, whilst a priest did duty at the altar, two men were employed with hammers in striking an anvil, or something similar, for the sound was just such as one hears on passing a blacksmith's shop. This hammering, I think, must have been meant to keep the god awake, to ensure his giving ear to the prayers of the few devotees who were praying and paying whilst I was there. The coloured lanterns in these temples are ornamental, some of them are eight or ten feet in height, and round in proportion. There was a fine bell near the temple, hung under a pagoda-roof, ten or twelve feet high, and five feet across the mouth. It was struck by a beam fourteen or fifteen feet long, and eighteen inches in diameter, slung by four chains. I gently touched it; the tone was very fine.

9*th*, *Yokohama*.—I was employed on the 6th and 7th in visiting the outlying parts of Yeddo and its neighbourhood. I took a walk of about five miles by the river over the great northern road, which I found no better macadamised than the southern part of the Tocaido; it was full of ruts and mud. My walk ended at a village called Oodzee, entirely composed of temples, tea-houses, dancing saloons, and other places of amusement—no doubt a favourite resort for the Yeddo people in spring and summer, but shunned by them in this cold weather. I also visited Ogi, another favourite resort for pleasure-seekers in the proper season, but now almost empty. Everywhere round about Yeddo evergreens are abundant. The hedges are always green, formed of cryptomeria and a sort of box; and the country even now has a clothed and pleasing appearance. The camellia, frequently a fair-sized

tree, is everywhere ; but the great charm of the country—flowers—is wanting, or at any rate, rarely seen at this season. The road to Ogi, leading through Yeddo for about four miles, and afterwards another four miles through villages, for the most part was so bad, that we had to abandon our ginrickshas on more than one occasion. So much for the macadamised roads of Japan.

With my young German friend I went to the theatre, a spacious building, but there was no performance going on. Afterwards I accompanied him to the house of the Minister of Instruction, where, at a large party, he had dined the day before ; and being obliged to eat his dinner with chopsticks, he had taken out his penknife to sharpen the points, and inadvertently had left it on the Minister's table. Our visit was for the purpose of recovering the penknife ; but alas ! no penknife was forthcoming ; nor was it likely it should have been, for Japanese servants are very light-fingered ; at least so they tell me, though, so far, I must confess, I am not aware they have ever prigged anything from me. Seeing the rage for everything European in Yeddo and Yokohama just now, I should have thought the Minister of Instruction would have supplied his European guests with knives and forks. But no ; chopsticks, and chopsticks only, were supplied them, with which to eat their dinner ; and a very inefficient substitute they proved to be. There is a post-office now in Yeddo, and pillar-boxes at the corners of many of the streets. The men have lately taken to mufflers, and they are now generally used. I mentioned the other day, speaking of the *furore* of these people for new things, that 1400 dollars had been paid for twenty-two rabbits imported from San Francisco by the last steamer that had arrived. I now learn that the fortunate purchaser has realised a profit of 1000 dollars : he had sold his rabbits for 2400 dollars to some Government employés, who had presented them as a new year's gift to the Mikado ! When at Asaxas the other day, I saw a large assortment of rabbits, which I might have bought at one and a half boos a piece (1s. 6d.) There was one rabbit, however, in the lot I saw there for which the owner demanded 100 dollars. In what the particular merit of this rabbit consisted I failed to discover.

11th, Saturday, on board the steamer 'Galley of Lorne.'—We left Yokohama yesterday bound to Kobe, but with bad coal we are making but slow progress. The weather is fine, but cold. Before leaving Yokohama yesterday I paid a visit to a tea-firing establishment. The performance of this operation devolves upon the merchants of Yokohama. In China, on the contrary, the tea is brought from the place of its growth to the seaports in packages ready for shipment. In the establishment which I visited I saw 200 girls employed in stirring about the tea in small, deep iron pans, set in brickwork, each pan with a small charcoal fire under it, and each girl in charge of two pans. This is the drying process, to which all tea brought from the tea-districts is first subjected, and is called "firing the tea." If it is desired to give the tea a greenish colour, a couple of pinches of gypsum and a pinch of Prussian blue is put into each pan, containing about four pounds of tea, and thoroughly incorporated with it. The firing operation takes about two hours, and is consequently repeated by each girl half-a-dozen times a day. After drying comes the sifting. This is accomplished by a simple piece of machinery driven by a small steam-engine. It consists of half-a-dozen sieves, of different degrees of fineness, placed on an inclined plane, to which the machinery imparts a shaking motion, the first sieve allowing only the finest grain tea to pass through, and so on to the sixth sieve, the coarsest tea of all falling over the tail of the line of sieves. From these sieves the tea is conducted by long sacks affixed to them underneath into receivers; but before reaching the mouth of the tea-conducting sack, a draught of air, caused by a revolving fan, blows the dust out of it into another sack, which conducts into a receiver at the bottom. After the machinery-sifting, a portion of the tea is still found to require a further sifting, and this is done by hand. The tea that passes through the first sieve is very fine grain, and this is called hyson-tips. It is composed, in fact, of the tips of the leaves; and so on to the end, each quality, determined by the size of the grain, having its own peculiar name. There is a portion of this tea which by special manipulation is rolled up in larger grains, all of one size, and is christened gunpowder, much liked by old ladies. The processes of drying,

colouring—if it be coloured—and sifting being completed, it is now put up generally in paper pound and half-pound packets, and stowed into boxes lined with sheet-lead. A variety of names, however, such as "from the Mikado's own tea-gardens," &c., &c., &c., having been first pasted on the paper packets. The girls working at the firing process, who earn, I am told, about one and a half dollars (7s.) a week, working on Sundays also, are all clothed at this cold season, but in the summer their costume is limited to a small loin-cloth, and the perspiration, running profusely from their naked bodies as they lean over the iron pans, no doubt occasionally imparts a fleshy flavour to the tea. When received into the firing-room, the tea is turned out of the boxes in which it is brought from the country into a large bin, and there it is pressed into small compass by men treading it with naked feet. Here, then, is another source of flavour imparted to the tea other than what is natural to the leaf. The great bulk of the tea shipped from Japan goes to the States; a very small portion of it finds its way into the English market. The best Japanese tea, they tell me, comes from the neighbourhood of Osaka, and is shipped at the treaty port of Kobe.

Yesterday was a wretched day, very cold, and blowing strong right in our teeth. On leaving Yokohama, we calculated on reaching Kobe at six o'clock this morning; it is now noon, and we have still a hundred miles or more to do before we can let go our anchor, and this will take us a good twelve hours. We are now off Oscima, the turning-point, I may say, of our trip, for we now enter the gulf leading up to Kobe, our treaty port.

14*th*.—At 5 A.M. yesterday we anchored at Kobe, the English settlement corresponding with Osaka, a city and a treaty port, about twenty-two miles by land from Kobe, now being bridged over by a railway in course of construction. I landed here in a snowstorm, the first experienced this winter. The weather cleared up in the afternoon, and enabled me to visit the waterfalls, distant from the settlement a couple of miles. From the settlement the ascent for about a mile is gradual towards the base of a range of high hills, and then an ascent of about 500 feet over a good path lined on both sides with tea-houses, but not much visited at this

cold season, each with its quaint little garden, and situated amongst a good sprinkling of pine-trees. The two falls are about the same height, say fifty feet, and are both very pretty; the lower one is unbroken from top to bottom. Lower down the water is utilised to work some half-dozen paddy-mills, being conducted for this purpose to the wheels in through the roofs of the buildings. It must be charming roundabout these falls in summer, when the trees are in full leaf and the flowers in bloom. There is a handsome Sintoo temple situated on the road to the falls, with some very good carving about it.

Mr B——, with whom I dined to-day, told a story of a Japanese residing at a temple in Yeddo being asked which of the two religions he liked best—the Sintoo or the Buddhist; and after a good deal of humming and hawing, he at last replied that he preferred the Sintoo, for the priests did all the praying, whilst as a Buddhist he had both to pay and to pray.

According to a recently published code of laws, robbery to to the amount of 300 dollars is punishable with death by the Japanese. Mr B—— told me the following story:—A thief had broken into a house, and had wounded an old gentleman, possibly unintentionally, who had endeavoured to apprehend him. The thief was subsequently caught, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The son of the old gentleman who had been wounded, an officer in the army, thinking the sentence a very lenient one, wrote to the judge who had tried the thief, and told him so, and the judge without more ado quashed the first sentence, and condemned the thief to be beheaded—and beheaded he was!

16*th*, *Osaka.*—We visited the mint to-day, at the head of which establishment is Major Kinder. It has been erected within the last three years, and has been in full work since 1871. Up to the present time between thirty and forty millions of dollars have been coined. The whole affair seems very complete, and fitted with all the best apparatus, apparently regardless of expense. The work hitherto has consisted principally in turning nibus, an old coin, containing 22 per cent. of gold and 78 per cent. of silver, into a new gold and silver coinage, in which operation, I under-

stand, the whole loss in weight consists of one-eighth of a dollar in a thousand dollars' worth of the precious metals. Both the gold and silver coin is alloyed with copper. Major Kinder says that occasionally they turn out half a million of dollars daily in gold and silver; and notwithstanding the large amount coined at this mint since 1871—between thirty and forty millions of dollars—it is hardly ever met with in circulation in or about the great centres of trade, Yokohama and Yeddo; paper money, and nothing else, is seen in circulation there. What becomes of the coined money is not very well known, but it is clear to me it must be hoarded somewhere or other. They are adding to the present mint buildings large works for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, an article that costs them now about a shilling a pound for what is consumed at the mint; and it is calculated that it can be manufactured on the spot for about twopence. One leaden chamber, nearly finished, is a hundred feet long, twenty wide, and twenty deep. At these works, they say, one ton of sulphuric acid may be manufactured daily. The assaying department is very complete, and so is that in which the dies for the coins are made. The coke and the gas required are both made on the premises. In the assaying department I did not get a very flattering account of the aptitude of the Japanese for the work in which they are employed, but in another department I received a more favourable account of them. They are, at any rate, very tractable and easily managed. They receive from eight to twenty dollars a month, and a house to live in. All the various branches were in work when I was at the mint this morning; they were assaying, melting, and coining, and also grinding the old crucibles and recovering the gold and silver absorbed by them. They were also employed in separating the gold from the silver contained in the nibus by sulphuric acid, the gold falling to the bottom, and the silver remaining in solution until precipitated by the application of copper, and then pressed into cakes and melted. To facilitate the operation, the nibus were first granulated. The automaton weighing-machine, which separates as it weighs the coins of proper weight from those that are light and those that are too heavy, is a beautiful little machine, and has been made to

work more rapidly by means of a magnet fastened so as to act on the steel beam, the invention of Mr Smith. This mint machinery was first erected at Hong-Kong, but the Governor, M'Donald, taking it into his head that the operation of coining would be a losing one, sold the whole affair for very much below its cost, they tell me, to the Japanese Government. This sale is said by those who are capable of judging to have been a great mistake.

From the mint we went to the Tycoon's castle, perhaps the finest fortress in Japan. It covers at least one hundred acres of ground, and is surrounded by an outer and inner moat, and a wall of some fifty feet in height. Some of the stones in the inner walls are of great size. One of irregular shape, which I measured roughly, I found to be more than forty feet long, nine feet high, and nine feet thick. When I visited this castle three years ago, during the war, there was nothing on the inside of it but the charred remains of the former buildings. Now it contains extensive barracks and several regiments of infantry.

17*th.*—Hired ginrickshas this morning and went to Sumiyoshi. On the way we visited Tenogee, where there are several temples, and also a pagoda ninety feet high, from the top of which we obtained a good view of the city and surrounding country. Two miles and a half farther on we came to Sumiyoshi, which is just five miles from the foreign concession at Osaka. There are numberless monuments and a celebrated temple here, and tea-houses in abundance. There is a bridge here over a small sheet of water, some fifty feet wide, and so steep is it, that with difficulty one mounts up it and descends on the other side without holding on by the rail. This bridge is only about sixty feet long, and the crown of it has a rise of about fifteen feet. It is a wooden bridge, standing on some twenty stone piers. Why it has been made so steep I cannot tell, for there is no passage underneath it for boats. A funeral was being conducted when we arrived at Sumiyoshi. A large plain deal box with a movable cover to it was slung and carried on a pole from one temple to the entrance of another; other men bore along several smaller boxes, all of which were deposited at the entrance of the temple. In this temple were a dozen priests, dressed in blue

petticoats, with a sort of white poncho over, chanting prayers, or perhaps a mass. From the boxes were taken several trays of fruit and flowers, all of which were carried into the temple, and after a while the cover of the large deal box was taken off, and the little corpse (for it was but a small child), wrapped in white cloth, was lifted out and carried into the temple up some steps, and deposited somewhere behind a curtain. After a long course of praying, accompanied by constant prostrations and genuflexions, the ceremony came to an end, and the trays of fruit and flowers were brought out of the temple and placed in the boxes, and taken away to the first temple, whence they had been brought in the first instance. The whole service lasted an hour, and bore a great resemblance to a service in a Catholic chapel. No one entered the court in front of this temple but the priests and other dignitaries during the performance of the service, but the paling outside was thronged by a dense and very orderly crowd, attracted by the ceremony. The priests were got up in full feather, and wore on their heads curiously shaped straw hats.

Like all other temples I have seen in Japan, this one was surrounded by places of amusement, but all empty in this cold weather.

20*th.*—On the 18th we paid a visit to the execution ground at Osaka, and were disappointed. There were neither heads nor trunks to be seen there, notwithstanding the Governor had said to a friend of mine only a few days before, that he ruled over 300,000 people, and was constantly cutting off heads, and still there were many thieves left!

The next day, 19th, we went with Mr C. to look at an exhibition of waxworks. We had hard work to find the place, and it was not until Mr C. had mounted to the top of a "fire look-out," and took a survey of the surrounding neighbourhood, that we discovered the place we were in search of. The building in which the figures were shown was but a rickety affair. The first figures we came to were two men, representing the owner of an orchard, and a brigand who had come to rob him. The poor fellow, the owner of the orchard, after a dreadful struggle, had been cut down, desperately wounded, and the brigand was represented in the act of

giving him the *coup de grace.* The wounded man is depicted true to nature. Then came an encounter between an old man, a hermit probably, and a two-sworded fellow; but the history I could not unravel, neither could I unravel the two or three scenes that followed, in which ladies were the principal actors. Several other groups followed, all representing men engaged in some tragedy, and towards the finale of the exhibition were two scenes which struck me as admirable; I mean, the execution of the figures was wonderfully true to nature. The one represented a policeman cutting off a boy's hair, and the other was a watchman in the act of striking together two pieces of wood, which living watchmen in Japan always carry with them, and with which they keep up a constant beating throughout the night, for the purpose, I should think, of giving warning to the thieves, for I cannot see any good purpose served by it. This sort of scenic exhibition is brought to great perfection in Japan, and is an institution of many centuries standing; though, I daresay, Madame Tussaud fancied she was the first person who had hit upon such a means of growing rich. These figures, however, were not made of wax; the groundwork is of wood, over which is a layer of very fine cement, covered with a coat of paint artistically laid on, and truly representing Japanese flesh. I have forgotten to say that Mr C. and myself went by invitation to witness the performance of some dancing-girls at a tea-house, got up expressly for our edification. There were a dozen girls, all of them disgustingly ugly, nearly all of them with their teeth blackened. This was the first time I had seen unmarried women with black teeth, but I am told it is common about Osaka for girls of a certain age to blacken their teeth, whilst at Yeddo none but married women have recourse to such an operation. Perhaps the girls about here resort to the practice to impose upon the public, and to command more respect in the streets than they are properly entitled to. Among the lot were two young things not over eleven years of age, both provided with small polished steel mirrors, a supply of white powder, and a preparation of betel-nut, which they applied every now and then to their faces and lips, without any idea, apparently, they were doing anything to create remark. The

musical instrument, upon which in turn all the girls played, was a sort of three-stringed guitar, and they struck the strings with a piece of ivory in the shape of a wedge. At times some of them sang, and the music served as an accompaniment, or some played whilst others danced. They were dressed in long rich robes, reaching half a yard beyond their feet. The dancing consisted mainly of bodily contortions, accompanied by a constant movement of the hands and arms keeping time with the music. I sat upon a mat upon my heels, with my boots off, longer than I cared for witnessing the exhibition, and was glad when it came to an end, for neither the singing, the playing, nor the dancing possessed more than very ordinary interest for me.

20*th*.—Having been disappointed in procuring permission from the authorities to visit Kioto, we returned to Kobe to-day by land in ginrickshas. The distance is about twenty-two miles, and we came down in four hours and a half, including half an hour that we rested in a tea-house. We had two men to each ginricksha, and they trotted the whole way, in spite of the heavy roads, the result of two nights' rain, full of ruts and puddles of water. On the whole route, mainly by the Tocaido, there is nowhere the ghost of pavement, nor of any macadamising. I frequently recur to the fact that I have met with no macadamised roads in Japan, in consequence of having seen it stated over and over again that the roads throughout the country were equal to our own, and that macadamising was practised here before we had ever heard of it. With little exception, you pass through a string of towns and villages on the whole route between Osaka and Kobe, and the country, a sandy plain, is entirely covered with crops of wheat and turnip-raddish, the latter having been transplanted from seed-beds into the ground from which a crop of rice was taken in November, and which will again be sown with rice in June. All the crops are sown or drilled in rows; and as we came along to-day, very strong liquid manure indeed, dipped out of large casks sunk in the ground, was being extensively applied to them, wholly by hand-labour. These large sunken casks are dotted in great numbers over the plain.

We took a walk of five miles yesterday in the vicinity of

Osaka, and on either side was a row of vegetable wax-trees, leafless now. They have the appearance of apple-trees. The berries grow in bunches on these trees, and from them the wax is expressed. The fruit of the persimmon-tree, pressed when in an unripe state, produces a liquid with which the Japanese stain furniture a black colour. It is called *streboo.* There is also a tree here which produces the lacquer so extensively used in Japan. The tree is tapped, and the lacquer exudes, of a white colour, which turns black on coming into contact with atmospheric air, as does also the milk from the india-rubber-tree. This tree has been sometimes confounded with the vegetable wax-tree, and said to be the same; but this is a mistake—they are distinct trees.

23*d.*—I have been here now three days, and have pretty well exhausted the place. This Kobe is the foreign settlement tacked on to the east end of the native town of Hiogo, which contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. On the seaside of Kobe there is a well-made bund, with a row of very nice-looking foreigners' houses all along. Numerous streets run up from the bund towards the base of the line of hills, about a mile distant, which are again intersected by other streets running parallel with the bund. New houses are being built in all directions, and there can be no doubt that Kobe is destined to become a place of extensive trade. During the last six months more business has been transacted in Kobe than during the previous twelve months, both in imports and exports. There are many Japanese steamers running on the coast, but the thriving business carried on between Yokohama, Kobe, and Shanghai is entirely in the hands of the Pacific Mail Steam Company, and occupies one steamer a week. There are some four or five boats constantly running, all bad, and ever breaking down or not keeping time; but as they have no competition, they are of necessity extensively patronised. This is the branch line of the Pacific Mail Steam Company that pays so well, and it is only wonderful that English capitalists should have allowed them to monopolise so good a business for so long a time. One of these steamers has just broken down, and another, which is now in this port, belonged to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and was lying on the beach at Yokohama for a

year or more as useless, when she was bought by the American company for 10,000 dollars, patched up, and put upon this line. She is a miserable little thing; no one dares to ship specie by her. We and the Germans are in a large majority here, and still we continue to depend upon the Americans for steamers—and very inefficient ones—in a very profitable trade. The principal exports from hence to Europe are tea, vegetable wax, sea-weed, and rice. The tea grown in this neighbourhood is, they say, the best in Japan. The railway between this and Osaka is progressing, but it will take a year yet before it will be opened for traffic. The gauge is three feet six inches, a single line, twenty-two miles. At present the traffic between Kobe and Osaka is carried on by small steamers, of which there are half-a-dozen constantly running, and they take from two to three hours on the passage, depending on the state of the tide and the weather. Japanese pay a boo (1s.) for a passage, whilst foreigners are made to pay a dollar by one boat, and half a dollar by the others; and on board all mix up together. But it is not only on board these steamers that the foreigner is looked upon as fair game to be fleeced: of course he is in all ways and in everything fleeced more or less in Japan. The other day, at Asaxas, I went to mount a pagoda, accompanied by a Japanese, and the priest in charge demanded a dollar from me, whilst the Japanese was permitted to go up for one cent; and so it is throughout. Kobe suffers occasionally from typhoons, but is on the whole considered a safe harbour for shipping. The land ceded to foreigners for building purposes is now found to be inadequate to their requirements, and they are squabbling with the Japanese officials on the subject of an extension.

It would seem that in business matters these Japanese are very slippery fish to deal with, and you never know when you have them; but they will be better by and by. What can be expected from the class—the mercantile class—with whom we have to do principally, when we know that for the last three centuries or more that Japan has been shut up from the world. The mercantile or trading class was at the bottom of the social scale, even below a fellow who groomed

a Daimio's horse! They were literally considered the dregs of society who were employed in trade.

24*th*.—Ought to have sailed to-day for Hong-Kong in the *Galley of Lorne*, but a row among the men who are employed in shipping her cargo has caused some delay, and we shall now probably not get away until to-morrow afternoon. Yesterday, went over a tea-firing establishment. Some 150 girls were employed in firing the tea, and afterwards in filling paper bags, holding some half-pound up to two pounds each; a Chinaman packed the papers into boxes lined with sheet-lead as fast as the girls filled them. Upon these papers were printed instructions for making tea, and grand names of the estates and districts from which it was pretended the tea was procured or where it was grown. The whole was being sent to San Francisco. This afternoon, with Mr C., I walked up to the Moon Temple, about seven miles, situated on the top of the range of hills at the back of the settlement, at a height, by my aneroid, of 2000 feet above the sea. There is a good path all the way, until within 400 or 500 feet of the summit, when it becomes very steep and rather rough. The approach to the temple, which has nothing to distinguish it from thousands of other temples in Japan, is by a flight of 256 stone steps, with *risers* of about eight inches. The ascent is through a gorge, by a winding, and at times a zigzag path, and the views from the temple over Kobe and along the coast must be extensive in clear weather. When we reached the temple to-day, the atmosphere was hazy, and the view consequently confined to Kobe and its immediate neighbourhood. On the road up we visited a rice-cleaning mill, with a hundred stamps going, worked by water-power. As fast as the rice was cleaned it was put into straw bags, containing each 100 pounds, in which the rice is shipped. The Japan rice is a fine large plump grain, the best rice in the East, I think. The price now in the market is one dollar a picul of 133⅓ lbs. We also passed through a cemetery, where we saw the charred bones of recently-burnt bodies, and two fires were laid ready for any bodies that might arrive. On coming back, we walked along on the railway in course of construction between Kobe and Osaka, upon which the rails are

laid for three miles. There are some large pines on the slopes of some of the hills, and the narrow paths leading through large patches, not to call them forests, of the giant bamboo, must be very pleasant in summer. In the present cold weather the traveller can dispense with shade. There can be little difference between the climates of Kobe and Osaka. I have been ten days at the two places, and have had but two wet days; the thermometer indoors, without a fire, ranging between 36° and 40°; out of doors, a little frost in the early morning, or rather at night. I am told, however, that this time last year there was skating at both places. There can be no question as to the healthiness of the climate of Japan from end to end, though of course somewhat colder in the northern than in the southern islands. All along the coast, and in the centre or on the highest hills, the snow remains for some months every year.

The appearance of foreigners scattered all over the empire indicates a thorough good climate everywhere. The Japanese and foreigners' children are all pictures of health. The women are fat, and even ruddy generally, and the men, though very short, are muscular, but bandy-legged nineteen in twenty of them. I often ask myself, "Do I like these Japanese?" and I have come to the conclusion that I do like them, they are so courteous in their manners, and so good-tempered. I have never seen a Japanese out of temper but once. They have a keen sense of the ridiculous, and their risible faculties are easily excited. In dealing with them you must be prepared for extortion; they will often ask you fifty dollars for an article which, if you have a good stock of patience, you may in the end buy for ten dollars. A banker told me he never knew when to depend on a bargain being concluded. If a Japanese makes an arrangement with a banker or merchant for a certain stroke of business, and does not return to fulfil the engagement, having, perhaps, made a more satisfactory arrangement with some other party, or having repented of having made the arrangement at all, on being asked for an explanation of his conduct, he only laughs, and seems quite unconscious that he has done anything at all reprehensible; and so it is that foreigners never sell to Japanese on credit, nor allow goods to be delivered until

fully paid for. Japanese servants always get a "squeeze" out of everything they buy for travellers, or for their employers; but I have had them with me travelling, and I have never known them to steal from me.

26*th, on the inland sea, on board the 'Galley of Lorne.'*—At eleven o'clock last night we got under way at Hiogo, just round the point from Kobe, where the ship had moved to from her anchorage at Kobe to take in her cargo of rice for Amoy. She was four days taking on board a full cargo, about 42,000 piculs, for which she gets, I believe, to Amoy, forty cents a picul, so that she makes a freight of about 16,800 dollars. Her cargo is for account of the Japanese Government, who are the only shippers of rice from Japan, foreigners being prohibited by treaty from dealing in rice for exportation. The present price of the article in Kobe is one dollar or 4s. 5d. a picul of 133⅓ pounds.

At Kobe I saw in a godown-yard a number of temple bells, broken up most of them, bought at fifteen dollars a picul, for exportation to England, where the metal is used, they tell me, for casting cannon, and is worth £85 per ton. No rice from Japan has yet ever reached the English market, so its value has never been tested, but there can be little doubt that it will be much liked, if properly cleaned. Several cargoes are now on the way home. The *Galley of Lorne* is deep enough, drawing nearly twenty-two feet water. She steams fast notwithstanding, and is much more manageable than she was when we were coming down light from Yokohama. It is now noon, blowing a strong breeze, and last night was very cold, and a little sea on, though we are threading our way through a crowd of islands, of all shapes and sizes, and completely landlocked. At times there is a stretch across of twenty-five miles, but generally this sea is much narrower. There are villages everywhere, and cultivation also, with a sprinkling of trees on many of the islands. The outline of the islands and the mainland is very diversified, taking all sorts of shapes. The conical shape is very general, and they are of all heights, from a few hundreds to a thousand feet. We calculate that it will take us until seven to-morrow morning to emerge into the open sea again. Passed at 10 A.M. the *Costa Rica*,

bound from Shanghai to Yokohama; great numbers of junks moving about. At 9 A.M. we passed the ruined castle of Takamatea.

27*th.*—Many of the islands amongst which we sailed yesterday, after twelve o'clock, were wooded to the very summit, and others were cultivated in terraces also to the summit. Some of them were beautiful spots, looking very inviting as abodes for life. There is no end to towns and villages bordering the mainland as well as the shores of the islands of this inland sea, of which Kobe might be called the eastern entrance, and Nagasaki the western, a distance of 240 miles. We slowed down for a few hours this morning, there being some narrow channels to pass, for which the pilot thought it best to have daylight. About eight o'clock we passed the last lighthouse at the western entrance of the sea. This morning at 2 A.M. we landed the pilot in one of the ship's boats on the coast, close to the port of Nagasaki. It was a nasty operation for a long steamer like ours, for we were obliged to go in very close to the shore, and the weather was rough and the night dark, for it was blowing fresh. Landing the pilot cost us two good hours. Altogether there are four lighthouses in the inland sea, three at the western end, and one a hundred miles or so from the eastern end. The sea was pretty well spotted over with junks and small boats, the former trading between Osaka, Kobe, places in the inland sea, and Nagasaki; the latter fishing. The mainland on both sides of the inland sea is mountainous, and in the distance is occasionally seen a higher range of mountains still, well covered down to the base with snow.

28*th.*—We are now running along nine knots, with some sea on, and a strong breeze abeam from N.W. by N. The weather is cold, and showers of sleet frequent. We have a prospect of reaching Amoy on 31st. Yesterday and the previous night I had a bad time of it. Over-eating and drinking for ten days brought in its train what with me is always a natural result, a severe attack of indigestion; starving, and a tea-and-toast and arrowroot diet have put me to rights without having had recourse to the medicine-chest. We have a rum sort of fellow as steward on board this ship; he is as full of reasons on all occasions as an egg is

full of meat. He was a horseboy at Balaklava during the Crimean war, and there he lost two fingers of his left hand, his share of the advantages derived from the Russian campaign. Well, I asked him if he could make me a basin of arrowroot. Of course he could, he had made tons of it; so he went to work, and in half an hour made his appearance at my bedside with a large pie-dish in one hand chock-full of a dark substance exactly resembling glue; in the other hand he held a large plate with three dabs of butter, weighing at least a good quarter of a pound, stuck on to the edge of it. "Why, steward," I said, taking the gluey-looking substance from him, "what is this?" "Oh, sir, that is the arrowroot." "And what makes it so black?" "That comes, sir, from the mace which I have added to it." I took a spoon and tasted. "Why, steward, it has been made with salt water." "No, sir, not at all; I put into it myself (holding up his finger and thumb pressed closely together), only the smallest iota of salt; but the cook, to whom I handed it over to be boiled, capsized a tin of salt into it." "And this butter, steward, what is this for?" "The arrowroot is always eaten with butter; I have in my time made tons of it." "Steward," I said, "take this mess away; I have no doubt you will think me very dainty, but I cannot eat this mess." And I really believe, had I eaten of it, of my own accord I never should have got out of my berth; and this was the steward who looked after four ladies on their recent outward passage from London! Besides this head-steward (headless would have been a more appropriate name for him), there was a boy called Dan, who passed most of his time admiring himself in the mirror of the ladies' cabin, and a Chinaman picked up at Singapore. The captain asked Dan yesterday where some mutton came from that appeared on the table, and the comprehensive reply he received was that it came off a sheep! No doubt Dan is a genius, but as for the real work of the cabin, it is almost all done by the Chinaman; and yet these three fellows are good as an amusement to Mr C. and myself, the only passengers, for they are all of them good-natured, and bear chaffing to any extent. A surly steward is an abomination to passengers.

29th.—At noon to-day we were 490 miles from Amoy, and

we may get in on the 31st. The last twenty-four hours we have made 240 miles, with a strong breeze from the N.W. and a fair amount of sea. The weather is better now, though cloudy, and a deal less sea; it is cold too. The ship is very deep, being only 1389 tons register, and she has on board 2600 tons rice.

February 1st.—Yesterday, at 5 P.M., we anchored in Amoy. As we entered the port, with a smacking breeze blowing, three boats were seen approaching. One of them the "harbour" pilot-boat; the other two, rival storekeepers' boats. We had previously taken on board a Chinaman, who piloted us to the entrance, as the captain had never been at Amoy before. As the three boats approached, all row-boats, the engines were stopped; but with the ship so laden, she continued to forge ahead at the rate of five or six miles an hour. The "harbour" pilot-boat, which was a little ahead of the other two boats, came alongside, and caught a rope which was thrown to it; the other rival boats, trying who would come alongside first, came on both together. One of them passed inside the pilot-boat, between the boat and the ship, and being badly handled, the rope by which the pilot-boat was made fast threatened to take off the heads of the whole crew. They lost, however, only their hats, as the boat drifted past. The other boat was not so fortunate; she came right across the bow of the pilot-boat, and was cut down and swamped, the crew scrambling, as they best could, on board the pilot-boat, the swamped boat going out to sea on its own account. There was nobody hurt, so the scene was as laughable as it was exciting to those who were merely lookers-on. The result may probably have the effect of making the storekeepers send off their boats with more efficient crews for the future, or make them wait until such vessels as the *Galley of Lorne* have dropped their anchor before coming alongside. As soon as the ship had anchored, we passengers went with the captain on shore in the pilot-boat. We had no sooner landed than the captain received orders from his consignees to proceed on to Hong-Kong with his cargo of rice. In an hour afterwards we were again under way, and with a strong tide in our favour, and a brisk gale from the north, we must have been going over the

ground some fifteen or sixteen miles an hour. All night we have been bowling off ten and a half knots an hour, and by midnight we expect to be at anchor in Victoria Harbour. We of course saw but little of Amoy. The inside port seems small, but offers complete shelter to as many vessels as it will hold. There must have been a dozen or more foreign vessels lying there, all with cargoes of rice, and no end of Chinese junks. Rice, I heard, was worth one dollar seventy cents a picul, and no store-room in the place for further cargoes. Amoy is in 24° 30′ N. lat., distant from Hong-Kong 290 miles. For several hours yesterday morning, whilst running along the coast towards Amoy with a brisk monsoon, our track lay among fishing-boats, and poles sticking out of the water, evidently fast to the fishing-nets, serving, I suppose, the place of corks. They are hardy fellows, the Chinese fishermen; no weather seems to keep them at home, and their little boats make capital weather. The Japanese do not appear to be half so enterprising; their necessities may not be so pressing.

2*d*, *Hong-Kong*.—At four this morning we anchored in Hong-Kong, and immediately after breakfast Mr C. and I landed, and I took up my old quarters at the Hong-Kong Hotel. Papers in the clubs to 20th December. Weather very pleasant. In the evening went to the Union Church to hear Mr L——; the old gentleman has a very feeble voice, and it was with difficulty I could make even a tolerable guess at the drift of his discourse. There was the same complaint, however, which was no doubt made in most churches on the first Sunday in the month, that there were very few recipients in the morning of the sacrament. Mr C. went with me; he had never been in a church before during the nine months he had been residing in Hong-Kong. I am a week too late for the Australian boat from Galle, and shall have to remain in Ceylon for three weeks. It can't be helped.

7*th*.—A day in Macao. Yesterday I got into a steamer at Hong-Kong at 2 P.M., and at 5.30 P.M. I found myself in the Royal Hotel on the "Praya Grande" at Macao. I soon made the acquaintance of M. de Graca, my landlord, a little lame Macao Portuguese, quite as pompous as he could have

been had he spent half his life about the court at Lisbon. Five minutes' conversation with him and you would have believed his hotel to be a most flourishing establishment; but, alas! when I sat down at the *table-d'hôte*, I found that mine host and myself had the whole table to ourselves. In this rambling building of a hotel, I was the only guest! I have said this little man was very lame; I may as well tell how he became so, as a warning to others. He was born, he told me, with six toes on one foot; well, having one toe more than his due, he or his father thought it best to cut it off, the result was, that he suffered so much and so long-continued pain in consequence, that, in the endeavour to find ease in walking, he gradually took to walking on the side instead of on the sole of his foot, and at last his foot turned almost completely over, and the other foot, from sympathy, I suppose, followed the example set it, and became almost as turned as the foot that had been operated upon. This, of course, was during childhood, and you now find this man a complete cripple, hobbling about the house with difficulty, even with the help of a stick. After breakfast this morning, I took with me a young Chinese coolie who spoke English remarkably well, and was otherwise very intelligent, and sallied out to see the wonders of Macao. Our first visit was to the Government barracoon, a large rambling building, into which coolies for exportation are lodged on being brought from the interior by men called brokers. The Portuguese officials behaved very courteously, and readily accompanied me all over the building, explaining as we proceeded the measures adopted by the Government to secure to the coolies a right to go or to remain, and also to secure the proper fittings for their comfort on board ship, regulating the numbers to be carried, and seeing that a proper quantity of good provisions was provided for them, this last consisting of rice, fish, and pork. (I afterwards learnt that the provisioning was left entirely to the coolie agent.) One of these gentlemen spoke English fluently; he told me that he had a good knowledge of Chinese, and that his duty there at the barracoon was principally to be present and to see that the coolies were brought one by one to be asked if they went willingly, and to have the nature

of their agreement explained to them, and were not coerced, and that a full and proper explanation was made to them of the obligation they were undertaking. In one large room there were eighty-five of these coolies penned within a rail, who had been brought in from the country only yesterday. Some of them were stretched on the floor asleep, but generally they were awake, and seemed to listen with eagerness to the conversation we were carrying on, though of course, they understood not a word of it; they looked wretchedly poor and woe-begone, and their scanty covering consisted of but a few rags; there was a restless earnestness in their looks, which said as plainly as could be said without the use of words, "Are we right or wrong in taking this leap, the consequences of which are so completely hidden from us?" Poor devils! I thought, how little you know what is before you! The vessel on board which they are to embark is a sailing ship bound to the Havannah. I left this room with my conductor, and took a seat in an outer apartment, where I awaited the commencement of the interrogation the coolies had to pass through, one by one, as to their willingness or unwillingness to embark, after having had the nature of their agreement explained to them. They came in one at a time. The examiner, I was told, explained fully the nature of their agreement and then asked if they were willing to proceed. I waited until a dozen of them had been thus interrogated, and out of this dozen there were four who declined to proceed; these, I was told, would be returned to their homes immediately. Those who agreed to proceed were "tallied" and passed into another room. The officials were very earnest in endeavouring to show me what trouble the Government took to insure good treatment to the coolies on board ship. By a late order the agreement binds the shippers to pay them passage-money to return after having served eight years, whether they really choose to return to Macao or not. It is not difficult, however, to understand that after eight years very few of these coolies ever return to China. Some 15,000 were shipped off from Macao last year, of whom, I am informed, 10,000 went to Peru. But what is all this apparent desire worth on the part of the officials to secure good treatment for the coolies in the face of the fact that

their salaries are so miserably low that they must be, one and all of them, open to bribery, the Governor himself receiving only 400 dollars a month? One Governor, I am told, who remained three years here, took away with him 80,000 dollars, saved out of his salary of 400 dollars a month. A dollar a head is paid by the exporter to the Government for every coolie shipped off at Macao, though I am told that this represents only about a fifth part of what the Government really receives for this traffic. All coolies brought from the country remain three days in the Government barracoon, and are fed during that time from the barracoon kitchen, their food being paid for by the shipper. Chinese brokers are employed to engage coolies in the country by the agents for Havannah and Peru residing in Macao, and they are, I am told, as a class, of the most unprincipled character. Sixteen of these kidnappers were executed in Canton about two months ago. If they are unsuccessful in procuring coolies otherwise, they bribe the petty Mandarins to assist them, and in this way a species of terrorism is brought to bear upon the coolies, which they are ill-qualified to withstand; and so it is that many of those brought from the country object to proceed when the question is put to them by the qualified Government official. There are, however, in all the steps taken, wheel within wheel at work, and probably, if the truth were known, very few indeed of those who have been brought to Macao escape being shipped off, either by fair or foul means; for this coolie trade is one in which the most unscrupulous means are used to obtain the desired end.*

* See T. J. Hutchinson's "Two Years in Peru," 1847, Vol. i., for the abominable Chinese coolie trade.

Died in hospital in Callao, from 1st January 1871 to October, 241, or 30 per cent. in ten months. In the "middle passage" from Macao, the death rate has reached 26 to 31 per cent., 100 days to Callao.

Occasional mutinies on board. They are bound for five to eight years. Mr H. observes, "I cannot ascertain that a shipment of any back has ever been made." In 1870, dreadful cases occurred of burning of coolie ships bound to Callao; normal loss of life on board, 7 per cent.

From 1860 to 1870, 43,301 Chinese left Macao for Callao; arrived, 38,648; deaths on passage, 4653. The ships were Peruvian, French, Portuguese, and Dutch.

Generally contracted for eight years for 450 dollars (£75). During this period they receive thirteen shillings per month for food supplies, besides one and a half pounds of sweet potatoes per day, rice, yuca, and indian-corn.

President Pardo lately sent Captain Garcia as Minister-Plenipotentiary to

From the barracoon I visited a church and a theatre, both of them poor places, about upon a par in appearance and probably in their acting also. The college was the next place to which I directed my steps—a large old rambling building, in which I was told there were a couple of hundred students. In the garden attached to it are two of the finest pagoda-trees I have ever met with; one of them I judged to be fifteen feet in diameter. From this college I went to see the tomb of Camoens. It is a plain stone pillar, six feet high, with a bronze bust of the poet placed on the top. It stands in a garden situated in the middle of the city, a very old garden, containing a great variety of pine-trees. A sonnet in Portuguese is engraved on a tablet by the side of the tomb, with a translation by Sir J. Bowring, who was a great admirer of the poems of Camoens. I next paid a visit to a small joss-house. At the very entrance, one on each side, were two fortune-tellers, well established and firmly, apparently part and portion of the joss-house, and paying rent to the priests for their standings; they were both of them surrounded by a crowd of votaries, all eager to know what the future had in store for them. What an anomaly it seems that a people so shrewd in matters of business as the Chinese undoubtedly are should be ingrained with the grossest superstition! I now proceeded to a gambling-house, where I saw some dozen or two anxious faces staking their chance of winning money against great odds; for were it otherwise, the men who hold the exclusive right to open gambling-houses in Macao could never afford to pay the Government 170,000 dollars a year for it. Until a few years ago, the gambling license of Macao yielded to the home Government only 10,000 dollars a year; it was then given to a Portuguese, who sublet it to

China, to put Chinese emigration on a better footing. Chinese Government has recently forbidden emigration to Peru.

From 20th January to 20th December 1873, 32 ships solely engaged in this traffic had brought to Callao 13,380 Chinese coolies, having taken on board 14,494 at Macao; had died on the voyage, 1114 or $7\frac{1}{11}$ per cent.

The *Peublo of Lima* said, "We have had in the past and present year brought to Peru 25,192 colonists, representing for the speculators in human flesh a capital of £1,759,142, the worth of each at £69, 15s., which is a minimum value.

There was no provision in the Peruvian system for the female element.

(With the white, Indian, and Negro elements, add now Chinese. What strange mixtures will arise between the male Chinese and female Indian and Negress.)

I think I have heard that the Portuguese Government have relinquished their superintendence of the coolies.

a Chinaman. The Portuguese has been thrust aside, and the license is given to a Chinaman, who pays for it 170,000 dollars a year. In all, I am told, there are seventeen of these gambling-houses in Macao. The "table" is managed by four Chinamen, one of whom sits with a heap of cash before him, from which he takes up a handful as soon as the stakes have been all placed, and throws it down in a heap a foot or two from him on the table before him. The stakes are placed upon either or all four figures, 1, 2, 3, 4; the heap of copper cash is then counted, four cash at a time being drawn from the heap, and the number of cash over 1, 2, 3, 4 indicates the winning number on the board. There are some advantages which the banker possesses I could not quite comprehend; one of them, however, is, that in paying what he loses, he takes to himself 7 per cent. of the amount. No doubt the whole affair is very demoralising, for from the highest to the lowest of Chinamen they all engage in play. As my Chinese boy remarked, whether you win or lose, the result is pernicious; if a servant, who is earning probably four dollars a month, wins thirty or forty dollars, he becomes lazy and neglects his work; if he loses, he is pretty sure to rob his master in order to procure the means of trying his luck another time.

A German, a shipbroker, was committed to take his trial yesterday in Hong-Kong for forgery, altering certificates of shares in a public company, making a certificate for one share into a certificate for a hundred. This man, last week at Macao, in one night, lost at a gaming-table 7000 dollars. But what cares the Macao Government what harm this gambling may do, provided they can get by it 170,000 dollars per annum?

The principal revenue of Macao is drawn from licenses to houses of ill fame, gambling-houses, opium, smoking saloons, butchers' shops (the Chinese are great consumers of pork), and also from the coolie trade; this last is indeed probably the principal source of their revenue, as it undoubtedly is the source from which three-fourths of the population of Macao derive a living.

Macao is built on a long neck of land, the town extending across it, having a port on both sides, such as they are. As

the steamer approaches from Hong-Kong, she passes close to the Praya Grande, around which, with a broad drive between it and the beach, is a semicircle of European houses, two or three storeys high, built after the fashion of houses in Lisbon. The Governor's, and many other houses, are handsome buildings; and, indeed, the whole semicircle presents what might be called an imposing façade, for in its rear is the remainder of the town, extending all across to the harbour on the opposide side of the strip of land. The steamer proceeds past Praya Grande, rounds the point, and enters the western port, where she goes alongside the wharf. In this port we found a Portuguese corvette, a schooner, with a good many junks, large and small. Vessels drawing more than twelve feet water anchor outside in the roadstead, at a distance from Praya Grande of three miles at least. The houses on Praya Grande are for the most part built of stone and brick, stuccoed, and painted fanciful colours, the jalousies and window shutters being always green, with the hinges and other fastenings always black. Many of the shutters are mere lattice-work, with the interstices filled up with thin pieces of mother-of-pearl shell, which, being translucent. admits a certain amount of light into the apartments—at least, I suppose this to be the meaning of the mother-of-pearl. The Government buildings are all painted flesh-colour; not the flesh-colour, however, of these worthies here in Macao, for they are all verging on darkies. Ten little children came into the hotel to visit the landlord just after I had arrived, and an uglier set I have seldom seen. They were merry little things nevertheless, all of them, down to the youngest, a year old, insisted on shaking hands with me. The Government of Macao is purely military, and is in no way identified with the commercial or the Macao-Portuguese population, not one of which ever fills a Government situation, all Government places being filled by Portuguese from Lisbon. This is much complained of; for it is admitted, I believe, that the young fellows of Macao are generally well-behaved and clever, all speaking two or three languages. They are employed very generally throughout the East, everywhere but in Macao, in responsible situations in English private and public establishments. They

tell me there are some 5000 Macao-Portuguese in Macao, and some 50,000 Chinese. My first visit to this place was in 1844, when I was attacked in the street at mid-day and robbed of a gold watch; and, strange to say, by offering a good reward for it I got it back after it had been in the hands of the Chinese for a whole twelvemonth! The military here consists of about 500 troops. Left Macao on 8th.

9*th*, *Hong-Kong.*—This morning I went to the summit of the hill overlooking the town and port of Victoria; my aneroid makes it about 1750 feet high. Descended to Pokefoolum Tank, which covers about two acres, and partly supplies Victoria with water; thence on to Aberdeen, a snug little port two miles from Pokefoolum and six miles from Victoria, where there are two docks, each some 400 feet long, one of them with 25 feet water at spring tides and the other 19 feet. The mouths of the docks are closed by caissons instead of gates. These docks belong to a company, and have not, I believe, been found to be a profitable investment.

13*th.*—At noon to-day, in the French mail steamer *Peiho*, I left Hong-Kong for Saigon and Singapore. The *Peïho* is a barque-rigged steamer of 3500 tons register, one of the finest of the Messagerie fleet, and has accommodation for 127 first-class passengers, 40 second, and 50 third. For deck passengers there is abundance of room also. The passage to Singapore ought to be made in seven days, and I pay 114 dollars passage-money. In the principal saloon, where 150 people might dine comfortably, we sat down to-day only a dozen passengers. What odd fish there are in the world! On more than one occasion, when calling on Mr B——, and not finding him in the office, I came into contact with his only clerk, a little fat man, about forty, with a dash of Indian or Macao blood in his veins. Yesterday, when talking with him, he all at once asked me if I had heard of the disclosures which were being made at Hong-Kong. Believing that he alluded to disclosures affecting the credit of some of the merchants of the place, I said, "No, I had not heard of them; what were they? whose credit did they affect?" "Oh," he said; "I don't mean that at all; I mean disclosures which are proving the existence of another world, and making

known the thoughts and motives of every human being." "How," I asked, "is this being done?" He replied, "By means of electricity, electrical machines, and electrical glasses. The Government is at work with this power." "Well," I said, "this must give them great power indeed." "Yes," he said, "but they are by it proved to be great culprits themselves. I hear voices myself," he said, "now; they talk in French too." "Well," I said, "but this is spiritualism, and you must be a medium; but I never before heard of any but female mediums." "Oh, yes," he replied, "that is the roguery of the spiritualists. Great things are about to be accomplished." At this moment Mr B.'s footstep was heard on the stair. "Pray, don't," he said, "mention this matter at all to Mr B." Now, I have had before several conversations, always on ordinary subjects, with this little man, and nothing had ever fallen from him to make me suspect that his noddle contained any other notions than those of a most matter-of-fact business person. He seemed to be always very steady at his work in the office; he was indeed the only clerk, and it seemed impossible that his employer could have entertained the slightest idea that he was imbued with such extraordinary notions; but so it is; and as I left the little man, I could not but ponder over the curious interview I had had with him, coming to the conclusion that we know little or nothing of the inward thoughts of the majority of the people we meet with as we journey through life.

16*th*, *Saigon.*—At 2 P.M. we anchored in Saigon, having made a run, during the last twenty-four hours, of 330 miles. I have just returned from a drive to the Chinese town, four miles off, and also from a visit to an embryo menagerie, situated in the centre of a piece of ground destined to become, one of these days, the public gardens of Saigon. A bear, two or three monkeys, half-a-dozen deer, a peacock or two, and a very fine tiger, one of the largest and most formidable I have ever seen. There is a good road to the Chinese town, which is more or less what it was when I saw it four years ago; then it was a busy place, to-day there was but little bustle in it, and both visits were made in the same month. The cultivation, too, on the four miles of plain between the port and the native town has not increased; in

fact, with the exception of a large unfinished hotel, and some residences for Government officials, which have been erected since my first visit, and a "Palais de Justice," the settlement is, in appearance, about what it then was. The French houses are more or less like third or fourth class houses in and around Paris; they have none of them verandahs—a style always adopted in our Chinese settlements where space will permit, and always in India—a style that gives a nice cool look to the buildings, and is admirably suited to warm climates.

There is a German gentleman, belonging to an American missionary society, on board this boat, who has passed the last seven years in China—two years at Pekin, and five at Hong-Kong. He gives but a beggarly account of the result of his efforts to turn Chinamen into Christians; it amounts to the baptism of twenty-four adults, some of whom, he thinks, may or may not be Christians. The fact is, he says, the Chinese are totally indifferent to the matter of religion at all, whether it be their own or anybody else's. They are the most tolerant people in the world; they cannot be said to have any religion. If this gentleman had had a mind to help them in worldly matters, he might have made any number of converts—a conversion that would have lasted as long as the worldly help lasted, and no longer. On more occasions than one, when he thought he had secured an attentive listener when expounding the truths of the Christian religion, his promised convert had dispelled the illusion by abruptly asking what money he was going to give him; and on receiving a reply, that his conversion to Christianity would confer a much greater benefit on him than mere worldly goods, he always received this answer, "Oh, but how can your religion be better than mine, if it does not give us more rice?" Many times, when preaching to a Chinese congregation, and when he really believed he had secured attention to his subject, one of his hearers would approach him, and putting his finger on his black cloth coat, would ask him how much it had cost him? or he would put his finger on his spectacles, and ask if the rim was gold or brass? On being told that these were matters about which they ought not to occupy their thoughts when he was preaching to them, they would

laugh. They were always ready, he said, to laugh, either at their own priests or at him; ready to turn either into ridicule. There are many things, however, in which Christians might with advantage follow the example set them by the Chinese. One of them is, in their behaviour towards their elders, I mean the elders of their own family. First of all comes the oldest member of the family; he, so long as he lives, is looked up to and revered as the head of the house. The first duty of children is to look to the well-being of their parents: they may starve themselves, but the parents must be taken care of as long as they are alive, and their memory is invariably honoured after their death. A child who was known to lift his hand against his parent would certainly suffer death; and a child who had caused the death of a parent would be cut into a thousand pieces. Filial piety is practised in China to an extent unknown, I think, in any other country in the world. Upon the death of the parents, the eldest son commands the respect and obedience of all the younger branches of the family.

21*st.*—On the 19th, at 5 P.M., we anchored at the new harbour of Singapore, having been three days in coming from Saigon; a strong N.E. monsoon all the way. Coaled and took in some cargo, and added about a dozen Dutchmen to our previous complement of passengers. At 4 P.M. yesterday we were again *en route*, and have been running along ever since with perfectly smooth water, and at a speed that promises to land us at Galle on 25th inst.; distance from Singapore to Galle, about 1500 miles. Since yesterday, we have come, up to noon, 250 miles in twenty hours. Heavy showers of rain to-day; but the Straits are proverbial for rain. Thermometer in my cabin 82° and 86°.

24*th.*—The last twenty-four hours we have made a run of 327 miles, and yesterday a run of 338 miles, and having now only 270 to do, there can be little doubt that before noon to-morrow we shall be at anchor in Galle. We have two Catholic priests and two sisters of mercy, passengers for Marseilles, all four of them invalided from Saigon; they give me a wretched account of the insalubrity of the climate of that Cochin-China settlement; the tale, in fact, is told in all four of their faces. I have been questioning one of the

priests about his success in making converts among the Annanites; he says they have a congregation at Saigon of upwards of twenty thousand. He tells me there have been days when he has been tired to death, almost unable to lift his hand to continue making the sign of the cross, in performing the operation of baptism upon these heathens. They present a *tabula rasa*, he says, to the Christian minister; they have no religion of their own beyond their ancestral worship. I suspect, however, there is little difference in this respect between the Chinese and the Annanites. Nevertheless, it would seem, by their own accounts, that whilst our American missionary in seven years has found only twenty-four Chinese willing to submit to baptism, the French Romish priest within four years has brought within the fold, by making the sign of the cross, some 20,000 Annanites! These Annanites are admitted to be excessively lazy fellows; in this particular, at any rate, in no way resembling the Chinese. Perhaps the reason is that they do not wear tails. There really may be something in a Chinaman's tail. At any rate, he would almost prefer parting with his life to parting with his tail.

CHAPTER XXII.

Galle—Babel of tongues—Trip in steamer round Ceylon—Trincomalee—Jaffna—Paumber Pass—Information for Darwin—Colombo—Breakwater in prospective—Protestant and Catholic missionaries; the latter more successful—Galle a walled town—Elephants—To Melbourne—Death on board—King George's Sound—Albany—Natives—Convicts—Mixture of passengers—Tasmania—Van Diemen's Land Company's property—Tin mines—Tramway—Hobart Town—New Norfolk—Salmon ponds—Nine Mile Springs—Iron mines—Melbourne—Sandhurst—Gambling in gold claims—Reading of Dickens by Baptist minister—Picture Gallery—Fitzroy Gardens—Warnambool—Rich soil—Farming—Wages—Tower Hill—Lake eels—Geelong—Squatters the lords of the soil—Detrimental to farmers—"Lags"—Miss Turner's Unitarian Church—Bishop Perry—Legislative Assembly—University museum—Meteorite—Bound for Galle—Lascar killed—Cabins crammed with cargo—Death on board—Aden—The tanks—Passenger drops down dead—Reflections—Body consigned to the deep at 8 A.M.; a concert at 8 P.M.—Suez Canal—Home.

26*th April.*—At 9.30 yesterday we anchored at Galle. Since then, steamers have arrived from France, Calcutta, and Australia, and the Oriental Hotel, filled by the passengers, has become a Babel of tongues; and the Cingalese jewellers, workers in tortoise-shell and ivory, fancy woods and porcupine-quill boxes, have been making a rare harvest. For myself, I spend no money at present among them. I have twenty days yet before I embark for my destination, eight or ten of which I shall tide over in a trip I am about to take in the colonial steamer *Serindib*, Captain Varian, round the island hence to Colombo, calling at Hambantotto, Batticolao, Trincomalee, Point Pedro, Jaffna, and Paumber on the way, for which I have paid 130 rupees passage-money. I embark to-night, and start in the morning at daylight.

March 2d.—On the 27th we got under way at 6 A.M., and at noon, or a little later, we anchored off Hambantotto, about two miles from the shore. There was more than the usual amount of surf on the beach, caused perhaps by the new moon; and as I understood there was really nothing to be seen, and the captain did not land, I remained on board. We had no cargo for this port, so after sending off a fishing-canoe which we had picked up drifting

to sea with no one on board, and receiving 200 sacks coffee from the Duffer estate, an operation which occupied us nearly all the afternoon, we up anchor, and sped on our way towards Batticolao, off which port we anchored about 10 A.M. The Duffee estate is the only one from which coffee is received at Hambantotto, the chief business of the population of the district being the gathering of salt from the flat sandy land a mile or two distant from the shore. I am told the salt water percolates through the hillocks on the shore, and oozes up to the surface of a flat that might be called the salt-pans, and is there scraped off as fast as it rises, which is continuously. There are only two or three Europeans resident at Hambantotto.

At Batticolao we anchored in five fathoms water, two miles off the bar, from which up to the town is about four miles. We landed in the steam-launch, towing one of the ship's boats, in which were a revenue officer and his family, whom we brought from Galle, where he had been on leave. His children must have been very thankful to get on shore, for they suffered severely from sea-sickness. Once over the bar, we might be said to be in the river, which reaches up some thirty or forty miles, and is in all its length navigable for native boats. The town of Batticolao is situated on an island connected by a bridge with the mainland, that is, the mainland of Ceylon. The town proper is a small place, but the island is of considerable extent, and covered with bungalows, literally buried in a dense growth of the cocoa-nut palm; indeed, the principal export from Batticolao is coprerah, or dried cocoa-nut, sent to Colombo, where the oil is expressed from it. The outside of the cocoa-nut is also shipped to Colombo to be turned into coir-rope. Why the operations of expressing the oil and making the rope should not be performed on the spot is difficult to understand, for the machinery required for the purpose is very insignificant in cost; but so it is, and we have brought with us from Colombo a goodly number of coils of coir-rope for the consumption of the district of Batticolao, which contains a population of some 20,000 souls. I put up at a Government rest-house. The building is well enough for a climate where the thermometer is seldom so low as 80° (now it gets up in the shade

to 86°), being provided with a roomy corridor and large windows and doors, always open of course. Old Johnson, who keeps it, knows how to cook, and fish, chickens, and eggs may always be had in the market. This Government establishment, however, in which a charge of fifty cents is made a night for a stretcher, is totally unprovided with sheets, pillows, towels, tablecloths, or mosquito-curtains. Sheets, tablecloths, and towels Johnson hires at a penny a piece from the washerman, but mosquito-curtains are not to be had from the washerman; and as mosquitos abound, the unfortunate mortal may seek rest, but certainly does not find it. The Government is rich enough to spend £50 to build a rest-house, but there it stops short; it would be too much to ask for a further outlay of ten shillings for mosquito-curtains, notwithstanding that the rest-house is built in the jungle, where these pests abound. For cutlery and spoons the establishment is not badly off, a carving knife and a fork having been lately bought at an auction; and all told, there are three tea-spoons and some large spoons, that might be mistaken for gold, so yellow and so very attenuated are they. I am afraid to say how many plates and dishes there are; but as I was the only visitor, there were sufficient for me: had I had a companion, matters might have been different. The roads everywhere in the immediate neighbourhood are excellent, and there is no limit to such shade as the cocoa-nut palm can give. The pagoda-tree and the banyan-tree are numerous and very fine. The teta-tree, which produces a berry used extensively in making cooling drinks, is a large shady tree. There is a great variety of the butterfly and beetle tribe to be met with here. Fish is abundant, and crabs and prawns are in overwhelming quantities. The famous singing-fish is here (if it be anywhere), but I have never heard of any one who had seen it. Some say it is a shell-fish, but what sort of fish it really is, nobody seems to know. Cocoa-nuts sell for six shillings a hundred. Neither beef nor mutton to be had at the rest-house. The weather has been fine, and the N.W. monsoon very gentle ever since we left Galle, the thermometer ranging between 80° and 86° during the twenty-four hours.

3*d.*—Yesterday at noon we anchored in the splendid harbour of Trincomalee, seven hours from Batticolao. Found

H.M. corvette *Columbine* here, two Italian barques, and a Norwegian. One of the Italians put in here from stress of weather in September last, and has been here ever since discharging her cargo of rice, caulking all over and coppering, and taking on board her rice again. She is from Rangoon, bound to England. This inner harbour of Trincomalee is entirely landlocked, and capable of holding all the British navy, and two or three other European navies besides. I went round it partly to-day in the *Serindib's* steam-launch, with Captain Varian, accompanied by the Government agent for the eastern district, Mr Hume, and with the agent at Trincomalee, Mr Moir. We steamed for two hours and a half, merely looking into the several arms of this inner harbour; and as we were steaming the whole time at the rate of seven miles an hour, we must have gone over nearly eighteen miles of ground. The distance along the shore of this inner harbour, with all its arms and bays, I calculate to be good forty miles, all landlocked, and generally with water everywhere sufficient to float the largest vessel in the world. In fact, there can be no finer harbour, and it is lamentable to see it made of so little or no use, on an island which does not possess any other harbour, and where the Colonial Government is, they say, about to expend something like a million of money in building a breakwater at Colombo! Walked up with Captain Varian yesterday to the fort. It stands, with the barracks, on rising ground, and on still higher ground, and above the fort, is the signal-station, and close to the signal-station, on a rock at the point overlooking a perpendicular cliff, some 150 feet above the sea, stands a pillar, erected by the Dutch 200 years ago, commemorating a very sad event, the death of a daughter of the then Governor, who threw herself over the cliff, and was drowned or dashed to pieces on the rocks below! A love affair!

In Back Bay ships frequently anchor during the S.W. monsoon under a weather shore. At one time Trincomalee was said to be very unhealthy; now, however, it has a better character, and the place is, doubtless, as healthy as any spot on the coast. Went over Admiralty House and grounds; a comfortable residence. I saw there the most wide-spreading banyan-tree I had met with. Its shadow, at noon, embraces

a circle of nearly, if not quite, 400 feet. There are some very large tamarind-trees also on the coast. One that I saw must have measured good fourteen feet in diameter; and I am told there are some very much larger. There is an avenue of tulip-trees running up from the town to the fort. The oleander grows everywhere, as does also a large periwinkle, bearing a pink flower. The low hills encircling the harbour are entirely covered with trees, and at the base is a belt of cocoa-nut palms. Fish is everywhere abundant, and large quantities of shells are taken, and cleaned, and arranged in satin-wood drawers, and sold to visitors, or sent off to the other parts of the island, where purchasers are more easily met with. Trincomalee itself is a very dead-and-alive place, and beyond a few tons monthly of ebony logs, nothing is shipped there. Rice and cotton might, no doubt, be cultivated with advantage in the immediate neighbourhood, and very likely sugar also. It really seems a monstrous pity that so fine a port should not be utilised.

5th.—Yesterday at 8 P.M. we steamed away from Trincomalee by the light of a moon six days old, assisted by Venus, shining as she shines nowhere but in the tropics. Jupiter also lent his aid to enable us to steer clear of rocks and shoals. At 9 A.M. we anchored off Point Pedro. We had no cargo for this little port, either to land or to receive; nevertheless, we are anchored there in seven fathoms water, at less than half a mile from the beach, in front of the town. Landed and walked over the place. From the anchorage the only buildings visible were the Government bungalows, well backed up by cocoa-nut palms and other trees; but there is a considerable native town here, composed of several straight and wide streets, and a large square or market-place; the inhabitants are Tamils, or of Tamil extraction. The men whom we saw, without exception, were all lounging about idle, or sitting upon their heels, whilst the women, young and old, were employed in unloading paddy, and carrying it to a granary in baskets upon their heads; and in carrying down to the beach for embarkation heavy slabs of the palmyra palm-tree, the wood of which is very durable. Yes, without exception, every woman we saw—and among them were many delicate young things of good figures and chiseled

features—were staggering under the weight of heavy palmyra slabs carried upon their heads. It really was a thing to remark, that, of hundreds of men whom we saw, not one but was idle, and of the women, not one but was at work. They tell me that it is a peculiarity of the native men of Point Pedro that they do no hard work, leaving that to be performed by the women, and that they are much addicted to gambling. There is no European resident at Point Pedro, unless the missionary be one, about which I am not quite sure. At any rate, the arrival of the *Serindib* did not bring either him or the police magistrate (who is a native) out of their dens, although she is the only steamer that ever comes near the place. This climate of the tropics makes men very apathetic. It is now noon, and we are on our way to Jaffna, which we shall hardly have sufficient daylight to reach. Fine calm sea, and light N.E. monsoon.

6*th.*—We anchored off Jaffna at 5 P.M. yesterday (six miles), and this morning went on shore in the steam-launch, having in places to force our way through the mud, so shallow is the water on nearing the town. With Captain Varian I visited the fort left to us by the Dutch. It was built by a disciple of Vauban, and is considered, I believe, by military men, to be perfect in its way. All around there are embrasures for guns bearing upon every accessible part of the approach to the stone walls. The whole is in a good state of preservation, surrounded by a wide moat still filled with water; and except on the side close down to the large shallow lake, is entirely surrounded by a really extensive esplanade, sloping away very gently from the base of the walls. Inside this fort are a Dutch church, a large range of bungalows called the Queen's House, usually occupied by distinguished visitors, and the residence of most of the Government civil officers, and, I believe, by some other Europeans also, of whom, all told, there are not above a dozen men and women, living in Jaffna in the midst of a large Tamil population, apparently with a feeling of perfect security, and without the protection of a single soldier. Inside the walls of the fort is a banyan-tree much reverenced by the natives. The main trunk must be fourteen feet in diameter, and the descending tendrils have been carefully

helped in their downward growth, and amount to some hundreds, firmly rooted to the ground, serving to feed the huge bulk of the tree, and at the same time acting as props to the main branches or arms, which extend more or less some fifty feet on every side from the main trunk. This huge tree may be sixty feet in height, well clothed with leaves, and is a remarkable object, seen from every part of the walls of the fort. At night this tree becomes the sleeping-place of millions, or at any rate, I may say of hundreds of thousands, of crows (rooks?), who arrive as night approaches in flocks from all parts of the surrounding country—part of each flock, if it be a large one, going right to the big tree, and part of it resting for a minute or two only on some neighbouring tulip-trees, apparently to give the first part of the flock time to settle down, and then taking flight and following. I watched the whole operation for an hour. The tendrils of this big tree that have come down and taken root in the soil are numerous, large, and twisted, and put me in mind of the clusters of pillars that one sometimes sees in the Gothic churches of Europe. In the afternoon again, with Captain Varian, I drove to Cucharree, the residence of the Government agent. It is a pretty little place, the grounds like a small English park, and the gardens containing a variety of fruit and other trees, from which I was courteously permitted to bring away seeds. This little oasis in the desert is the work of Mr Dyke, a former Government agent at Jaffna. The walks and drives about Jaffna—I mean the roads—are very good and numerous. The place, in fact, is attractive to some people at least, for there is one American missionary here, eighty years of age, who has been here nearly all his life, and another, who goes passenger with us to Colombo, has been here for some thirty years. The climate is good, though very warm from February to May. The rainy season lasts from October to February, and but little rain falls during the other months of the year.

A good deal of tobacco, but of inferior quality, is grown by the natives in the neighbourhood, and is shipped here principally to India, and some coperah is also shipped here. For the carrying on of large operations, however, there is a great dearth of labour. The Oriental Bank has a branch

here, managed by Mr Carmichael. Thermometer in the rest-house 88°.

8th.—At 5 P.M. we came on board the *Serindib*, after a hard tussle to get through the mud immediately after leaving the beach at Jaffna, bringing with us in the gig towed by the steam-launch several passengers for Colombo. At 5.30 this morning we got under way, and at noon we had taken a pilot on board, and were proceeding through the Paumber Pass, where we had in many places barely sufficient water, though we draw only ten and a half feet aft. The soundings all through the channel, about two miles in length, ranged from eleven to eighteen feet. There might be a mile and a half of water across from shore to shore, but only a very narrow channel where the water was deep enough for our steamer. The distance that would have to be dredged—for it might all be dredged—is in a straight line somewhat less than one mile. Many small vessels were passing through when we reached the channel; and it struck me as I looked at it, that a channel for large vessels would long ago have been made had the neighbouring countries of Ceylon and India belonged to any European power but to England. It would to some extent utilise the grand and now almost useless harbour of Trincomalee, at the same time that it would shorten very materially the passage from Calcutta to Bombay and the Bay of Bengal generally. The engineer, Mr Robinson, who surveyed the pass, proposed a line for the canal which would make the length of it nearly double what I have mentioned; but why he selected that line, which would necessitate a good deal of pick-and-shovel labour, which would be avoided by taking a straight line from the entrance of the existing channel on the Bay of Bengal side, I cannot understand. There is a large temple on the Ceylon side of the pass, which appears to have been connected in olden times with India by a rocky causeway, a portion of which is still visible on the Indian side of the pass. Colombo to Galle, 58 miles; Galle to Hambantotto, 61; Hambantotto to Batticolao, 132; Batticolao to Trincomalee, 62; Trincomalee to Point Pedro, 110; Point Pedro to Jaffna, 36; Jaffna to Paumber, 46; Paumber to Colombo, 146; making the whole distance round the island 651 miles.

A curious incident happened the other day at Jaffna to one of our passengers, which might be told to Darwin. Mr T. was in the jungle with his dogs when a monkey was started, and being hard pressed by the dogs, it ran to Mr T. and climbed up his legs for protection. Thermometer in my cabin at 5 P.M., 88°.

11*th*, *Colombo.*—We anchored here on Sunday morning at eight o'clock, after a smooth-water trip from Jaffna of about twenty-six hours. Yesterday I was employed in packing the shells I bought at Trincomalee, so as at any rate to give a chance to some of them of getting home unbroken. If one were to keep steadily in view the trouble these sort of purchases entail in the packing, in getting the proper sort of box made in which to ship them, and afterwards in finding a vessel to carry them home, and seeing to their shipment, many an article would be left unbought; for help in such cases is not readily found in these countries by travellers, and a day's work in a bedroom with the thermometer at 90° is not pleasant, even if there should be no after delays or obstructions experienced before the task you have set yourself be completed. Once over, however, and your purchases fairly gone out of sight, it is not a little satisfactory to survey your personal baggage again reduced to its normal dimensions. My box, barring the address to be put on, is now ready to be sent off, but I have yet to find a vessel that will take it, and a broker who will take charge of it.

There is a little ferment in this place at present, caused by the apparent near approach to a commencement being made in constructing a breakwater a mile or more in length, and which is estimated to cost about half a million of money, and very probably may cost double that sum, and afterwards may be inadequate to the reception of many large steamers. It seems to have been short-sighted policy the making the railway from Colombo to Kandy, instead of from Kandy to Trincomalee. The distance would seem to be about the same; but individual and vested interests carried the day, and the future of the island was sacrificed. In the immediate neighbourhood of Trincomalee there are most extensive plains of rich soil calling aloud for capital and enterprise to make them productive. For cotton and rice, I am told, no land could

be better adapted, and perhaps for sugar also, though they say that sugar has been tried, and found not to answer. The fact is, Trincomalee has no commerce, and consequently no friends to advocate its worth or importance. All commerce with the outside world is carried on from Colombo and Galle. The dwellings, the godowns, the mills, the establishments for drying coffee, all are located at these two ports, but principally at Colombo. When the island was conquered, we found the Dutch located at Colombo, so we turned them out, and have continued there ever since, and every day increasing our interest in the place; and now, with a railway to Kandy, and being extended in among the coffee estates, he must be a bold Governor who would turn his thoughts to the removal of the port from Colombo to Trincomalee; and so it is that a first mistake is afterwards found to be irremediable. I am told that the great bulk of the Tamil Christians scattered throughout Ceylon, and they are numerous, belong to the Catholic Church, comparatively only a few having joined any other of the Christian sects; and this is intelligible. The Roman Catholic priest has neither wife nor children to occupy his thoughts or to demand his first care; this alone gives him, in dealing with the natives, a great advantage over the sectarian minister, who is generally burthened in these countries with the cares of a family. Then, again, the Catholic priests are a more educated class of men, they say, than our missionaries; the religion they teach is more attractive to the Tamil; their gilded gods, their showy robes and vestments, their genuflexions and prostrations, all possess attractions for the Tamil; even the very fact of the mass being in a language which no Tamil can understand is imposing; and more than all, perhaps, the fact of being able by confession to lay the burden of his sins on the priest, and to get absolution, must have an inexpressible charm for him. So far as the mysteries of the different sects go, why, they are pretty much on a par, all of them, and must be equally unintelligible to the Tamil mind; so it is not to be wondered at that our Protestant sects in the matter of conversions should be completely outstripped by the zealous Catholic priest.

14*th*, *Galle.*—I came here yesterday morning by coach,

seventy-two miles in eleven hours. We had a full moon, and were not troubled by heat, so in a manner the journey was made in comparative comfort; the carriages, however, have hard seats to sit upon, and hard backs and sides to lean against, so one is obliged to sit bolt upright like an earwig when the seats are all occupied, as they were when I came down, and in this position at night one is apt to be nodding, and is thus exposed to tumble out into the road. It is very unpleasant to be overcome with sleep and not to be able to find a momentary resting-place for your head. My steamer came in yesterday from Bombay, and now only awaits the arrival of the boat with the English mail before starting for Australia.

15*th.*—Galle is a walled town, but in these days walls are often obstructions, and thus worse than useless. At present a new outlet from the town is being made into the country, and in this operation a considerable gap in the old Dutch wall is being made. The thickness of the wall is hard upon twenty feet, and, doubtless, it would take a deal of pounding before a breach could be made in it. It is built of large stones, apparently thrown in higgledy-piggledy, with earth to form the core of the wall, and then the wall is faced with irregularly-shaped rough stones. Two elephants are employed in removing these stones after they are dug out, and I have stood for hours watching these animals at work. A Tamil is mounted on the elephant's back, and guides and instructs him what to do, principally by talking to him, but he carries in one hand a short boathook, with which he either prods or hooks the elephant when necessary to stimulate him to extra exertion. When brought up to a stone which he is expected to remove to a distance of some forty or fifty feet, he first tries to move it with his trunk; if unsuccessful, he then applies a foot as well, and if the stone be too heavy for this combination of power, he deliberately kneels down, and placing his fore-head against it, uses all his strength to push it before him. A stone that he can manage to roll along he first lifts with his trunk, and then steadies and pushes it over with one foot. Before acknowledging that the stone is too heavy for him to move, he applies his power in all sorts of ways; he tries to

lift it, if it be ever so little, by placing his trunk under every accessible part of it in succession, and if all will not do, he seems to give up trying very unwillingly. A pair of chain-traces are then attached to the stubborn stone, and with a loud roar the elephant applies all his strength to draw it, and, sooner or later, always succeeds. What strikes one is, that the animal really appears to possess more intellect than the Tamils that are working with him. Even the Cingalese take an interest in watching these two elephants at work, and from one to two hundred of them spend the whole day in looking on. They are both young elephants, male and female; the former only has any appearance of tusks, and these are only some three inches long.

25*th*.—I have been nine days now on board this steamer on the way to Melbourne. The water has been like a mill-pond ever since we left Galle, barring a long very gentle swell from the south. Thermometer 88°, and until yesterday we have had no wind sufficient to blow out a candle. We have several invalid passengers on board, victims to the climate of India; one of them, the doctors say, will never reach Australia.

27*th*.—A Major C. came on board, I believe, at Bombay. He was then, I am told, very ill, and had been warned that he would never reach Australia; he was suffering from dropsy. He had a wife and child with him. His cabin was next to mine, and his moaning and groaning for many days told me of constant suffering On Sunday, just as the bell rung for dinner, he quietly breathed his last. At some time during the night the body was removed to the post-office on the upper deck, amidst the subdued cries and shrieks of his widow, and was there sewed up in a hammock, and weighted with the requisite amount of old iron fire-bars. The tolling of the bell at 8 A.M. yesterday announced the approaching funeral. The body, covered with the English ensign, was brought to the midship gangway upon a grating, and placed in a slanting position to the deep blue sea. Mr ——, a passenger clergyman, read the burial service, and at its termination, the ensign being withdrawn, the body was shot into its roomy watery grave; no narrow

tenement, such as those who die on shore have to put up with, encloses M. C.; he disports at his pleasure over the whole wide Pacific Ocean, anything but pacific, however, when this victim was cast into it, and instantly disappeared between its yawning billows.

28*th.*—Chairs on the quarter-deck of a crowded passenger-ship are often a nuisance, not only to those passengers who do not possess chairs, but even to those who do. If numerous, they are always in the way; they cumber the deck and prevent locomotion. No ship has more room on the quarter-deck than is required for taking exercise. Those who possess chairs are constantly being put out by finding their chairs occupied by passengers who have none of their own, or by the officers of the ship, and it is not every one who likes to assert his right to a chair and to displace an intruder, however much he might require it for himself. I never carry a chair, first because it favours laziness, and next because I dislike having to dispossess intruders; the operation begets bad blood, however delicately and dexterously it may be performed. There can be no doubt that our passenger-ships might have the seats on the quarter-deck so arranged as to be able to do away in great part with the necessity of passengers carrying seats of their own. French passenger-ships are much ahead of the English in this respect, and American still more so. Officers on board passenger-ships —how seldom do old travellers find among them a man who comes up to his *beau ideal* of what an officer ought to be! and I attribute this to the fact that many of them pass all their time when off duty, and at times a portion of it when on duty, in talking nonsense, flirting, in fact, with the lady passengers, finding such occupation much more pleasing than the study of their profession; and the mischief is not limited to the time wasted in this way, but it extends much further, by occupying their thoughts even when necessity obliges them to be attending to the ship's duty. Any one who chooses may soon convince himself of this by asking a few questions. He will find that not one officer in ten can tell him the position of the ship at noon, neither latitude nor longitude, nor the distance run, nor the distance from the port of destination. The man whose duty it is to determine

these points, and post them up for general information, may remember a few hours after he has accomplished his duty something about them, but it is not always that he does. At any rate, no one else but the captain ever troubles his head on the subject. Try to find out by inquiry among the officers the tonnage of the ship, her real capacity for carrying cargo, her exact amount of accommodation for carrying passengers, her length, her breadth, or the depth of hold, the power of her engines, or the daily amount of coal consumed, and you will soon find that not one in ten of them can answer your questions. Their thoughts are elsewhere, not in their profession. These are dry subjects for young men; flirting, talking nonsense with ladies on the quarter-deck or in the cabin, is much more to their taste, and where unrestrained, naturally has the preference. It is only when a man has arrived at the command of a ship that professional subjects, matters connected with his duty, have much attention. As for the doctors, at sea many of them spend almost all their time with the ladies, and at table often occupy a choice of places. All this is not as it should be; but how is it to be remedied? The trade wind is not quite so strong to-day nor the sea so high. Our speed yesterday was at one time reduced to five and a half knots, and our run for the twenty-four hours was only 173 miles. The glass, however, has risen two-tenths; not much difference in the temperature, 80° in my cabin.

31*st.*—We have had two days' tolerable run, 176 and 217 miles. Now, however, the wind blows fresh again, and right in our teeth, and though we are but 200 miles from King George's Sound, it seems doubtful whether we can get there before to-morrow evening, if then. It is now noon, and I have not yet seen Cape Lewin. Aneroid very high; it rises in these latitudes with a southerly wind, and falls with a northerly. Temperature very pleasant, 72° in my cabin today. Ship getting very light, and we are not making over six knots.

April 3*d.*—On the 1st, at 3 P.M., we anchored in King George's Sound, fifteen days from Galle. Of course most of us started off for shore even before the steamer was at anchor;

in fact, we did not anchor immediately on our arrival, for we first hauled alongside the coaling hulk, an operation that occupied more than an hour. Albany, the skeleton town of King George's Sound, has grown somewhat since I was here three years ago, but not much. The land in every direction within thirty miles of it is very poor, and consequently does not offer inducements for squatters, so that there is but little of what they call the back country settled. The location of the town is pretty, and though the site appears to be sand and nothing but sand, trees and shrubs grow upon it luxuriantly. A few Norfolk Island pines, some twenty to twenty-five feet high, look very healthy, and even already are handsome trees. The gardens are besprinkled with geraniums and other flowers. The main streets, running east and west, divide the town into five deep strips, meant some day or other to be cut into blocks by cross streets running at right angles with the main streets, but at present the houses are anything but continuous; in fact, Albany at present is but the nucleus of a town. We have brought only two passengers for the Sound. I made two excursions on shore, one the day we arrived, and again yesterday morning. The first day I went to the top of a hill near the town, perhaps 350 feet above the sea, and had from the summit a clear panoramic view of the surrounding country; the neighbourhood is dotted with many lakes, and the land seemed everywhere covered with scrub, with granite boulders cropping up pretty thickly in places. The harbour is a fine sheet of water with a narrow entrance, and well sheltered from every wind. On coming down the hill I walked through the town, and ran against a fellow offering for sale two young cockatoos, which he said he had taken from their nest in a gum-tree a hundred miles or more in the interior. The wild black cockatoo is common enough in Australia and Tasmania, but I had never before seen a young one, nor had I ever before heard of the nest being discovered. On my second run ashore, I went to the summit of another granite hill on the opposite side of the town, and about 300 feet above it. The views from it were more or less what I had enjoyed the day before. The sides of both hills are covered with scrub, growing among granite boulders. Whilst seated upon the bare granite crown of this

hill, two natives came up to us; both of them spoke English fluently, in fact, remarkably well. One of them had been servant, he said, with Sir George Grey, and had gone with him to New Zealand. They were intelligent fellows, and they pointed out to us, growing very plentifully, the poisonous shrub so fatal to sheep that eat of it, which does not extend, they said, beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the settlement. These natives usually visit Albany on the arrival of steamers, and the rest of their time they pass in the bush. Their only covering was a very ragged kangaroo-skin cloak. Their black curly hair was dyed red with some earthy pigment, and well oiled or greased with kangaroo fat. They were very dirty, which gave them a degraded appearance. Well cleaned and decently dressed, it struck me that both of them might be made to cut a respectable appearance. They were of medium height, and not badly built, with good heads, and expressive and not badly-formed features, very dark-brown complexions, and their teeth white and regular. We saw a score or more of them moving about Albany. The women I saw were disgustingly dirty.

We filled up our coal-bunkers during the night, and at 1 P.M. we were *en route* for Melbourne (1340 miles), and are now, at 11 A.M., going along ten and a half knots, with fine weather, and a fresh breeze from N.N.E. off the land. At 11 P.M. we passed the *Bangalore* homeward bound, and the boat bound to Adelaide that had left the Sound two hours before us. Mr Leigh's yacht, the *Linda*, left King George's Sound the same day with us.

6th.—We are to-day at noon 203 miles from Cape Otway, having made a good run yesterday. Since the 3d we have had a continuation of fine weather and a calm sea, with the wind at times so far aft as to enable us to set all sail. We have logged occasionally twelve and a half knots. To all appearance, we ought to arrive at Port Phillip (Melbourne) some time to-morrow evening. Our saloon passengers are an admixture of English, Scotch, and Irish, French, Germans, and Americans, Jews and Christians, squatters, merchants, and military officers, ministers of the church, and globe trotters; among them several invalids, victims to the climate of India, or possibly to the brandy-and-soda imbibed

to such excess in that country. I have already recorded the death of one of these Indian invalids. Unfortunately my cabin adjoined his, and for two or three days after his body had been consigned to its roomy grave, my rest and peace were occasionally broken by the sobs of his disconsolate widow. Now, however, that a fortnight has passed away, the widow's grief is softened, and has given place, I hope, to quiet resignation. This is as it should be.

17*th, on board the 'Tamar.'*—At 4 P.M. we anchored in Hobson's Bay, twenty days from Galle, and five days from King George's Sound. T. M. came on board as soon as we had anchored, passed my luggage, and I started at once for the shore. Took a car and drove to Melbourne (2¾ miles), and found an empty room at the Port Phillip Club Hotel, where I remained until yesterday at noon, when I embarked on board this craft for Launceston. We are now, at 10.30 A.M., within about ten miles of the "Heads," and then we shall have forty miles of river to do before reaching Launceston. The usual passage from Melbourne to Launceston is about twenty-four hours.

26*th.*—Left the *Tamar* at George Town at 1 P.M. on 18th, and embarked on board the *Pioneer* for Circular Head an hour afterwards, that little steamer having called at George Town on her way out of the river from Launceston. It took us about four hours to reach the Mersey (Torquay), where we remained the night; the tide not answering earlier for us to cross the bar at the Forth (our next port), we did not get away until noon next day (19th). From the Forth we entered the Leven, and then on to Emu Bay, where we were detained three hours landing cargo in the dark. From Emu Bay, which we left about 11 P.M., we went on to Table Cape, where we landed a couple of passengers, and then proceeded on to Circular Head, and went alongside the wharf about two o'clock in the morning.

A good part of the next four days we spent in riding over the splendid property of the Van Diemen's Land Company. In the neighbourhood of Circular Head it consists of 20,000 acres, a portion of which is cleared and occupied as farms. The want of population, and the consequent low state of the agricultural interest in Tasmania generally, has prevented

the Company from deriving much income from this part of their property; but the time is approaching when land will be in demand, and the noble timber that covers the uncleared part of the property will be eagerly sought after for exportation to Victoria, where the country is being rapidly denuded of timber.* On the 24th, at 2 P.M., we started from Circular Head on horseback, on our journey by the coast, principally to Launceston, and at 6 P.M. we were in comfortable quarters under Mr D.'s roof, a farmer who formerly kept an inn here, at Rocky Cape, but had given up doing so, the traffic on the road not being sufficient to warrant his continuing to pay a

* A good prospect seems at last to be opening up for the holders of Van Diemen's Land shares. For several years past, with some occasional intervals, the shares have been unsaleable, or only saleable at a fractional part of their cost. But how could it be otherwise? Farming, the only source from which the Company drew any revenue, was at the lowest possible ebb, simply because there were but few mouths to be fed in the island, and the only outside markets open to the Tasmanian cultivator (Victoria and New South Wales) were virtually shut against him by heavy protective, and in some cases by prohibitory duties; so that, in fact, the farmer could find no remunerative market for hardly any produce he might grow beyond what he could consume himself. This remark applies principally to the cultivation of the Company's farms at Emu Bay and Circular Head, where potatoes form the main product.

Tasmania is nearly as large as Ireland, and the whole population amounts to about one hundred thousand souls; hence it is clear, since there was no outside remunerative market for its agricultural produce, and but few consumers at home, farming could not flourish.

Of what availed it, then, that the people in Europe were told that the climate was the finest in the world; that the soil was equal to the best met with anywhere; that in its forests was found the most useful timber for all economical purposes in great abundance; that its principal ports were only occasionally equalled elsewhere? All this could be shown to be perfectly true, but it availed nothing in attracting settlers, for it was known that the island possessed but one industry, the cultivation of the soil, for the produce of which there was no remunerative market. The bait that had attracted thousands of people to Victoria had not been discovered in Tasmania. There had been no gold rush there: had there been, doubtless the same results would have followed as in Victoria.

A change has now happily come over the country. Iron mines are about to be opened up under the happiest auspices; gold, though there cannot be said to have been a gold rush, has been found in many places, and the mines are being worked with increasing success. On the river Hellier, which takes its rise in the Company's property, gold has been found; and on the confines of their property at Mount Bischoff, tin mines are now being worked, which promise a fabulous return. These mines are about forty-five miles in the interior from Emu Bay, and the only road to them from the coast is from that port running through the Company's lands for forty miles, made by the Company many years ago, through a dense forest of noble timber for a portion of the route.

A tramway on this road is about to be constructed by the Company to bring down the produce of the tin mines, and will also open up a continuous block of land belonging to the Company, reaching from the interior down to and encircling Emu Bay, and consisting of about 210,000 acres, a great part of which is the finest land in Tasmania.

Emu Bay is the only good roadstead with water for large vessels on the whole range of coast, between Launceston and Circular Head, and is within twelve to fourteen hours' steaming of Melbourne.

twelve-guinea license. At eight next morning we were in the saddle again, and at 1 P.M. we reached Rocky Cape. After dinner we walked up to Mr Moore's sawmill. The mill is driven by water-power, and consists of one saw for cutting up logs and two circular saws for cutting the three-inch plank into such smaller shapes as may be required. There is steam-power also, which seems to be made use of during two or three months in summer, when water is short. Mr M., who is a member of the Tasmanian Parliament, was very courteous, and explained matters connected with the mill. He is an intelligent and clear-headed man, and upon his energy and capital the whole trade of the district is dependent. A schooner laden with sawn timber for Sydney was being despatched by him whilst we were at Table Cape.

We slept at Table Cape, and at 7.15 next morning started for Emu Bay, where we arrived at a little before ten. Circular Head to Rocky Cape, twenty miles; thence to Table Cape, twenty-two miles; Table Cape to Emu Bay, twelve miles.

30*th*, *Launceston.*—Left Emu Bay at 9 A.M. on the 28th, the weather continuing so wet that we were obliged to abandon our intention of paying a visit to the tin mines at Mount Bischoff. At the "Penguin" dismounted, and took a peep into a mine, which, on its first discovery, had promised great things. It was full of water, and a look at the steam-engine satisfied us that, for want of a coat of white-lead and a little oil, it would soon be of little value. At noon, or a little after, we reached the "Leven," and then on in succession to the Forth, the Don, the Mersey, and Latrobe, arriving at Latrobe at 4.30 P.M., or seven and a half hours after leaving Emu Bay, thirty-eight miles. Mr A., our landlord, gave us a glowing account of the grain harvest in the district, which had just been got in; a good yield and a good sample, and very fair prices—wheat 4s., barley 6s., and oats 2s. 6d. a bushel. The tramway, sixteen miles long, and which reaches from Latrobe to within twelve miles of Deloraine, was being made use of to bring the grain into Latrobe for shipment in small schooners on the Mersey river to Melbourne. The little steamer *Annie*, drawing four to six feet water, comes quite up to Latrobe, but the larger craft, drawing seven to

nine feet, do not come beyond Torquay, seven miles below Latrobe. The land in this district would seem to be very good, as it is also in the neighbourhood of the Forth. Latrobe has grown into something like a town, with one wide and long straight street running through it from end to end. There are, however, those who think it will lose its importance when the railway becomes continuous from Torquay, at the mouth of the Mersey, to Deloraine, for they argue that then the agricultural produce of the district will find its way at once either to Torquay for shipment or to Launceston for consumption, without stopping in transit at Latrobe. Yesterday (29th) we were in the saddle a little before nine o'clock, and after missing our way, which caused a loss of half an hour, and afterwards stopping at the Junction Inn for an hour to bait the horses, we arrived at Deloraine at 2.10 P.M., having been somewhat over five hours, including stoppages, in doing the twenty-eight miles that separated Deloraine from Latrobe. Here we dined at a hotel in which an inquest was being held on the body of a man, a shoemaker, who, tired of life, had hung himself in the morning; and at 4.20 took the train and arrived at Launceston (forty-five miles) at about half-past six o'clock, putting up at the Brisbane (Symond's), my old hotel.

May 5th, Hobart Town.—On Thursday evening, 1st May, we started from Launceston in the coach for Hobart Town, and after travelling all night, we arrived at 8 A.M. at our destination. The coach held nine inside, and every place was taken: we were packed pretty much like herrings in a barrel, having no room to stretch our legs, and were heartily glad when the journey came to an end, distance 120 miles. On the 3d, to while away the time, we jumped on board the steamer *Monarch*, and went to New Norfolk, where we remained over Sunday, and returned to Hobart Town this morning. The distance by the river must be over thirty miles, though by land it is only twenty-two. There is a variety of scenery on both sides of the river; cultivation everywhere, with a fair sprinkling of cottages and country houses, with the exception of a short distance where we passed through the gorge with high and abrupt hills on either side. On board the *Monarch* were several young ladies, pas-

sengers, and a Captain Fenton, a gentleman fully eighty years of age, who told us he had been forty-three years in Tasmania. He was the owner of a large estate some fourteen miles from New Norfolk. We had another passenger, too, who afforded us some amusement, an elderly hard-headed Scotchwoman, wife of a farmer at Bridgewater. She first attracted our attention by crying and sobbing, and on my asking her what was the matter, she said the devil was tempting her to jump overboard, but that she would not be tempted. I asked her in what shape the devil appeared to her, but could get no definite reply.

The woman was tipsy, and the spirits she had drunk was the devil who was tempting her to jump overboard. She acknowledged to having arrived a convict in the colony in 1840, having been transported for fourteen years for stealing £14. Indeed, she rather boasted of this, and of her having made a good wife, like many other women, she said, who had come to the colony under similar circumstances. Arrived at New Norfolk, we put up at Mrs Arnold's, a small but sufficiently comfortable hotel. We spent Sunday in first driving to the salmon-ponds, some seven miles higher up the river. They consist of two round ponds, thirty feet each in diameter, and one long pond between the two round ones. One of the latter was well stocked with brown trout, which had thriven well, and many had been turned into the little river Plenty, and thence found their way into the Derwent: many have been caught, one of which weighed three pounds. The other round pond, and the long pond, were well stocked with salmon-trout, many of them hatched from ova deposited by the first fish hatched from ova brought from England in the *Norfolk* in 1864 to Melbourne, and from thence to Hobart Town in the Victoria Government steamer. The hatching-house was now unemployed. The ponds are supplied with water drawn from the Plenty, in a good stream constantly running through them, and are situated in about four acres of ground planted with choice trees and flowering shrubs, all well attended to and neatly kept. These trout are fed principally upon boiled liver, to which maggots are sometimes added. They ate what we threw in to them very voraciously. In these ponds the salmon-ova brought from England was hatched,

and in due time several thousands young fish were turned into the Derwent; but up to the present day, it is doubted by many persons if a single salmon has ever been seen in the Derwent, although there are many who pretend to have seen them. New Norfolk has been long famed for its hop-gardens, which are successfully managed, and have produced considerable wealth. The principal markets are Sydney and Melbourne. The town of New Norfolk consists of wide streets, laid out at right angles, in which the houses are few and far between. The principal building is a lunatic asylum, which the boys here call "The hospital for crankie people." It is a large establishment, and the dormitories, &c., are kept very clean. There are about 280 patients in it at present, about half of each sex. At 7.30 this morning we embarked again on board the *Monarch*, and arrived at Hobart Town at 11.15 A.M.

12*th.*—At 6 P.M. we left Hobart Town by the mail-coach, and travelling all night, we reached Launceston at 8.30 on the morning of the 7th. On the 8th I embarked, with J. B. H., on board the *Pioner* for George Town, where we arrived at 10 P.M. It rained hard all the way down the river, and our cabin was crammed with passengers, among whom were a dozen Chinamen, bound to the diggings at the Nine Mile Springs, several women, and among them a young Irishwoman with a baby in her arms, which she kept feeding with gin and the breast alternately to keep it quiet. We took up our quarters for the night at this inn, and in the morning we proceeded across the river to inspect the iron mines and works belonging to the Charcoal Company. A letter which I brought from the agent at Launceston for the manager at the establishment, procured for us every attention; and as soon as we landed we were provided with a truck, drawn by two horses, in which we proceeded on the tramway to the works, a distance of four and a half miles. At the end of the jetty, at the landing-place, there are twelve feet water. The tramway is defective, inasmuch as there are many steepish ascents in it, which ought to have been obviated by raising the bridges three or four feet, or even somewhat more. It took us three-quarters of an hour to reach the furnace; on returning afterwards, we came down in twenty

minutes. The smelting-furnace has been erected on the plan and under the superintendence of Dr Harrison. It is a patent affair, the first that has ever been erected; so it is entirely experimental. It is now about to be tested. The cost of it, they tell me, has been very large, for it has had frequent alterations made in it from the original plan since it was first built. The draught through it is created by a revolving fan driven by a small steam-engine, and a stream of oxyhydrogen gas is introduced, by means of which, it is believed, the heat will be greatly increased beyond that of an ordinary blast-furnace. After looking at the furnace, I proceeded to the hill of iron ore, brown hematite, situated within a couple or three hundred yards of the furnace; or, if you like, the furnace is situated within two to three hundred yards of the hill of iron ore. It is a wonderful mass of ore, apparently inexhaustible, for they have bored into it twenty-five feet, and found it to reach to that depth, and probably very much deeper. The ley of this ore by analysis is 60 per cent., and it is quite free from sulphur. There is a red earth also found in great abundance, which is shown to contain about 59 per cent. of iron; and of magnetic ore in small bits the whole surface of the hill is covered. The lode producing this magnetic ore is believed to exist somewhere close at hand, but has not yet been found. The ley of it is said to be 65 per cent. Of wood, there are dense forests in the neighbourhood, a sufficient supply to last many years; limestone, too, is abundant, so that all the elements of success are near at hand. The hill of ore that I examined is called the Hill of Vulcan, besides which there is another on the company's land of equal importance, a hill of serpentine mixed with iron ore, and containing veins and strata of asbestos in quantities, a mile away from the works. A tramway will take the ore from the hill to the furnaces. The property consists of some 450 acres, and some £7000, I am told, has already been expended on the tramway buildings and furnace. We remained at these mines until nearly four o'clock, during which time the Doctor was employed in heating the furnace and superintending alterations being made in some of the minutiæ of it, preparatory to commencing active operations in smelting. We returned by the tramway to the landing-

place, and reached the hotel at George Town just before dark.

The following morning we took boat again, and proceeded across the river to the Charcoal Company's jetty, landed, and went by tramway to the mines. Here we left the Doctor to look after his furnace, and taking a guide, we proceeded on foot across country to visit Captain Longley, managing the works at the mines of the Ilfracombe Company. The distance to the dwelling-house is about three miles, and two miles more took us to the works among the mines, where we found Captain Longley. The road we had traversed leads through forests and bush, and over a hill some 1150 feet high, at the foot of which stands the dwelling-house formerly belonging to Mr Evans, but recently sold by him, together with the farm, to a Melbourne man, for £3000, the whole containing an area of 1100 acres, some of it cleared, but not much. This at present is the residence of Captain Longley. At the works, where, as I said before, we met Captain Longley, we found the foundation of the furnace (blast) well advanced, of which the corner-stone has since been laid. The construction of this furnace is under the charge of Mr Dods, an able Scotch engineer, and no amount of precaution seems to be wanting to ensure a good solid working furnace, such as might be expected to work well from the commencement and to last many years. Round about these works the forest timber for charcoal seems inexhaustible, and the land to some extent rich for agricultural purposes. The hill of iron ore is within a hundred yards or so of the furnace, and will be brought on an inclined tramway right down to the furnace. The supply of ore would seem to be inexhaustible, situated on the very surface. Two lumps which I saw entirely above the surface must contain some twelve hundred tons, more or less. The richness of this ore (brown hematite) is about 60 per cent. There does not appear to be any magnetic ore lying on the surface as at the Charcoal Company's mines, but there are indications of it, and the lode may probably be discovered later on. Mining here will be simply quarrying. After remaining a couple of hours, we returned to the dwelling-house, Captain Longley following somewhat later, having

stopped to pay his workmen. The next morning I started with Captain Longley in a spring-cart to visit a limestone cave situated about four and a half miles from the house and about two miles from the works. We first drove to the works, and thence for a mile along the road leading towards the cave. We then alighted, and walked through the scrub for about a mile, when we came to a good hut occupied by a Welshman named Thomas, who joined us as a guide to the cave, the descent into which, precipitous and rough, is some twenty to thirty feet. The cave is quite narrow in the bottom, just wide enough to move along among the boulders in Indian file, though above it widens out to twenty feet in some places. There is one passage, however, for about ten yards, that we had just room enough to squeeze through, and which we named, after a similar passage in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, "Fat Man's Misery." The cave is about half a mile in length, and in the bottom are indications of its having once been the bed of a river. The only aperture yet discovered, besides the entrance, is a hole in the roof. This little cave throughout presents a beautiful display of imagery. The sides, roof, and floor are almost wholly covered with curtains, cataracts, stalactites, and stalagmites of carbonite of lime, possessing all the delicate whiteness of the purest alabaster, and a considerable portion of its translucency. There is tracery, too, of the most exquisite workmanship; figures of judges on the bench in wig and gown, and numberless other figures, both natural and artificial, are here portrayed, sometimes truly, sometimes ludicrously. The extent of this cave is still very imperfectly known; no insect life has ever been seen in it. There are openings in the sides of the upper parts of it, but where they may lead to no one has yet discovered; in fact, the existence of the cave, notwithstanding its proximity to Launceston, is known to very few people in that city; still a few barbarians have found it out, and, armed with hammers and saws to break down the natural beauties, and boxes in which to carry away the spoil, have ruthlessly destroyed to a considerable extent these beautiful freaks of nature, and left much of the debris scattered about the cave. Reparation, however, is rapidly going on. Many of the stalactites and curtains and drapery incrus-

tations, which to the touch appeared quite dry, had drops of crystalline water hanging on to their extremities; and there can be little doubt, if Captain Longley carries out his intention of shutting up the entrance to the cave, in half-a-dozen years the vandalism inflicted will be greatly repaired. The height of the cave may average throughout about twenty feet; lighted up with kerosine lamps, it would indeed be a gem, this little cave of rare beauty. We remained in it perhaps an hour and a half, and then slowly wended our way back to Thomas's hut, where we found the table laid for dinner; in fact, the dinner was upon the table, and consisted of a very good-looking piece of beef, abundance of well-boiled mealy potatoes, and a large plate piled up full of cakes, with soft-tack besides, and a can containing at least three gallons of exceedingly well-flavoured honey. The cloth was as white as driven snow, and the knives and forks and spoons, as well as the plates, were scrupulously clean. There was tea too on the table, and thick cream, and nice fresh butter. Thomas's wife, who was the genius of this clean and comfortable unpretentious hut, was a Welsh woman, from Bangor, speaking with the same dialect as she had conversed in all her life. A married daughter came in whilst we were there, besides whom the good wife had three or four other children, all boys. She invited us to partake of her fare, and so we did to a moderate extent, after which we again got under way, and half an hour's walk brought us to where we had left our horses and our cart. I say horses, for we had with us a nice young boy who was living in this wilderness with Captain Longley, and who accompanied us on horseback. Between the hut and this spot we passed through an avenue of trees and shrubs and palms of all hues, which, in fine weather, must be a delightful retreat, and on one side of it, for fifty yards, there is a perpendicular, smooth, green wall; and on digging into it, we found it to be entirely composed of what they call here the mud palm, a fossil palm, indicating, they tell me, the proximity of coal. We cut out and brought away with us specimens. At 5.30, just as the shades of even were closing in, we reached Evans' House, and found that during our absence several gentlemen had arrived from Launceston; beds, however, were provided for us

all. We were astir early on Monday morning, and after breakfast Mr V. and myself left on our return to the Charcoal Company's mines, bringing with us a pretty heavy *swag* of minerals, and a large bundle of fern, which, when bleached, and afterwards dyed, is worn like feathers by ladies in their bonnets. It took us an hour to reach the works. An hour afterwards, Dr H. made his appearance from George Town, and at once gave his attention to the furnace, the child of his own brain, the heating of which had been continued from the time of our last visit. The furnace not being considered in a fit state to receive the hydrogen gas, and it being announced that it would be twenty-four hours before the result of this first trial could be known, we determined to leave the Doctor at the works, and proceed to George Town; for we wanted washing very badly, and a change of clothes, seeing that we had brought nothing with us but what we stood in when we left our hotel three days before, and all the time we had been on the trip the weather had been wet and boisterous, and the roads, consequently, everywhere a sea of mud. In fact, the bad weather had lasted—and it still continues now—for a whole fortnight, such, as the oldest inhabitant said, had never been experienced before at this season of the year. I am here now in Charles's Inn, in comfortable quarters, awaiting the coming from Launceston of the *Derwent* steamer, that I might get on board her in the river as she passes on her way to Melbourne.

15*th*, *on board the 'Derwent.'*—It was 5 P.M. before the *Derwent* hove in sight yesterday. I had been in a boat an hour and a half waiting before she made her appearance. The weather, which had been tempestuous for three weeks, had broken up, and had since been improving, so we are moving along now very steadily; nevertheless we have many sea-sick mothers and crying children keeping up a chorus in the cabins around. This craft is as full as she can cram both of cargo and passengers; every berth is occupied, and the deck is laden with cargo; and this too at a season when the traffic in passengers between Melbourne and Launceston is usually trifling. The trade between the two places is evidently increasing, and larger boats are now required. The two on the line, and which make one trip a week each, the *Tamar*

and the *Derwent* (the names of the two rivers upon which Hobart Town and Launceston are situated) are about 350 tons burthen.

20*th.*—We arrived at Port Phillip at 4 P.M. on the 16th, and in an hour afterwards I was again located in the Port Phillip Club Hotel at Melbourne. I find that the Webb line of steamers, heretofore running between this and San Francisco, has collapsed, and there is no steamer that I can hear of likely to be going to the Cape of Good Hope; so in all probability I shall have to retrace my steps to Galle by the next Peninsular and Oriental boat. In the meantime, here I am, like Mahomet's coffin, hanging between heaven and earth, with an attack of lumbago, and otherwise slightly unwell.

26*th.*—The first four of the last six days I passed at Melbourne, the last two in a trip to Sandhurst, now the most productive mining district in Victoria. The town is now growing fast, and is becoming more cared for. In all directions, starting from the centre of the town (the reserve for public gardens) long chimneys may be seen, shafts sunk and being sunk, some on reefs and others in search of reefs, many of which may perhaps never be found. The yield last week of the principal claims, out of about 1200 now offered to speculators under the verandah, was large; prices fluctuate rapidly, and gambling in them is constantly producing ruin. On Saturday night, the gathering of sharpers and their victims under the verandah was so dense that it was with difficulty I could force my way through it. The mining at Sandhurst is now all quartz-reef mining: as a digging, it seems to be worn out. The distance by rail from Melbourne is 101¼ miles; we left at 6.30 A.M., and arrived at Melbourne at 10.25 A.M., calling at seventeen stations on the way. Three hours and fifty-five minutes.

27*th.*—Went last evening to hear the Rev. Mr Clarke lecture on Dickens at the Temperance Hall. The lecturer was introduced by the chairman, the Honourable Mr Casey, Minister of Lands and Works. The lecture lasted over two hours, and consisted of a sketch of Dickens' life and notice of his works, and an account of Bob Sawyer's supper, and of Mrs Gamp's interview with Betsy Prigg. These two scenes or extracts from Dickens' works were given verbatim and

from memory, and with characteristic humour and great truthfulness. Mr Clarke is a Baptist minister, and a very fluent speaker; he is brimful of fun and humour, and he enchained the attention of his audience last night without a moment's interruption from the beginning to the end of his two hours' lecture. He is a popular preacher, and they say he fills his church well. I have never heard him in the pulpit, and I cannot easily associate in my mind the successful lecturer of last night, incomparable in his delineation of character in the two comic scenes from Pickwick which I have mentioned, with the eloquent pulpit-preacher expounding the solemn truths of the Christian religion. As I have already said, I have never heard him preach, but I cannot but think the Sunday congregation would have great difficulty in recognising their pastor in the lecturer of last night. Mr Clarke seems possessed of a wonderfully retentive memory; he never faltered for a moment in his long characteristic recitations of last night; in fact, he told us he thought he would have no difficulty in learning by heart all Dickens' works! He is doubtless a first-rate actor, and I can well understand how a company might have made him (which it is said they did) a liberal offer to leave the pulpit and take to the stage.

June 1st.—Inspected a picture which had just arrived from Europe for the National Picture Gallery. We found, on arriving at the gallery, that the process of removing from the picture the coating it had received before shipment to preserve it from injury by a long sea-water voyage had not been completed, and the picture consequently had not been hung in the place awarded to it on the wall, and that the gallery was still closed. By the courtesy of one of the officials, we were permitted to see it. It is a very large picture, composed of many life-size figures, and represents a gentleman (said to be a portrait of the Marquis of Lorne), who with his wife had fallen into the hands of brigands in Italy, in the act of receiving from the brigand chief a pen for the purpose of signing an order upon his banker for the amount of the ransom that had been levied upon him. From this picture gallery we visited the Fitzroy Gardens. There are many fine young trees in this garden; among them there must be at

least a thousand thriving Norfolk Island pines, the tallest perhaps about fifteen feet high. The walks seem to be well laid out and kept in good order, but an attempt at fountains is a miserable failure, as are also, as it appears to me, their clumps of trees. These groups should have been formed of trees widely varying in the colouring of the foliage, but this has not been attended to. No attention seems to be paid to the timely thinning out of trees, or in removing wooden cradles placed for protection round very young trees when first planted, and now no longer required, but still allowed to remain, to the great injury of the lower branches of many handsome trees, particularly the Norfolk Island pine. This neglect is much to be regretted, for the injury already done to these beautiful young trees, in numerous instances, admits of no remedy. These gardens abut on Collingwood, a remarkably large and handsome suburb of Melbourne. Wide streets of one and a half chains, formed by terraced buildings, meet the eye in every direction; and a dozen churches, at least, might be seen from a single standpoint. The streets are kept in excellent order. In the evening I went to the Polytechnic Hall to see the "Octoroon" performed. The floor of the hall was divided off into sixpenny, shilling, and two-shilling seats, the latter being nearest to the stage, and the sixpenny the farthest from it. J. H. and myself represented the paying occupants of the two-shilling seats; in the shilling seats there was a fair sprinkling of boys and a few men; but the sixpenny seats were closely packed with boys. In all, the audience consisted of about 400 persons—380 boys about twelve years of age, nineteen hobbledyhoys, one man, and one female. The boys, though otherwise well behaved, occasionally were somewhat uproarious in their mirth; but whenever this was a little too loud, it was instantly checked when the black-bearded face of a burly policeman, who was kept at hand for the occasion, showed itself peeping round from a side opening into the pit; no other interference was ever required of him. As I looked upon this gathering of boys, such as I had never seen in a theatre in Europe, I could not but ask myself the question, whether or not this attendance, and witnessing theatrical performances, did the boys good or harm? It certainly seemed as if it must be

productive either of good or evil, perhaps a mixture of both. These boys were all decently dressed—in fact, you seldom or never see ragged boys in the streets of Melbourne; they were well behaved, never noisy whilst the acting was progressing; and for a poor blind girl from the asylum, who came to the front and sang, they showed more than ordinary good feeling, by listening most attentively, and encouraging her with tumultuous applause. I came to the conclusion, as I watched these boys, who were wonderfully attentive during the whole performance, that so long as the pieces presented to them were moral productions, they might perhaps be productive of good. All would hinge, I thought, on the character of the plays; and I did not see why useful lessons might not be conveyed by stage performances to boys at their very impressible age.

This morning I attended the Baptist Church of Mr Clarke. I had heard this gentleman deliver a clever and most amusing lecture a few nights before at the Temperance Hall, for which he was paid fifteen guineas, and in which he most truthfully personified Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prigg, as well as another comical character from "Pickwick," and I was curious to behold him in the pulpit. The church was pretty full—some four or five hundred persons—of whom 300 were ladies, evidently a choice congregation. The building is so shaped and the seats so arranged, that from any seat the whole congregation might be seen and counted without difficulty. This is Whit-Sunday, and Mr C.'s sermon appropriately alluded to the Feast of Pentecost, and to the miracle of the gift to the apostles of a knowledge of many tongues. The miracle was an undoubted fact, Mr Clarke said, the truth of which none but the most stupid were now bold enough to deny. I left his church with the impression that his preaching certainly commanded attention, but that his real talent lay in delivering humorous lectures, and doubtless he would shine too on the stage.

4th.—The weather was particularly fine, and I bethought myself that I would take a trip to Warnambool, the great potato producing district of Victoria. This, perhaps, had something to do with determining me to visit the place; but Tower Hill—a hill with a lake lying down deep in the centre of

its bosom, some 400 feet perhaps, and about four miles round (though the lake is anything but round, being of a very irregular shape)—was the principal attraction that took me to this potato-growing, pig-rearing district; so I proceeded, as soon as I had read my letters I had just received, to pack up a very small black bag and make ready for a start, for there was a steamer, the *Western*, to leave the Queen's Wharf at 3 P.M. At that hour punctually we started. The weather was all we could desire; so, after a quiet passage of seventeen hours, we anchored at Warnambool. There is but little shelter for vessels in this port, unless it be with a westerly wind, and then a reef that runs out some half mile or more makes a snug basin inside for vessels to lay at anchor; with an easterly or south-east wind, there must be difficulty in loading or discharging cargo. A pretty long jetty makes landing passengers always practicable, though sometimes difficult. The town of Warnambool is situated about a mile and a half from the landing jetty; a good road takes you to it. I put up at the "Western Hotel." The streets, like the streets in every town and village I have visited in Victoria, are laid out in straight lines, and are a chain and a half wide, or more in some cases, for aught I know. Of course, the place is, and will be for a long time to come, but a skeleton town: this is the case everywhere in this colony, or pretty nearly so, Melbourne being almost the only place where the houses are continuous for any great distance. This arises from the fact of a large site being laid out for every town in Victoria, and the buildings being commenced simultaneously at all points at once from the beginning. It may be that, just in the vicinity of the court-house, the post-office, the banks, and the principal hotels, the houses are closer together, and form something like finished streets; but, as a rule, the buildings are scattered all over the site from end to end, and Warnambool is no exception. In all these new places, all Christian sects are well represented. There is a good large, well-built common school in every township, and a large, respectable-looking drill-room for the volunteers; so that it may be said the Government in no stinted measure has provided good buildings in every township for purposes of education and of defence against outward attack from foes;

and from all I could learn, both classes of buildings are well attended, and are doing good service. On more than one occasion, my attention was directed to "shut up" denominational schools (Catholic). This is a result in the right direction, for it is only by mixing together the children of parents of all denominations from their earliest years that we can hope to see in after-life a right and proper feeling universal among grown-up people, be their creeds what they may. This want of toleration among the different sects of Christians is really a wonderful affair. It was only the other day that I heard a lady say she had a horror of Unitarians, and could not bear to see one of them come within her doors. "And what," said I, "about a Mahometan? would you shut your door in his face too?" "Oh no!" she replied; "that would be a different matter quite." In what the difference consisted that should provoke such different treatment I failed to discover. The absurdity of the feeling was further elucidated by one of the lady's children remarking that her playmates, the Misses ——, who constantly came to the house, were Unitarians; but the poor lady did not know it.

Every place, be it large or small, has its own lion, and Warnambool is not an exception to the rule. The lion of Warnambool is Tower Hill, a hill about nine miles from the town, the summit of which may be four or five hundred feet above the sea. So as soon as I had had breakfast, the landlord offered to drive me to see this wonder. It is situated half way between Warnambool and Belfast, and though the country is everywhere undulating, the rise towards it is gradual. As I have said already, in the centre of this hill is a lake, down in the bottom, almost upon a level with the sea, 400 feet, of very irregular shape, and in circumference some four miles. Over a great part of this lake the rushes and grasses growing there show the water to be very shallow; a circular pool, perhaps a mile round, being the only part in which there is deep water. The only fish in the lake are eels, and they are everywhere. There is a hill, very undulating, which has thrust itself up in the middle of the lake, and the summit of it may possibly be higher than any part of the rim surrounding the lake, of which the northern side, for a mile or more, is only some twenty feet above the surface of the pool. On approach-

ing it from Warnambool, you come suddenly, without any warning, upon the rim of the crater, for crater of an extinct volcano it certainly is; and the view from this standing-point, as the eye wanders round this gulf, and down into it, is very striking. The descent to the water is here pretty well on to being perpendicular, covered with leaves, brushwood, green sward, and dead and dying trees. All the large trees round about this crater, and on the island in the centre of it, none of them very large by the by, from some cause or other are either dead or dying; probably from having exhausted the whole goodness of the thin coating of soil which hereabouts covers the substratum of blue stone which is seen everywhere cropping up above the surface. A rich black-and-chocolate coating of soil, covering blue stone near to the hill, and sandstone as you recede from it, extends for a considerable area all around, very thin generally, though of considerable depth in some parts. All this rich land, or at least to the extent of some 20,000 acres, is owned by a squatter, Mr Rutledge. It is here that vast quantities of potatoes are grown, and pigs fed, under the management of Irish farmers, who, for the most part, are yearly tenants. The operation is this:—The ground is planted with potatoes after one ploughing; in eight months the crop is removed from it, and the land then reverts to Mr Rutledge, who, after harrowing it, or giving the land a single ploughing, sows it with *fiz* (rape, I believe), and in about a month turns sheep in upon it, and keeps them there for four months, when Pat again takes possession, and puts in another crop of potatoes. For this land Mr R. receives a rent varying from £3 to £5 an acre, according to the quantity of land. Paddocks of from sixty to a hundred acres pay him about £3, and are sublet in small quantities at £5 an acre. Mr R. is constantly taking back these potato-paddocks and laying them down in grass, supplying the cockatoo farmers with fresh land, old pastures broken up afresh. If it were not for this operation of sowing *fiz*, and turning in sheep upon it, the land would soon become impoverished. I am told that six to seven tons the acre is an average crop of potatoes around Warnambool, though sometimes thirteen tons to the acre are produced. A fair quantity of oats, wheat, and barley is also grown here. Oaten-hay—as it is called

here—is, in some quantity, consumed wholly by horses. The oats are cut after the grain has become sufficiently hard not to shell out during the drying and making into hay; the price for this fodder is from fifty shillings to sixty shillings the ton. Warnambool contains 800 inhabitants. Labourers, male and female, are wanted in the district. The housemaid in this hotel gets £30 a year wages; the woman cook, thirty-five shillings a week; a waiter (man-servant), twenty-five shillings a week; men employed on the road breaking stones earn seven shillings a day; some of them earn double that, breaking three yards a day at four shillings and ninepence per yard; agricultural labourers, five shillings a day; all except the stone-breakers get their tucker or grub into the bargain. The Hopkins is a river running into the sea on the eastern side of the port; the country about it for a few miles from its mouth struck me as being very picturesque. The river is well stocked with bream and crayfish, or crabs I believe they are. It is of considerable width for three or four miles from its mouth, but a bar prevents the entrance into it of boats from the sea. The Mirri is a small river also close to Warnambool. From Tower Hill I had a good view of the country around and of the sea-coast, taking in Belfast, nine miles distant, though we were so high above it that it did not look more than half that distance off. Beyond Belfast is Portland, the last port, I believe, on the Victorian coast.

7th.—At 1 P.M. on 4th I got upon the box-seat of Cobb's coach running between Warnambool and Geelong, and after taking charge of the letter-bags at the post-office, we started. The weather was fine, and I enjoyed the drive. We reached Camperdown at 7.35 P.M., forty-five miles. From this point I allowed the coach to go on without me, preferring to pass the night in a comfortable bed in a very fair inn to pursuing the journey in the dark. The road we had come over was metalled, with the exception of about twelve miles, over which we had to thread our way as we best could, through quagmires and among stumps of trees. We passed through a good deal of wooded country and some good land, and through the township of Lerang, a promising settlement. At 8 A.M. I was *en route* again by another of Cobb's coaches running between Geelong and Camperdown, and we arrived in Geelong at

5.30 P.M., distance seventy-six miles, over a good macadamised road all the way, passing through the finest agricultural section of the colony. Black's, Robertson's, Hopkins', and the celebrated Barwon estates, all skirt this road. The last named contains some fifty thousand acres, and they say the owner of it refused an offer for it, made to him a few months ago, of half a million sterling. Verily these squatters have become the lords of the soil, and in the teeth of a recent law forbidding any sale of Government land for more than 350 acres being made to any one person. Still these squatters, now become rich, go on adding, by hook or by crook, to their already too large holdings. Too late the Government has opened its eyes to the evil of allowing individuals to become possessed of enormous tracts of the finest land in the colony for sheep-runs, to the great prejudice of the would-be farmers, covering the land with sheep and cattle in place of a human population. We passed many towns on this route, of which perhaps Colac was the most important. Everywhere we saw signs of wealth and comfort, comfortable habitations and well-kept fences. No poverty anywhere, all well clothed, and doubtless well fed. At Geelong I put up at Mack's hotel, to my mind the best-arranged and best-managed hotel I have been at in Australia. At 8.30 this morning left by rail, and reached Melbourne at 10.30, a couple of hours.

9th.—A popular author, in a late work on these colonies, alludes to the little respect paid by the young to the old people. May not this arise from many of the young people being descended from *lags?* No doubt society will be inclined to treat with much more respect a "ne'er-do-well," being the son of a lord, than the best and most useful man in the colony if he be the son of a *lag*. Common sense is nowadays forcing its way to the front all over the world, and in time we may hope for a more just standard of worth to be the guide of the opinion of society. A friend of mine asked me lately why a man, whose worth in the world was gauged by that of his illustrious ancestors, was like a potato? "Why," he said, "all that is worth anything of either is buried under-ground."

Yesterday I went to hear Miss Turner, a lady who conducts

the service in a small Unitarian Church in this city. In illustration of a portion of her sermon, she said that it was only the other day that the greatest authority in Melbourne on orthodoxy (the Protestant Bishop Perry), expressed himself in doubt as to whether the souls condemned to hell-fire remained there, suffering to all eternity, or were consumed there and then. Miss Turner remarked that that expression of opinion was a sign of the advance of national thought. No bishop, she said, would have dared to have so expressed himself ten years ago, or would have dared to doubt that our souls remained in hell to all eternity. As for myself, I could not but think at the time, that if our souls were capable of resisting the consuming power of hell-fire for all eternity, that they must surely be made of asbestos, that being the only substance I could remember at the moment as indestructible by fire.

13*th*.—Last night I spent a couple of hours in the hall of the Legislative Assembly, listening to a debate on Mr Francis's newly-introduced electoral bill dividing Victoria into single electoral districts, every district to elect its own member, a single one, and doing away with plural votes, that is, votes given in virtue of freeholds, held, perhaps, in different parts of the colony. This new arrangement of electoral districts will add twelve more members to the seventy-eight at present constituting the Assembly, making the number ninety, and adding £3600 (£300 for each of the twelve) to the annual expenses of the colony. It seems likely the measure may pass in the Lower Chamber, but be thrown out in the Upper.

To the Upper Chamber I have only paid one visit. It sits but seldom, and then only for an hour or two at a time; in fact, this Upper House has no business before it, hardly a single bill having been sent up since the Parliament opened. It is composed principally of squatters, the lords of the land, and other wealthy individuals. In spite of the recent Land Act, which it seems has come too late to prevent the mischief, the squatters have become extensive territorial and wealthy men, and notwithstanding all recent legislation is intended to prevent the accumulation of landed property in the hands of individuals, and to favour the taking up of sections of 350

acres *only* by any one individual, these wealthy squatters, who have lately had a great accession to their wealth by the higher value of wool in Europe and of cattle in Australia, continue to add "*field to field*" by purchases from needy small landholders, and perhaps by other means also. They may, indeed, be said now to be in possession of the bulk of the best land in Victoria, *all* employed in cattle and sheep runs, and thus impeding what is so desirable in a young country, the cultivation of the soil by a free and industrial population. These landlords are, however, threatened with a property-tax, and I should not be surprised to see them before long pretty heavily taxed in that direction; and so they should be, I think.

17th.—This morning paid a visit to the University Museum for the purpose of looking at the meteoric stone found close to Dandenong some few years ago. Its weight is thirty cwt.; one corner of it has been cut off and polished. It is supposed, originally, before it fell to earth, to have formed one with the four-ton meteorite, which fell at the same time, and is now in the British Museum.

25th, on board a P. and O. steamer.—On 18th, at 4 P.M., we weighed anchor at Sandridge and started for Point de Galle. We have some ninety passengers, of whom seventy are first-class, so that we are pretty well packed. Fortunately, through the kindness of Mr M., I am located in a small cabin, of which there are three in the ship, with only one berth in it. Head winds prevented our reaching King George's Sound until the sixth day; distance, 1340 miles. Coaled and left the same day. A Lascar, just as we were leaving, fell overboard, striking his head against the side of a coal-launch as he fell. He was picked up quickly, but died soon afterwards from the blow he had received, and was committed to the deep so soon as we got out clear of the port. Poor fellow, the incident created no sensation, it was only a native!

29th.—We have been making good way. Caught the south-east trade in 31°. Weather pleasant. Thermometer in my cabin, 70°.

9th July.—Arrived at Galle yesterday at 7 A.M.

13th, on board the 'Peshawur.'—At midnight on the 9th, by the aid of a full moon and clear weather, we got under

way, and moved safely out of Galle, where we have been employed from the hour of the *Peshawur's* arrival from Calcutta on the morning of the 9th taking on board cargo from the *Sunda*. The cargo consists of tea and silk, and from the handling the packages received, being pitched one by one from the deck of the *Sunda* into the lighters alongside, some eight or ten feet, and afterwards pitched up on board this craft in the same way, and run down into the hold on a sloping plank, bringing up at the bottom against an iron stanchion, the packages of tea will come out in Southampton pretty well battered I should think. For silk it may be all very well, for it may be knocked about a good deal without injury to the packages. When we heard at Galle that we were to have the largest of the company's fleet to take us to Suez, we luxuriated in anticipation of abundance of room, but we have been wofully disappointed; for the whole ship, and many of the passengers' cabins, is crammed with cargo, and the passengers, consequently, with few exceptions, are packed three in a cabin, not a very agreeable arrangement in this hot weather, the thermometer standing 88° in our cabins. In fact, though so large a ship, very nearly double the tonnage of the *Bangalore*, it is only in the size of the saloon that we have any advantage over that craft. For a smoking-room, a large slice of the after-part of the deck is curtained off, thus depriving the passengers generally of abundance of room for exercise which they would otherwise enjoy.

16*th.*—Our fine weather continues, and so does the S.W. monsoon pretty nearly in our teeth, so that our progress is somewhat slow. At Calcutta the *Peshawur* filled her lower hold with jute, rice, wheat, and some other heavy cargo, which accounts for our somewhat sand-bargy appearance and slow rate of steaming. One advantage there is in this big ship over the *Bangalore*, she goes along very steadily, though not very fast. At Galle we took on board a sick English sailor from the hospital. He died the day before yesterday, and was buried in the wide ocean.

22*d.*—Yesterday about 7 A.M. we anchored at Aden, our fine weather having continued all the way from Galle. The S.W. monsoon has been strong certainly, and for a few

hours off Socotra we experienced a sharp gale. The thermometer in my cabin has rarely reached 90°, though constantly bordering upon it, and once, I believe, it rose a degree above. The fresh breeze, however, which we have had every day since we left Galle—for we have never experienced one quite calm day, nor one day with the wind quite aft—has kept us cool; and if it only lasts five or six days more, it will not be a matter of much consequence to us whether it then leaves us or not. On our arrival at Aden, we found several of the P. and O.'s boats there, and a Dutch steamer with 900 troops on board, having had to take on board, besides her own quantum embarked at Antwerp, 300 men, the cargo of a companion steamer which had got stranded on a coral reef as the two ships were coming down the Red Sea together. There were also two merchant steamers bound eastwards, I believe, and several sailing vessels. So soon as we had fortified ourselves with breakfast, we took passage in a shore-boat, landed, and without loss of time hired a vehicle and started off for the lion of Aden, the tanks, five miles distant from the port, and situated in a gorge overlooking the town of Aden, containing the Government offices and other buildings, the barracks, and a changing population of Arabs amounting to some 20,000 souls, should these Arabs have souls at all, which I trust they have not, for if they have, by many sects among us Christians they will certainly be condemned to eternal damnation. Let us charitably hope, then, that the Arabs of Aden are soulless. There is a capital road all the way to the town from the port, and through the town to the gorge containing the tanks. These tanks, nine of them, are of various sizes, and completely fill the gorge. They tell me, but I don't know for certain, for I have never read any account of this part of Arabia—I mean, of its ancient history—that when we took possession of Aden, we found in this gorge the remains of an ancient system of tanks, and that with all the money we have spent—some millions they say—we have only built on what we found there. At any rate, we have now made tanks so large, that they are never likely to be filled by any ordinary rainfall. A second deluge will be required to make them a bumper. The only one with any

water in it is the upper one, and that may have three to four feet of water. They have never been anything like filled since they were finished. There are three or four wells in these tanks, of a considerable depth, and from these the town derives a supply of brackish water. The water contained in the upper tank was quite fresh. It seems it is necessary to go deep in order to find brackish water. These wells seem to produce a large quantity of water. Just before you reach the tank, you find a little shelter under trees that have been planted within a few years. The story of the ancient tanks may be true, but certain it is that every part of the present tanks bears the impress of recent construction. They are of stone. The wind blew very freshly during our visit to the tanks, and as it was unaccompanied by dust, it made our drive a very pleasant one. It took us about two hours to get back to the port. At four we were on board ship again, making the best of our way towards the Straits of Babel-mandel, through which we passed this morning about half-past six. At Aden we had an accession to our passenger list, for we took on board the *Behar's* passengers (that steamer having broken down), twenty-five first-class adults, besides a number of little children, and some thirty or forty second-class passengers, making up our number to something like 108 first-class adults besides children, and some sixty or more second-class, jamming us up pretty tightly, four in a cabin in many cases. Well, this would not be a large number for so large a vessel as the *Peshawur*, were she with only a moderate amount of cargo on board—that is, were the room properly set apart for passenger accommodation really applicable for that purpose. This, however, is not the case. There is cargo everywhere—in the cabins, in the passages, on the hatchways—everywhere, in fact, there is cargo. There is no current of air, no room for it anywhere between decks, and this too in the month of July, and in the Red Sea, with the thermometer at my elbow standing at upwards of 90°.

23*d.*—Last night, while all was jollity and merriment on the quarterdeck, ladies in groups doubtless talking scandal, gentlemen discussing the route to be chosen on their arrival at Suez, and a party of young military officers at the extremity of the quarterdeck (the smoking-room) singing at

the top of their voices, noisily and jollily, "one-bottle-more" songs, a passenger dropped dead. The doctor was loudly called for; but this is a big ship, and it was a good half hour before he could be found. As the age of miracles seems to have passed away, the doctor's aid was fruitless. The victim from the first was past his skill. His death must have been instantaneous. He was a strongly-built middle-aged man, who had been many years in Victoria without having done any good for himself, and was now on his way home to enter upon the possession of property which had just fallen in to him. As I lay in my berth last night I could not easily discard the remembrance of this occurrence. The death was instantaneous, and the soul, to what point did it direct its course when so suddenly called to vacate its earthly tenement? Did it go straight to heaven, up somewhere among the myriads of stars shining brightly overhead, when it started off on its journey? or did it go down down to hell, that dark pit where all that reaches it remains for ever, ever burning in unquenchable fire, but never consuming? or did it pass away into that limbo where some think it would remain in a torpid state until awakened up to judgment by the sound of the last trumpet? Into which of these three places did our friend's soul fly last night? To one of these three it must have been, or at least so believe all good Protestants. I discard purgatory altogether, although it was only the other day, on a grand festival, that thousands of pounds were paid to the priests to enlist their help to extricate the soul of the late French Emperor from that half-way house! Nevertheless, I discard it altogether; it looks too rational an institution, too much like the work of human hands and minds to be believed in by the faithful; too much, in fact, like an invention for enriching the Roman Catholic Church, and too little spiritualistic. Doubtless our friend's soul must have gone either to heaven or to hell, I think. At least, so we are taught by the thousands of men whose business it is to instruct us in this class of matter. Our friend's soul must now be sitting on the right hand of the Creator of all things, or it is down in hell roasting in brimstone, there to remain for eternity! What a dreadful belief this is! But so it is; there

is no escape from it; I have heard it so said in the pulpit a hundred times, ay, a thousand times. I have heard Dr C—— describe the two places, the abode of bliss and the abode of misery, so often, and with such precision, and no doubt with perfect accuracy, that I have sometimes thought he must really have managed to have had at least a real peep at both places, if he did not succeed in paying them both a prolonged visit. As to limbo being the place in which our immortal souls take refuge when driven from our bodies, there arise difficulties insurmountable to such a belief, I think; so we must give it up.

At 7.30 this morning we buried poor C——, and if the limbo theory after all should be the true one, why C—— must now be down among the host of Pharaoh, for we buried him somewhere about the spot where that worthy got his quietus when endeavouring to catch up and to demolish Moses and his crew of spoilers. The Egyptians of four thousand years ago would doubtless give a hearty reception to a poor devil of a Christian of the nineteenth century, thrust so unceremoniously and so suddenly among them. C—— was launched into the sea, as I have already said, from the wide starboard gangway on the main deck at 8 A.M. on 23d. At 8 P.M. on the same day, this gangway, being a deep, roomy, and cool place, was chosen as a site for a concert, and was soon filled with ladies and gentlemen passengers, who kept up a joyous meeting there for many hours. So little is thought on board ship of an occasional death! When it does take place, the impression it leaves on the survivors is very transient; five minutes after the body is consigned to its grave, the event is forgotten! We must be very selfish, I am afraid, on board ship; one would suppose the contrary would be the case in so circumscribed an area; but it is not. Unless the death happens among your own kith and kin, it is soon forgotten.

27th.—At 7 A.M. we hauled into the dock at Suez; a dozen steamers or more are there lying at anchor. Here we got rid of more than fifty of our passengers, who proceeded hence to Alexandria by rail, and afterwards homewards by Brindisi. At 5 P.M. we hauled out of dock and entered the mouth of the canal on our way to Port Said; got aground

when we had proceeded some four or five miles, and so soon as we were afloat again, we made fast to the bank, and remained there until five next morning, when we were again under way, and continued steaming until we reached the twentieth milestone, where we brought up for the night. We were early under way the next morning, and we reached Port Said at 9 A.M. The *Peshawur* passed through without stopping, and I went on shore in the pilot-boat. Being disappointed in finding a steamer for Jaffa, I took the postal boat for Ismailia, and thence went by rail to Alexandria, and so on homewards by Brindisi, Venice, and Vienna.

THE END.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

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